Modern Screen

EMBER

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• A DELL MAGAZINE •

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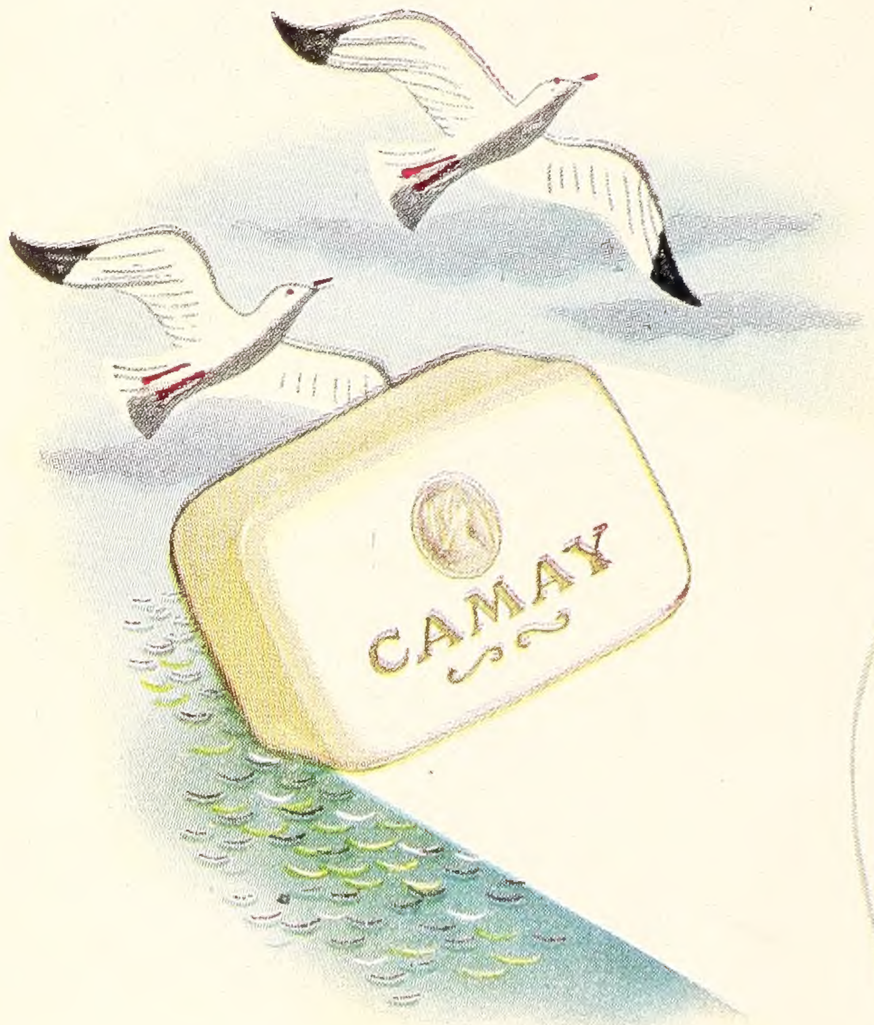
AUG 30 1946

Copy X

Van Johnson

see pages 30 to 33

Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!





MRS. JOHN DAVID MARTIN
the former Sally B. Bliss of Baldwin, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by Whitney

Win hearts and hold romance—with a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first cake* of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a fresher, lovelier, actually younger-looking skin!

CONCERNING THE MARTINS



The sea-swept sands of Long Island often found Johnny and Sally together, and his admiration grew as he gazed at the smooth magic of her skin. She says: "The *first cake* of Camay left it softer, lovelier!"





The Martins love to parody their favorite songs. Johnny puts his heart in his songs as he looks at Sally's soft, smooth skin! Sally vows: "To keep him singing the praises of my complexion—I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you try mild Camay care, too? Full directions on wrapper.

Please—conserve your Camay. Precious materials still go into making soap!

"Hold Everything, Honey!"





GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it!* And *this!* And *this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.



GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance —smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth . . . and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!

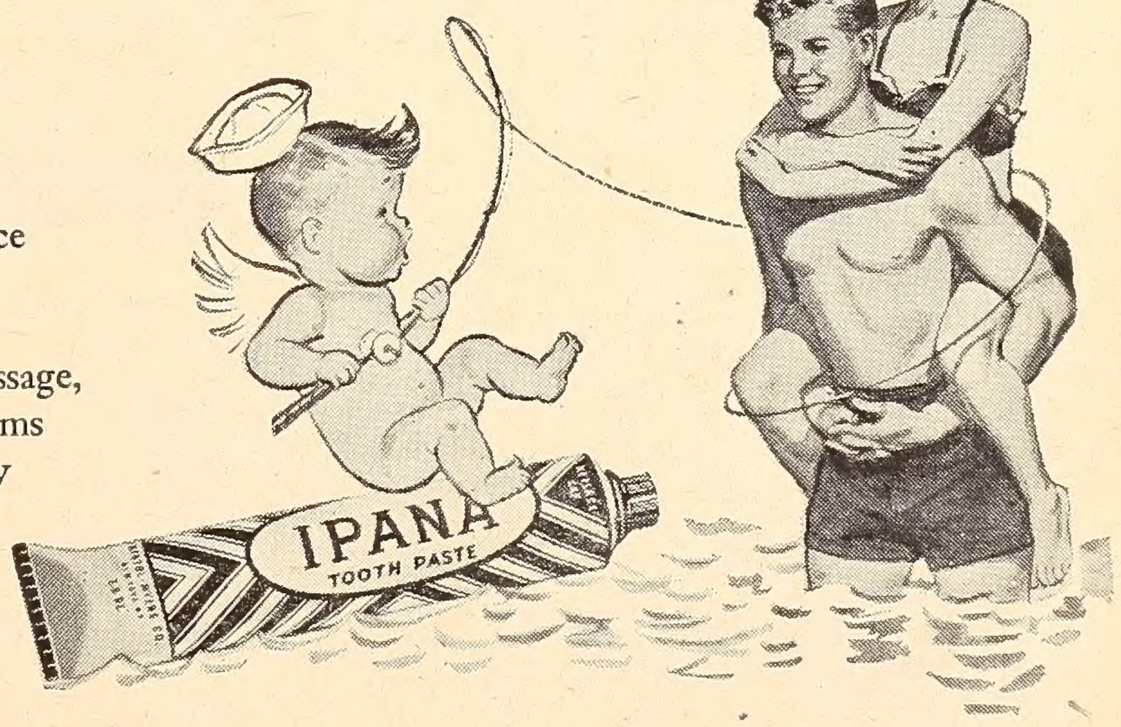
CUPID: *Help* you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam . . . even *after* I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah . . . and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to *see your dentist right away!* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

We're in a definite holiday mood today —a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat.



That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

★ ★ ★ ★

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico". After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★ ★

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.



Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear. (On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.)

★ ★ ★ ★

The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—Leo



modern screen

SEPTEMBER, 1946

stories

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THE COVER PORTRAIT OF VAN JOHNSON, IN M-G-M'S "NO LEAVE, NO LOVE," IS BY NICKOLAS MURAY. COLOR PORTRAITS OF BOB HUTTON AND BOB WALKER BY WILLINGER. FASHION PORTRAIT OF LIZABETH SCOTT BY PAUL D'OME.

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Dashing diplomat Walter Pidgeon makes love to sultry Ilona Massey...



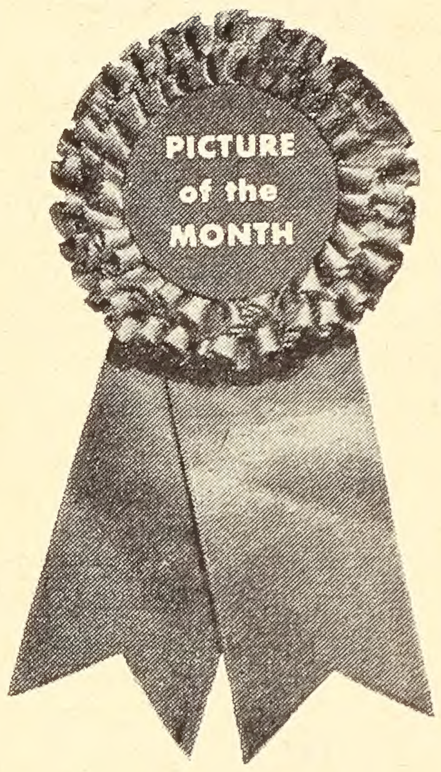
Jane Powell (overnight star sensation) charms Roddy McDowall . . .



To keyboard magic from Jose Iturbi and rhythmic rhumbas by Xavier Cugat...



Amid Technicolor spectacle, with all the excitement of a Mexican fiesta!



FANNIE HURST

SELECTS "ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM"

■ Anna and the King of Siam! Anna who? And the King of Siam? It's provocative. How on earth did a girl named Anna ever cross paths with the monarch of so exotic a kingdom?

"Tuptin" and the King of Siam, yes. "Phya" and the King of Siam, yes. But *Anna!*

The motion picture unravels the delightful incongruity of "Anna" a bit more sketchily than the book, from which it takes its name. But the screen version casts its spell every inch of the way; a way that is going to enmesh you like a jewel-spangled net.

To be sure, you will encounter abysmal and inky pits of darkness, cruelty, ignorance and worse, within this Siamese land of enchantment, but all these are going to furnish the conflict, so that you may have a plot to your story. Besides, in its painted and lush way, it will give you a glimpse into a period and a land which are shrouded in a mist of seven veils.



The King of Siam (Rex Harrison) hated all "foreigners"—until Anna (Irene Dunne) came along.

Darryl Zanuck, who produced "Anna And The King Of Siam"; John Cromwell, who directed it and Talbor Jennings and Sally Benson who wrote the screen play, have not been caught napping in the matter of the screen possibilities of this production which is based on the popular biography by Margaret Landon.

Anna herself explains within the first few feet of film how she happens to cross paths with the King of Siam. She does it as she steps off a boat one night in 1862, into the vivid and livid city of Bangkok. Accompanied by her ten-year-old son, Louis, her mission is to teach the three R's to the fifty or sixty harem children of King Nongkut.

Anna is played by Irene Dunne. Here is a performance which just about rivets this accomplished and gifted lady onto her pedestal. She has poise, beauty, technique, taste, humor and something more: A fragrance. A loveliness.

Well, the moment Anna arrives at the wharf at Bangkok, charming in hoop skirts and bonnet, her young son clutched by the hand, she runs into quick conflict. First with the Kralahome, convincingly played by the brilliant Lee Cobb.

Revolted by the (*Continued on page 8*)



For Claudia *Living* meant only *wanting* David . . . *having* David . . . *loving* David . . .

DOROTHY McGUIRE

ROBERT YOUNG

in



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Life's so full of perpetual emotion when these wonderful lovers are more wonderfully in love than ever before!

Claudia and David

with

MARY ASTOR · JOHN SUTTON

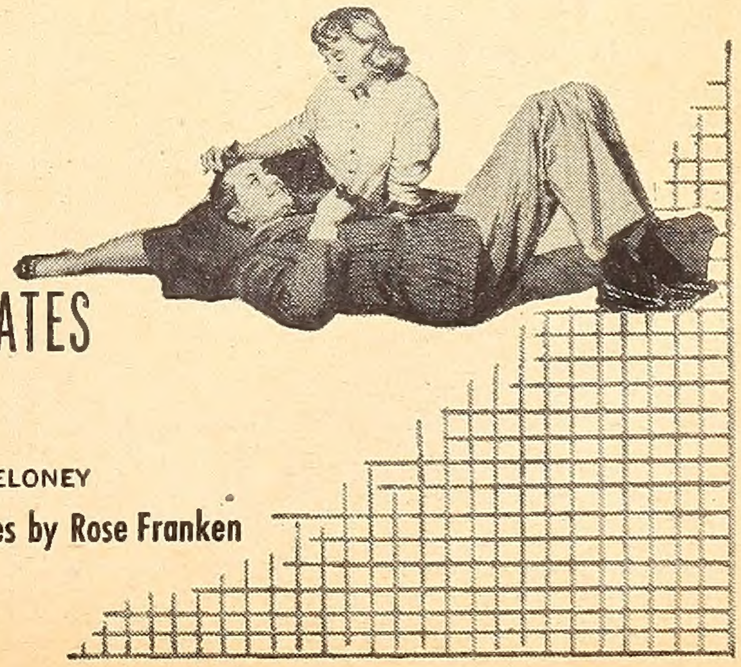
GAIL PATRICK · ROSE HOBART

HARRY DAVENPORT · FLORENCE BATES

JEROME COWAN

Screen Play by ROSE FRANKEN and WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

Adaptation by Vera Caspary · From the Redbook Magazine Stories by Rose Franken



Directed by

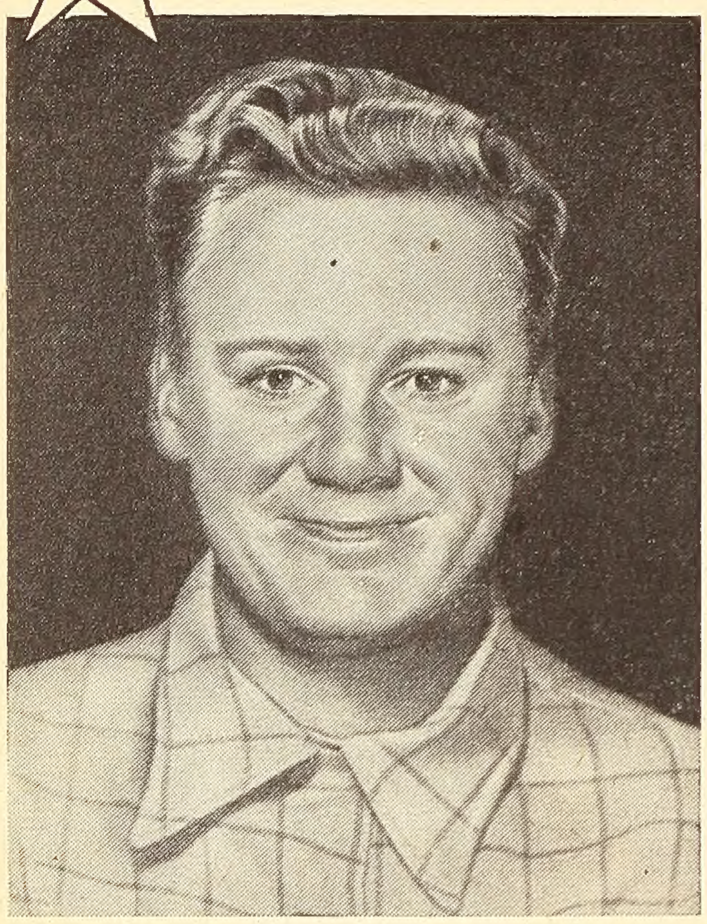
WALTER LANG

Produced by

WILLIAM PERLBERG

20th CENTURY-FOX

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ You take 6′ 2″, distribute 185 pounds around them, add a couple of very blue eyes, some red hair and freckles—and you've got Van, that man on the cover!

★ But don't ask us how you get all that super-personality. All we know is that Van Johnson, with his grin and all, drifted into New York's Vanderbilt Theatre one rehearsal day with a member of the cast of "New Faces". It was dark, and Van went on stage with his friend—just for laughs. He danced his way right into a Broadway hit, and then came "Too Many Girls" and "Pal Joey" and an offer from Hollywood followed.

★ His first screen appearance didn't hint at his subsequent sensational success, but M-G-M knew the boy had something and offered him a long-term contract. That was like lighting the fuse to a skyrocket—the kind that goes up and keeps going. After a brief interneship as "Dr. Gillespie's" assistant, Van branched out to become one of Hollywood's most versatile and popular actors.

★ He proved his great dramatic (and romantic) abilities in what sounds like a roster of some of M-G-M's biggest hits: "A Guy Named Joe", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", "Week-end at the Waldorf", and "Thrill of a Romance."

★ Van's latest picture, "Easy to Wed", is a real treat! Van sings, Van dances, Van makes with the comedy, and Van's in excellent company with Esther Williams, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. If you haven't seen "Easy to Wed" yet, there's a walloping Technicolor entertainment in store for you.

★ And those happy whirring sounds you hear are the M-G-M cameras winding up on Van's latest picture, "No Leave, No Love", wherein Keenan Wynn is the comedy foil and a very lovely newcomer known as Patricia Kirkwood is the romantic interest. After you see Van and Keenan clowning in "Easy to Wed", there will be no need to tell you that they're terrific together! It looks like pleasant times ahead for Van's legion of fans!

Watch for his next M·G·M film hits

"EASY TO WED" ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

☆ ☆ **"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"**

(Continued from page 6)

spectacle of the interpreter crawling on his belly before this prime minister, and by the arrogance of the highly personal questions he puts to her regarding her private life, Anna's highstrung nature revolts. So does the prime minister, who stalks off.

Her next bitter disappointment awaits her within the palace. She has been promised in a letter from the king her own home. But instead, she now finds herself and child in residence within the hot-house confines of the City of Women. She is living in a harem, there to await her first audience with the king.

It proved to be a wait of many months. But finally—enter the king. Rex Harrison, who plays the role to perfection, is known to an immense audience of admirers as a tall, thin, worldly individual, urban and urbane, civilized and suave. Here, "regal" is not sufficiently a regal word for him.

Anna meets King. Their wills clash immediately, as she refuses to grovel before him. Right here, admirably held in control, you have the ingredients for a shabby and conventional love story which, I joyously hasten to add, never takes place. Instead, the king escorts Anna to the Hall of Women, where he introduces her to his wives.

Gradually it becomes apparent, both to the king and to the audience, that he needs Anna badly to help him guide the destinies of Siam. From this time on, we enter intimately into the domestic life and the inner life of the king, his harem, his favorite wife, his heir-apparent and the inevitable intrigue and corruption that surrounds a voluptuous oriental court.

The harem wives come to love and trust Anna as their teacher and mentor. The harem children respond to her. Louis, her son, and the young Crown Prince establish a deep friendship. King Mongkut himself, who is hungry at heart for intellectual and spiritual advancement, who is not the despot he seems to be, is filled with deference. Following a shocking incident that has to do with beating young girls and burning one of the harem wives on a flaming scaffold, Anna finally packs for departure. The children and wives have said goodbye to her. But while she is gathering her possessions, her son Louis is thrown from a pony and killed.

This tragic incident transforms the King's entire attitude toward her. He changes his morals, his tactics and dedicates himself, with Anna's help, to forging a place for Siam in the modern world. The British, French and Dutch establish consulates in Bangkok. Anna, in her role of trusted and important adviser, remains. The years pass, and in her bereavement, Anna finds her greatest pride and reward in preparing the Crown Prince for the throne that will come to him.

The King dies an elaborate and heart-burning death. "I do not wish to die without saying this gratitude," he gasps, while priests chant the death ritual. "And large respect on you which shall become larger every day."

Anna says, brokenly: "He tried so hard, no one will ever know. He was like a little boy sometimes. Nobody understood, not really."

Sounds banal, doesn't it? It isn't. Not one moment of "Anna and the King of Siam," is banal. Rather, it is exciting, honest and memorable theater.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Wanna FREE SUBSCRIPTION to MODERN SCREEN for the remainder of this year? We're giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE the October, November and December issues of M.S. to the first 500 of you who fill in the Questionnaire Poll below and mail it in to us IMMEDIATELY. But, hurry, hurry! Time's a-wastin'!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

What They Say About Van Johnson ☐
The Strange Fate of Van Johnson ☐
He Never Left Home (Lon McCallister) ☐
The Legend of Ingrid Bergman, by John Chapman ☐
Made in Heaven (Shirley Temple) ☐
High on a Windy Hill (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Something Borrowed, Something Blue (Barbara Hale-Bill Williams) ☐
Watch Larry Parks! by Hedda Hopper ☐
Where the Heart Is (Helmut Dantine) ☐
Guy Madison Life Story (part I) ☐
"Hay-lo, Liza, Hay-lo!" (Judy Garland) ☐
Kid Brother (Robert Walker) ☐
One Man's Family (Dennis Morgan) ☐
Saturday Off (Betty Grable-Harry James) ☐
Kissed the Girls (Bob Hutton) ☐
Good News by Dorothy Manners ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is .....

My address is..... City..... Zone..... State.....

I am ..... years old.

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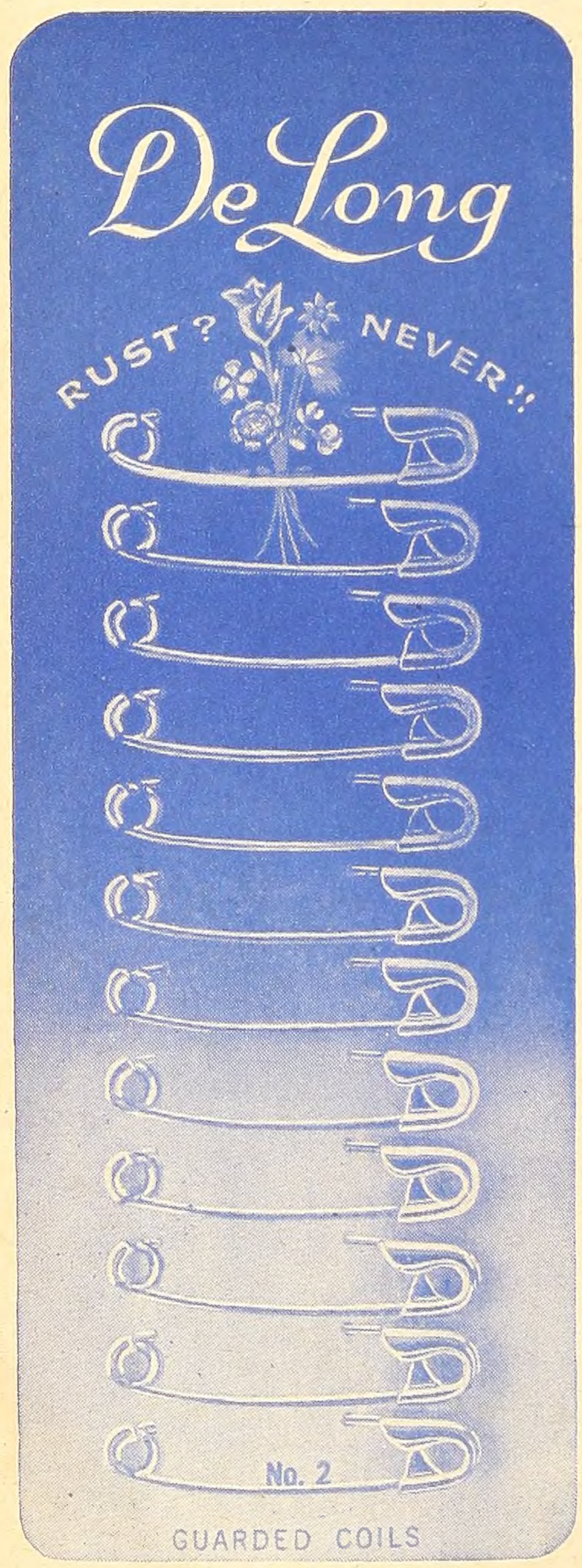

CARY GRANT
AS COLE PORTER
ALEXIS SMITH
AS HIS "GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" GIRL
WARNERS'
Night and Day
IN TECHNICOLOR
WITH
MONTY WOOLLEY
GINNY SIMMS ☆ JANE WYMAN
EVE ARDEN
CARLOS RAMIREZ
DONALD WOODS and
MARY MARTIN ☆
DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Screen Play by Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend, William Bowers • Adaptation by Jack Moffitt • Based on the Career of Cole Porter • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf
NIGHT AND DAY
YOU'RE THE TOP
IN THE STILL OF
THE NIGHT
BEGIN THE BEGUINE
DON'T FENCE ME IN
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME
DO I LOVE YOU?
LET'S DO IT
. . . THE STORY OF COLE PORTER,
WITH THOSE COLE PORTER SONG SENSATIONS!!!
TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY
Warners
OF TALKING PICTURES
THE
LAST WORD
IN PICTURES
SINCE
PICTURES
SPOKE
THEIR
FIRST
WORD!!

YOUR BABY'S BILL OF RIGHTS



... calls for regular meals ... baths ... plenty of love ... and the *best of everything—including the Safety Pins that anchor his pants.*

That's why smart, conscientious Mothers buy DeLong Safety Pins ... made of sturdy brass wire that won't rust, and with guarded coils that can't get caught in the diaper material.



All Brass . . Won't Rust
Guarded Coils . . Won't Catch

CO-ED

Can't say "Hi!" to a guy?
Can't read a class report without squirming?
So shy you want to die?
Well, cut it out, kids, 'cause everybody wants to make friends—and especially with you!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I am a prettier-than-average blonde and some people have told me I should model. Don't you have to be just out-of-this-world looking to make good at it? H. T., Hagertown, Md.

Unusual looks are often more in demand than just straight beauty. Our advice to you on this score would be to finish high school by all means, and on Saturdays and during vacations try to get some jobs modeling in your nearest department store. Fashion show jobs are good experience. If you know a good amateur or professional photographer who's in need of a model, offer your services. Even if you don't earn a cent, you'll be learning some valuable lessons. When you get through school, get in touch with your nearest modeling agency, and they'll direct you from there.

I'm starting in a brand new school this fall. Can you give me some hints for getting off to a good start? B.W., Red Lion, Pa.

Dontcha think our shy-talk is made to order for you, B.W.? Give it a good
(*Continued on page* 26)

Some very intriguing letters come to our desk from time to time. There was the one from the gal who was thinking of eloping with her best friend's father, another from an ambidextrous chick who was going steady with two boys simultaneously, one from a teacher who had a crush on one of the boys in her Latin class. (Now *there's* a switch.) Those are the exceptions. The off-the-beaten-track jobs. Usually your letters say, "How do I get him to like me?" or "What do you think about going steady?" And then there's that most urgent of all queries, that heart-breaker that pops up dozens of times a day, " Will I *ever* stop being shy?" On account of it's so close to your hearts and to our heart, we're going to talk about nothing but, this month. So if you're a shy one and would like to be a bombshell, come on along with us.

You're Shy Like Crazy: With you it's not just guys or mobs of people; it's not simply a question of stage fright or prom-fright. You're shy with new girls, with all males—new or old, shy about reading a book report in class, about asking the waitress if she'd mind giving you a spoon. You're the original Violet, and that's no joke, hon. First, let's figure out what goes on in your head to make you be that way. Maybe you think you're impossibly unattractive and feel that by keeping absolutely mum you'll fool people into thinking you're not there. Maybe you have a physical defect that you feel makes you the center of attention. You're afraid of being laughed at, of being conspicuous. Your entire day is spent trying to keep out of everyone's sight and earshot —and then you brood and brood because you're practically friendless—and that makes you even shyer. Vicious circle. The first step in your cure is the simple realization that you're just not that (*Continued on page* 26)



JEAN KINKEAD

SHATTERED MEMORY... HAUNTING FEAR!

One hour of mental darkness threatens a man's whole life . . . turns trust into suspicion . . . tender love into burning hate!



RKO PRESENTS

Pat O'BRIEN · Claire TREVOR · Herbert MARSHALL

IN

CRACK-UP

with **RAY COLLINS • WALLACE FORD • DEAN HARENS**

Directed by IRVING REIS • Written by John Paxton, Ben Bengal and Ray Spencer

RKO RADIO



By LEONARD FEATHER

■ So this month it's too hot and not sweet enough, huh? All you want to do is go soak your head, and you'd rather be sitting in the Vienna Woods than listening to them. All right, I won't give you the "Vienna Woods." But I've got some other things lined up—for instance, the best popular record of the month, Miss Ella Fitzgerald's version of "Stone Cold Dead In The Market" for Decca. See? Right away, the temperature's gone down considerably. And for the best jazz record of the month, get "Back O' Town Blues" by Louis Armstrong on Victor.

Now on to other things. Such as the fact that I am still exclaiming at the amazing number of new record companies bursting out all over—it's worse than June of the same name. Anyhow, it's almost impossible to keep track of all of them, but I'll go on letting you know about the very best in new label releases. Many of these young companies are charging enormous prices for their discs, and I predict that lots of them will be going out of (*Continued on page 126*)

Fresh out of the Navy, and handsome as ever, Art Lund's back with Benny Goodman, who's showing off his famous "licorice stick" to Art.





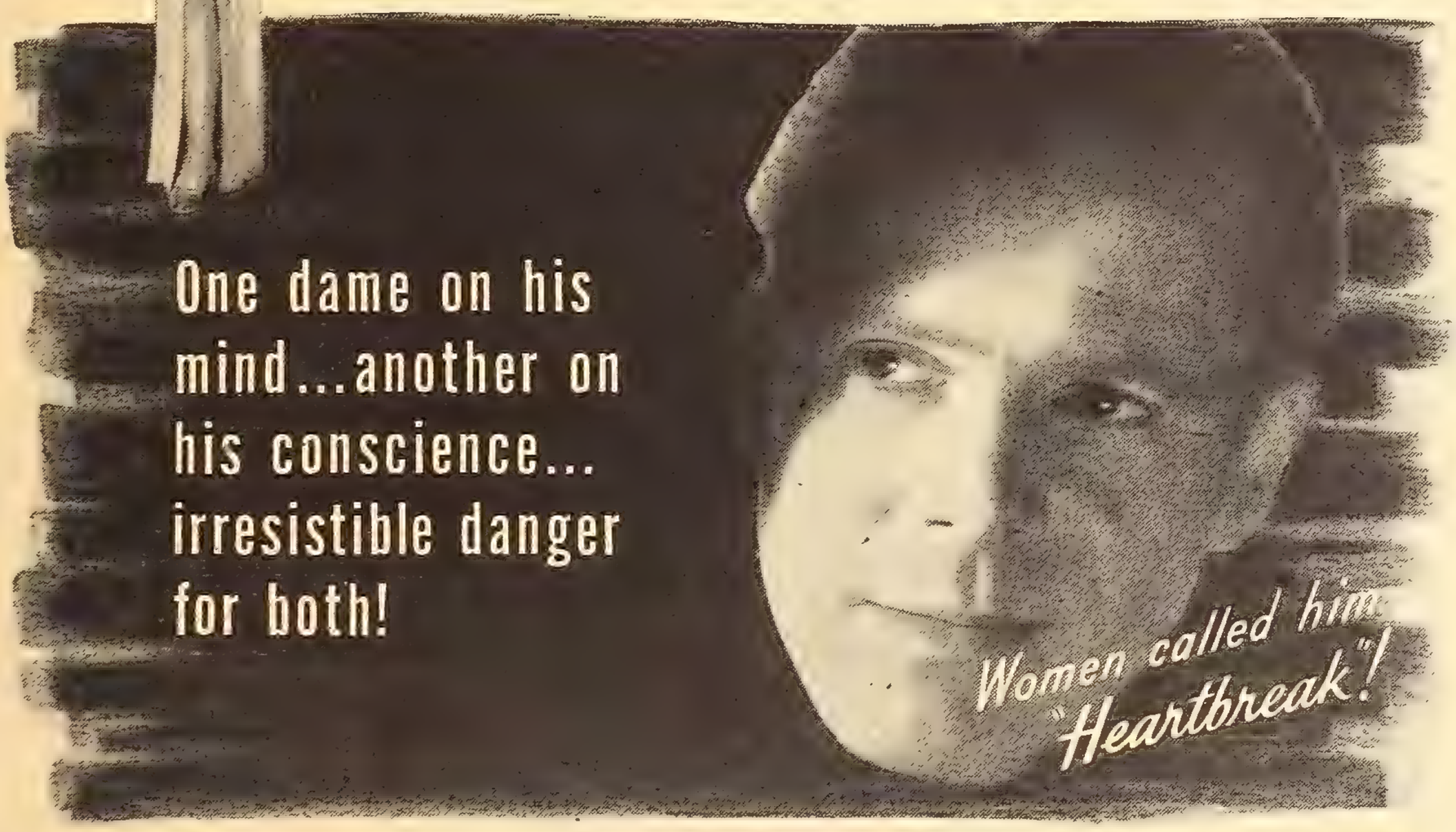
Backstage at N.Y.'s Copacabana Leonard Feather gossips with leader Desi Arnaz and Copa-gals, Julie Wilson (left), Ruth Sitarr.



Betty Rhodes, "First Lady of Television," sings for NBC Sunday nights, specializes in rhythm numbers.



Duryea! that fascinating tough-guy of "Scarlet Street" . . . in his first starring role!



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

DAN DURYEA JUNE VINCENT PETER LORRE

Millions thrilled to the best selling book



with **BRODERICK CRAWFORD**

CONSTANCE DOWLING WALLACE FORD FREDDIE STEEL

Screenplay by Roy Chanslor Based on the Novel by Cornell Woolrich
Directed by ROY WILLIAM NEILL Produced by TOM McKNIGHT and ROY WILLIAM NEILL

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



On every count tests† show new, super-fast Odorono Cream Deodorant meets highest standards in entire deodorant field.

Works better every way for it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Instantly, safely and completely stops all perspiration troubles. One application gives lasting protection up to 3 days.

Guaranteed longer lasting*—non-gritty to bottom of jar. Always gentle and soothing to your skin, does not harm fine fabrics.

No other cream deodorant offers so much to women who know that their present deodorant is getting less and less effective.

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by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

TILL THE END OF TIME

■ If your guy is back from the wars and maybe acts a little different than he used to, you'll want to see this picture. You'll want to see it anyway, because it co-stars Guy Madison with Dorothy McGuire, and Guy is sensational! Also, Bob Mitchum contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as Guy's cowboy buddy.

Cliff Harper (Guy Madison) was only eighteen when he joined the Marines. He gets home three-and-a-half years later to find that his parents still think of him as eighteen. They want him to go back to school. Cliff is in a pretty mixed-up mental state. Nothing wrong with him, really, it's just that civilian life takes some getting used to. He's introduced to a girl in the local juke joint who talks his language, and for the first time, he relaxes. Her name is Pat Ruscomb (Dorothy McGuire), and she lets him take her home. It isn't until he has fallen hard for her that he finds she has been married to an Air Force captain, who was killed. That would be all right, except that Pat is still completely bound by the memory of her husband. Cliff feels that she is just using him as a narcotic, to dull the pain. They quarrel bitterly over the whole set-up from time to time, but he can't stay away from her.

Cliff tries various jobs and finds himself too restless to hold on to any of them. Then he gets one in the place where Pat works, and at first that's okay. But the foreman begins to get on his nerves. Cliff's Marine buddy, Bill (Bob Mitchum), shows up, broke and in trouble. Bill had won a couple of thousand bucks in a "red dog" game over the border, then lost it in Las Vegas. He got tossed out of a bar on his head, and since he already had a silver plate in his skull from Guadalcanal, that started a series of high pressure headaches. He comes over to see Cliff, who has just quarreled with Pat, and they go out to get drunk together. They wind up in a barroom fight with some phony veteran organization promoters that's really a classic. Surprisingly, it solves both their problems.

Bill Williams does a neat job as a returned Marine with no legs. Jean Parker



Confused and bitter, ex-Marine Cliff (Guy Madison) finds peace with Pat (D. McGuire).

and Loren Tindall are good in bit parts. —*RKO*

P. S.

Bob Mitchum went into a Marine uniform for the movie twenty-four hours after he had shed his Army uniform. Guy Madison started work a week after his discharge from the Navy. . . . For the jitterbug scene with Jean Porter, Guy Madison rehearsed every day for a week. He'd never jitterbugged before in his life. He went at the job of learning so wholeheartedly that Jean had to have a half hour rubdown by a masseuse every day to get back into shape. Once, Guy tossed her so far that she was sent to the hospital to check on possibilities of broken bones. . . . Dorothy McGuire, Bob Mitchum, Jean Porter and Guy Madison all had to learn to ice skate for the picture. When not working in front of the cameras, they drove to a nearby ice rink and practised. Dorothy and Jean both turned out to be fairly good ballet skaters. Loren Tindall took twenty-three prattfalls on the ice until his one spill was photographed successfully.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

This Technicolor musical is as light and gay as a scarlet balloon floating on a summer breeze. The songs are by the late Jerome Kern, and you are probably already whistling the hit, "All Through The Day."

Julia Rogers (Jeanne Crain) and her sister, Edith (Linda Darnell) are a complete contrast in looks and temperament. Jeanne is sweet, sincere, pretty but retiring. Edith is the whistle-provoking type. (Sure, they whistled in 1876. They've *always* whistled!) Edith is engaged to Ben Phelps (William Eythe) but she is not going to let it stand in her way if anything else comes along.

What comes along is Philippe Lascalles (Cornel Wilde), a handsome young Frenchman, over here on diplomatic business. He is intrigued by the flamboyant Edith, but soon finds his interest more thoroughly aroused by Julia's quiet charm. Julia falls in love with him immediately, but she's never had a chance before against Edith, and can't believe she does now. Dear Edith, who has no scruples when it comes to romance, tells Philippe—in the greatest confidence, of course—that *Julia* is engaged to Ben.

Meanwhile, the girls' father is trying to sell a clock he has invented to the president of the railroad for which he works. Rogers is just a yard clerk and his wife thinks he's wasting his time and is making a fool of himself, besides. Then along comes a very chic Parisienne (Constance Bennett) who encourages him in all this, and his wife begins to think the whole world has gone crazy. Except Julia, who has adopted some of Edith's tricks, and is slowly but surely getting her man—*20th-Fox*

P. S.

Climbing aboard a railroad engine, as called for by the script, Cornel Wilde wrenched his right knee, but went ahead with other scenes, including a dancing scene. Only on the last day of production as he hobbled off the set, did the company learn about the injured knee. . . . Jeanne Crain wears glamorous period clothes for the first time in this picture. When she discovered she would be wearing wasp-waisted dresses—and corsets—Jeanne had visions of achieving an 18-inch Scarlett O'Hara waistline. But the wardrobe department drew the line at 22 inches for comfort's sake. According to Linda Darnell's own count, this is the first time in seven pictures that she hasn't "perished" before

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful — by Marge



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the finish, or "lost the man" . . . When Bill Eythe first arrived in Hollywood three years ago, an agent persuaded him that he needed an elaborate wardrobe "to get somewhere in the movies." So Bill took $2,000 and bought himself an elaborate wardrobe —none of which he has yet had a chance to wear on the screen. One of the problems of production was to arrange the shooting of scenes so that Barbara Whiting could have her daily amount of required schooling. Director-Producer Preminger, learning that Barbara was in the throes of geometry, asked her how she liked the subject. "Oh," said Barbara, "it's just like the movies— one triangle after another."

NIGHT AND DAY

When you first meet Cole Porter (Cary Grant), he's a wild, irresponsible student at Yale Law School. All he wants to do is to write songs. In this he is aided and abetted by Professor Monty Woolley (played by himself, because no one else could do it!). The professor's fellow faculty members consider Woolley as irresponsible as his student. Cole invites Monty home to Indiana with him for the Christmas holidays and that's the last either of them see of Yale. Cole decides, with the support and encouragement of his mother (Selena Royle), to give up law in favor of music. He and Monty will put a show on Broadway.

While Cole is home, he meets Linda Lee (Alexis Smith), who is blonde and beautiful and responsive. When Cole's show opens on Broadway the next winter, Linda is on hand to see it—and to tell Cole she loves him. But the show closes the same night it opens, because that's the date of the sinking of the Lusitania, and people are not in a show-going mood. War is coming closer. Cole doesn't wait. He joins the French army. Linda becomes a Red Cross nurse, and with the charming inevitability of fiction, meets him in a field hospital. There she nurses him back to health, supplies him with a piano, and offers him her villa at Cannes for recuperative purposes. But Cole wants to be on his own. He wants to get back to Broadway and the feel of its people. Out of that renewed contact come songs like "I've Got You Under My Skin," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," and the theme song, "Night and Day." Cole and Linda meet again in London, where Cole is doing a new revue. This time they marry, but as Cole's career becomes more spectacular, she has moments of wishing they hadn't. . . .

Jane Wyman, Ginny Simms and Eve Arden are among those who wander through this Technicolor cavalcade of melody.—*War.*

P. S.

Cary Grant spent more than eight weeks in a wheel chair for the production of the story. . . . Paul MacWilliams, First Aid department head, was required to bandage more than 60 convalescents who appear in World War I scenes for the picture. . . . Because so few modern girls have the long hair fashionable in 1914, the studio was forced to scrape the bottom of the barrel for switches and buns for the 1914 vintage chorines. . . . What was formerly an effigy of Hitler, used for bond drives at the studio, was redressed and made up to represent a Harvard University figure for football rally scenes. . . . Monty Woolley's famous beard undergoes innumerable dye baths in the picture to cover the time lapses....Seventy-four pianos were used in various scenes, rehearsals, and recordings. . . . One of the pretty chorines is Gwendolyn Stone. She is 22 years old and has been a deaf mute since she was stricken with measles at the age of three. She learns her dance routines visually, then picks up the rhythm of the music by vibrations which reach her through her hands and feet.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS

Martha Ivers' (Barbara Stanwyck) strange love starts when she's a very young girl. Her aunt, Mrs. Ivers, (Judith Anderson) is practically the ruler of a Pennsylvania industrial town. She's the ruler of her household, too, and when Martha, thirteen, defies her, they come to actual blows. The old lady dies as a result. Now Martha, at that period, has only two friends. One is Walter O'Neill (Kirk Douglas), son of her tutor, and the other is a stubborn, independent kid named Sam (Van Heflin). On the night that Martha's aunt is killed, they are both around. Sam leaves town that night, and Martha thinks he knows what happened. Walter and his father really *do* know, but decide it will be to their advantage later to keep their mouths shut.

It's smart figuring. When Sam comes back to town twelve years later, he finds that Walter is now the District Attorney, and



Walter's wife, the power behind him, is Martha. She's beautiful and poised and unscrupulous. Sam think's he's in love with her and she's sure she's in love with Sam, but she believes the murder of her aunt stands between them. Actually, Sam never knew that Martha was involved in that.

There's another girl who complicates matters. She is Toni Marachek (Lizabeth Scott) and she's in trouble with the local police. She's not a bad girl. Not compared with Martha, who has committed one murder and is quite ready to commit more. Sam is unconsciously drawn to Toni, but his feeling for Martha is in the way.

I'd rather not tell you any more about the plot, which is vivid and violent and should be seen, not described.—*Par.*

P. S.

In case you want to know more about Kirk Douglas, and you probably do, he's a Broadway veteran, having appeared with Katharine Cornell in "The Three Sisters," plus "Kiss and Tell," "Trio" and other plays. After his discharge from the Navy, in which he served several years in anti-submarine warfare, he was cast in "The Wind Is Ninety" and was there discovered and signed by Hal Wallis. . . . Barbara Stanwyck, true to form, kept the cast and crew amused with her wit. When Van teased Stanwyck by threatening to steal one of her best scenes by working a coin trick in the background, she told him, "You do, bud, and I'll retaliate with the routine of pulling up my stockings. It's an old trick, but it works, and it will beat a coin trick any day." . . . Janice Wilson, the youngster who, as the "young" Barbara Stanwyck, commits a murder, was the neurotic youngster in "Now, Voyager" and played one of the daughters in "Watch on the Rhine." She is a skilled pianist and singer, but movies have ignored her musical talents to cast her in heavy drama . . . When Van Heflin started his acting career, he studied with Richard Boleslavski, who suggested that Van pattern his roles after animals. In "Johnny Eager," he was "a fat-faced owl," and in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" he chose a panther, tried to be easy going, soft spoken, but a guy who springs suddenly when made angry.

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION

You know how easy it is to get sort of carried away when you say goodbye to a soldier. You sound more romantic than you mean to, and then you write him letters which are romantic, too. Which is fine till he comes home all set to marry you and you aren't in love with him at all. That's what happens to Jean Kendrick (Donna Reed). She bade Jeff (Tom Drake) a very fond farewell, because they worked in the same shoe department and he'd been very sweet to her and she wanted to be patriotic, didn't she? In her letters, she didn't tell him that she'd been given his job, or, later, that she had been made buyer for the whole shoe department. Nor that she had gotten engaged to an accountant named Walter.

So now here's Jeff home, covered with ribbons, and ready for marriage. Jean would have told him the truth that first day, if it hadn't been for the heads of the shoe department. They were all middle-aged and sentimental. They said "Don't tell him yet and spoil his homecoming. Let him think that you're in love with him." Jean consents reluctantly. She has a feeling it's going to get complicated, even though Walter is away on vacation. It *does* get complicated. For one thing, she has to borrow back her old apartment, because who ever heard of a stock clerk with a place overlooking the East River, and a maid in the de luxe kitchen and a mink coat in the closet?

Jean and Jeff dance and talk and dream. "You need a man around to give you orders," Jeff says at one point. Jean realizes that she would *take* orders from him, which she certainly never would from Walter. She is, in fact, in love with Jeff, and it's too bad that just as she discovers this, he finds out the deception that's been practised on him. Too bad, but not necessarily irremediable.

Edward Everett Horton, Spring Byington, Sig Ruman and Harry Davenport, in their supporting roles, make "Faithful In My Fashion" the gay sentimental little comedy it is.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Just before shooting started, Tom Drake finished his first full length play, which he calls "A Portrait of Eve." Broadway producers are reading it now and making sizable bids to Tom's agent . . . To familiarize herself with her role as a shoe



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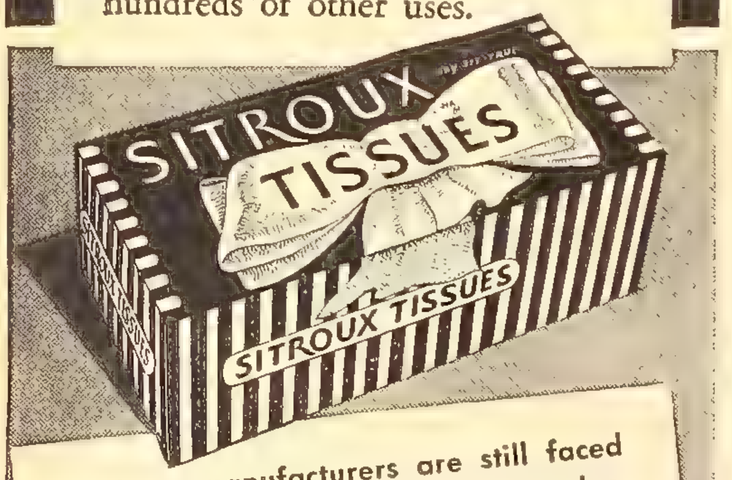
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SAY SIT-TRUE

clerk, Donna Reed spent an entire afternoon in the shoe section of a Los Angeles department store. She made out sales slips, punched the cash register and took inventory for a section. Harry Davenport's role is his 100th since starting as a motion picture actor in 1912. . . Darryl Hickman was considered for the role of the young trombone player, but couldn't take it because of other commitments. "I've got just the boy you want," he told director Salkow, and a half hour later came back with his younger brother, Dwaine, who got the part . . . When Tom moved into the house he is currently occupying, he left three trunks filled with family keepsakes in the garage of the apartment house he vacated. He went back for them one night, and found no trace of them.

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and even an uncrowned prince doesn't have a very gay time of it. Take Prince Henry (Dennis Morgan), for instance. Henry has been on a tour of America, and boy, has it been dull! When he and his aide, Count Oswald (S. Z. Sakall) arrive back in New York, Henry decides to duck out and see the city in his own merry way.

Being a prince, and not used to attending to practical matters, he forgets to take any money along. He hops merrily into a taxi, and is off without a dime in his pockets. He and the taxi driver, Buzz (Jack Carson) get into a long conversation. Buzz spots him immediately as an out-of-towner, and asks where he's from. Henry says Milwaukee, which is the only place he can think of on the spur of the moment. "Ah," says Buzz, "I'm from Milwaukee, too," thereby scaring Henry half to death. But fortunately, Buzz left there at the age of two, so can't put the prince through a third degree. They get to be great pals, and when Henry admits he hasn't any money, Buzz takes him to a hock shop where he can pawn his cigarette case. Then the matter of a hotel room comes up. There aren't any. So Henry eventually ends in Buzz's apartment for the night. Next day, the papers are full of pictures of the missing prince, and Buzz sees them. He's willing to forgive Henry for being royalty, and generously introduces him to his girl, Connie (Joan Leslie). This turns out to be a mistake.

The police, meanwhile, have traced Henry through the cigarette case. Count Oswald appears to take him back to more royal surroundings, but Henry doesn't want to go. He's in love with Connie, and to hell with being a prince. A Milwaukee beer firm has offered him a lot of dough to endorse their beer. He can live happily with Connie in New York, and let his country be a republic, which would be better anyway. It all might have worked out fine if Connie hadn't gone to a dentist. . . . —*War.*

P. S.

Although Dennis Morgan warbled dozens of hit songs between scenes, he will not be heard singing in the picture. . . . With Morgan and Carson on the set, there were gags a-plenty, but one time a gag backfired. It seems the boys were perfectly willing to report to the studio on west coast time—two hours later than Milwaukee—but they kept up a heckling campaign to be allowed to quit on Central Standard Time, thus getting in two hours of golf in the California sunshine. Came next to the last day of shooting and Director Butler cheerfully acquiesced to their suggestion that all work on the picture involving the talents of Morgan and Carson cease at 4 o'clock. Next morning both boys were awakened at four and told to be at the studio by 6 o'clock. When they arrived at the studio around 5:45, they found notes pinned to their dressing room doors which read "There has been a very slight error. Perhaps you failed to notice that you two guys are FROM Milwaukee. The locale is New York where it is now 9 o'clock." Director Butler had a sense of humor, too! . . . "Two Guys" is Morgan and Carson's seventh picture together. . . . Joan Leslie, having received her early training in vaudeville, delighted in beating the fellows to the punch line on some of their gags.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

Philip Carey (Paul Henreid) has spent two years in Paris studying painting. He has decided he will probably never fall in love, as he just doesn't seem to react to even the most charming girls, Nora (Alexis Smith), for instance, the American writer who is so fascinated with him. Philip is going back to London, because he knows he will never be a great painter. Reluctantly, he returns to medical school—it isn't what he wants, but he knows that he will be a good doctor.

There's a small tea shop near the medical college. Philip notices one waitress there particularly. She's a thin, sharp-featured little Cockney with an insolent manner Her name is Mildred (Eleanor Parker), and there's no reason which anyone can see why Philip should fall in love with her. But he does. She treats him with thinly veiled contempt. He has a club foot and no money and isn't her kind of person at all. Once in a while she goes out with him, but usually she concentrates on more fertile fields. Philip's work suffers. He is violently, frighteningly in love with this worthless little wench.

She disappears at last, to marry a loud-mouthed salesman. Philip returns to normal, once her curious sexual magnetism is out of the way. Nora comes to London, and he almost persuades himself he's in love with her. Then Mildred shows up again. This time she needs him badly The salesman didn't marry her, and she is about to have a child. Philip takes over all her problems, and falls more completely under her spell than ever. He plans to marry her. The reasons why this never materializes are part of the weaknesses and strengths of the human heart.

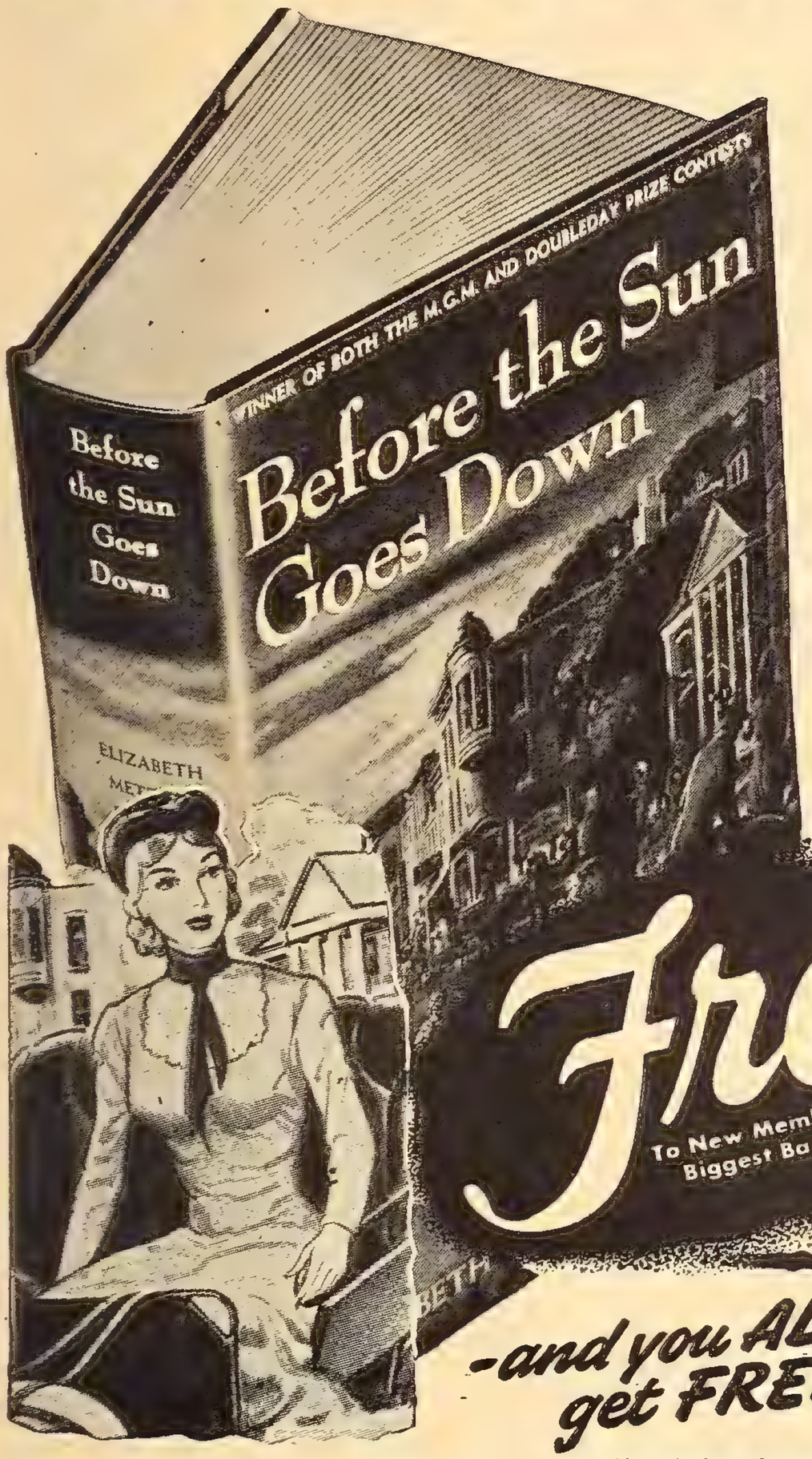
You'll find Patric Knowles, Janis Paige and British veteran Edmund Gwenn in the cast.—*War.*

P. S.

When Eleanor Parker, as Mildred, put on a tantrum and destroyed Philip's apartment, the whole unit pitched in to aid in making the set a scene of total destruction. Everyone who wished to enter into the fun was given one minute in which to destroy whatever script-doomed articles met his eye. . . . This is the second picture in which Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker have co-starred, their first being "Between Two Worlds." Although Henreid is thought of as the romantic type of leading man, his initial success was as a "heavy" in "Night Train" . . . . There is good reason for the lithe, powerful figure of Paul Henreid. In the late '30's he was one of Europe's finest fencers, competing in the Italian championships in '37 and in the championships at the Paris Exposition. . . . During production, Eleanor Parker moved her parents to Hollywood to live.

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ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER

Speak of the devil, and here he is. Played by Claude Rains, he's a sly, malevolent gentleman who maneuvers one of hell's recent arrivals back to earth for sinister purposes of his own. The new arrival is Eddie (Paul Muni), a tough little gangster from St. Louis. Eddie was killed by his partner, Smiley, and would do anything to get back in the world long enough to mete out some gangster vengeance.

But the Devil has something for Eddie to attend to first. He has been struck by the tough guy's resemblance to a certain Judge Parker of New York City, who has interfered with the Devil's designs time and again. So he takes Eddie up to New York and by some satanic sleight-of-hand, pops him into the Judge's body. That, he feels, ought to take care of the righteous Judge very thoroughly. At first, everything seems to be going according to plan. Eddie shoves the butler around, makes passes at the Judge's beautiful fiancee, Barbara (Anne Baxter), and talks and acts like the hoodlum he actually is. Barbara calls in a psychiatrist who mumbles about split personalities and overwork.

Eddie is intent on getting to St. Louis to catch up with Smiley, but the Devil keeps him in New York, and there's where the scheme begins to misfire. Judge Parker is running for governor, which means that Eddie has to make a campaign speech. He has stage fright and just stands there, till the opposition boys start hurling tomatoes. That makes him mad, and he goes into action. This kind of thing he knows. Here he shines. He emerges a hero, and the Devil bites his carefully manicured nails and figures out a new angle. Suppose he gets Smiley to New York and lets Eddie loose on him. A murder by Judge Parker would fix everything right up. It might have worked, if it hadn't been for Barbara—and love, which even the Devil hadn't counted on!—*U.A.*

P. S.

Anne Baxter's honeymoon house for the picture, was a rambling style ranch house with every room opening onto a patio.... The picture ran into a little difficulty when, for a courtroom scene in which the judge was to be pelted by eggs, no eggs could be located due to the egg shortage. Eggless scenes were shot in the hopes that the shortage would soon end. Finally it did, and one day ten dozen eggs were being thrown about all at once, with Muni, as the judge, on the receiving end.... Interest centered around Claude Rains during production when it was found out that he was the highest salaried actor in the business. Claude was paid $1,280,000 by Arthur Rank for his appearance in the English production of "Caesar and Cleopatra." However, with England's and the United States taxes diminishing that figure, he will have less than $40,000 left of the original figure at the end of the year.

TIME OF THEIR LIVES

It all starts in the household of Tom Danbury during the Revolution. Tom (Jess Barker) is in love with the beautiful Melody Allen (Marjorie Reynolds), but when she finds he is secretly making a deal with the British, she's going to turn him in as a spy. She gets Horatio Prim (Lou Costello) to help her. Horatio is a tinker who hangs around the Danbury household because of Nora, the little Irish housemaid. Melody and Horatio ride off to warn the American troops of Tom's treachery, but by mistake they are themselves shot as traitors and their bodies dropped down a well. A curse is pronounced which keeps their spirits on the Danbury estate unless evidence should be found to prove their patriotism. Such evidence exists in the form of a letter from George Washington, but how are a couple of ghosts going to find it when they can't even leave the estate?

A century and a half slide by, and the old Danbury house is completely rebuilt and restored to its original state, furniture and all, by a writer named Sheldon (John Shelton). He brings his fiancee (Lynne Baggett) and her aunt (Binnie Barnes) to see the place. His friend and psychiatrist, Dr. Greenway (Bud Abbott) comes along. The ghosts make life miserable for the new arrivals, until they discover that Dr. Greenway might be able to get the George Washington letter for them. He does, but it lands them all either in jail or on the edge of a nervous breakdown. . . .—*Univ.*

P. S.

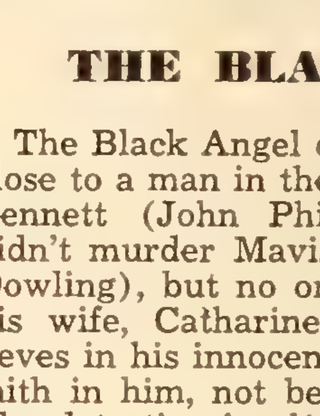
This is Abbott and Costello's 17th picture. Shooting started on Costello's birthday. . . . One of the startling supernatural effects was the erratic cruise of the "ghostmobile" around an outdoor set. This vehicle, fitted with dual controls, had one steering wheel under the cushions of the rear seat, with the driver, invisible, peering thru a gauze screen. . . . Twittering of tree toads interrupted production on one occasion, until grips were stationed to throw clods at the little songsters hiding in the shrubbery used to decorate the set. . . . Marjorie Reynolds, after having her hair blonde tinted for five years, recovered her natural brown hair for the picture. Blond hair didn't look too good on a ghost, said cameraman Charles Van Enger. . . . Machinery to undress Miss Reynolds without the aid of human hands was constructed by the busy prop men. It consisted of a network of invisible wires, which, when properly manipulated, caused her clothing to fall off, leaving her clad in invisible black velvet!

THE BLACK ANGEL

The Black Angel of death comes awfully close to a man in the condemned cell. Kirk Bennett (John Philips) knows that he didn't murder Mavis Marlowe (Constance Dowling), but no one else knows it. Even his wife, Catharine (June Vincent) believes in his innocence only because of her faith in him, not because of the evidence. The detective in charge of the case, Flood (Broderick Crawford), is convinced that he's guilty.

But Catharine is determined to find the real murderer. She tries every possible

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A few weeks ago, my friends and I attended a Johnnie Johnston broadcast. After the fifteen minutes on the air, Johnnie sang for another half hour. I wanted Mr. Johnston to sing my pet song, so I called out the title, "My Rocking Horse Ran Away!" At that, Johnnie turned to us and said quickly, "He did? That's too bad!" Everyone burst out laughing and felt that Johnnie was a swell guy as well as a grand singer.

Saundra Balaban
Bronx, New York

NEVER BEFORE SUCH SEDUCTIVE BEAUTY

SUCH RIOTOUS.... LUXURIOUS....

LOVING AND LIVING!



Two worlds of magnificent pageantry and spectacular revelry meet . . . in the mightiest picture ever filmed . . . a wonderful . . . glorious . . . spectacle of the lashing legions of Rome and Egypt . . . and the clashing wills of their rulers!

G. C. F. PRESENTS

VIVIEN LEIGH*
CLAUDE RAINS

in

Bernard Shaw's

"Caesar and Cleopatra"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Gabriel Pascal



with

Stewart Granger

and

Flora Robson

Francis L. Sullivan

VIVIEN LEIGH

as Cleopatra . . . her greatest role since 'Scarlett' in "Gone With The Wind"



A Temptation in

TECHNICOLOR

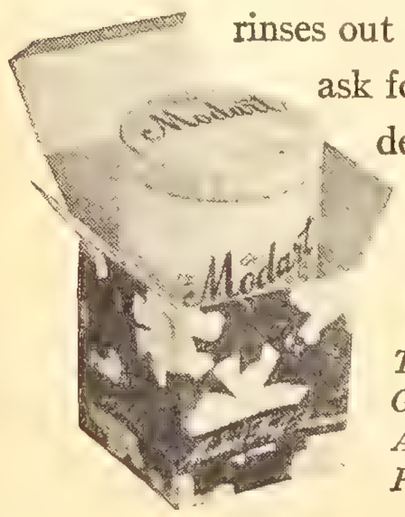
Released thru United Artists

*By Arrangement with DAVID O. SELZNICK



When your hair is RINSED REALLY CLEAN, it SINGS between your fingers.
A clean "squeak," beauty operators call it. Now here at last is an exciting new cream shampoo which is guaranteed* to RINSE OUT CLEAN without special after-rinses.

MODART FLUFF is bland, smooth-acting. It brings back the natural, rightful beauty of your hair—makes it soft, lustrous, easy to manage. MODART contains no soapy ingredients—LEAVES NO FILMY AFTER-FEEL. It makes your hair SING because it rinses out completely clean. Remember, clean hair is beautiful hair . . . so ask for MODART FLUFF SHAMPOO. 75c at most beauty salons, drug or department stores. For hair that women envy and men admire.



Modart Fluff Shampoo

Three fragrances:
Gardenia
Apple Blossom
Pine

*DARING MODART GUARANTEE. Try Modart Fluff Shampoo. If you don't agree that your hair SOUNDS cleaner, FEELS cleaner, LOOKS cleaner, IS cleaner—do this. Go to your favorite beauty shop and have your hair professionally shampooed and set. Send us the receipt, with your empty Modart carton and a brief explanation. We'll pay the bill.

© 1946, LA MAUR PRODUCTS, INC.

way to trace the events of that tragic evening when Mavis was found strangled and Kirk was seen leaving her apartment. At last Catharine overhears a conversation in a drugstore that gives her something to work on. It seems that Mavis was once married to a guy named Marty Blair (Dan Duryea), a piano player and an alcoholic. Catharine finds Marty playing in a junky little place where the proprietor locks him in his room when he gets to drinking too much. And that's where her shiny new theory falls apart, because Marty was locked in the night Mavis was killed.

Marty isn't a bad guy, and he is touched by Catharine's wild fear for her husband. He agrees to help her in her search. He *was* in front of Mavis' apartment house earlier that evening and he saw a man going in—a man who wasn't Catharine's husband. This was a little, dark man and Marty thinks he would know him if he saw him again. They have a clue—a telephone number that was found on a book of matches in Mavis' hand. The police, of course, have investigated it. But the police don't know all that Marty knows. He and Catharine eventually track the little dark man to a night club on the Strip in Hollywood. He is Marko (Peter Lorre) who owns it. Carefully, Marty builds up a plan. He and Catharine will get a job there and see what they can find. . . .—*Univ.*

P. S.

Peter Lorre purchased a dog during filming of the picture and the dog bit him on sight, but Lorre liked it, says that proves he's a villain if even dogs dislike him. . . . Broderick Crawford broke his nose the day the picture started, but reported for work anyway. . . . June Vincent was rushed into the part so quickly that studio designers had no opportunity to create clothes for her use. So she realized every woman's dream, was given carte blanche at Saks Fifth Avenue and selected all her clothes. Moreover, she was permitted to keep them. . . . Visitors were kept off the set during certain sequences as the film has one of those surprise endings which are entirely hush-hush. . . . Dan Duryea, in order to play a honky-tonk piano player, mastered all five of the song numbers which are introduced in the picture, so that it never was necessary to use a double's hands. Dan became so interested that he purchased a piano for his home and is continuing his study of the instrument.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

The fastest slapstick comedy to hit the screen in years is "Monsier Beaucaire." Beaucaire (Bob Hope) is barber to His Majesty, Louis XV, and as the picture opens he's a very worried guy. Pretty little Mimi (Joan Caulfield) whom he adores, has been promoted from scullery maid to chambermaid. Ambitious is the word for Mimi, and if Madame Pompadour could do it, why can't she? The King (Reginald Owen) has other things on his mind at the moment. A war threatens with Spain, and to avert it he must send a member of royalty to marry Princess Maria of Spain.

Fortunately, he has someone in mind for the job. The Duc de Chandres (Patric Knowles) is handsome, dashing and one of the best swordsmen in all France. Furthermore, he has been flirting lately with Madame Pompadour (Hilary Brooke). That's a considerable understatement, but the King doesn't know it. He just thinks it's high time the Duc got married, and the farther away the better. While the King is in council with his advisors on this matter, Beaucaire is busily trying on

His Majesty's ermine robe and wig and mask, just to see how they would look. Then in comes Mimi, prepared to give her all, or practically, for France. It's too bad the Queen interrupts the romantic scene which follows, especially since she, too, thinks it's Louis who is making love to the chambermaid. As a result, Mimi is ordered to leave the country, and Beaucaire only escapes the guillotine by whisking off to Spain disguised as the Duc de Chandres. The Duc, for reasons of his own, makes the trip disguised as a lackey.

Enroute, they meet a beautiful girl (Marjorie Reynolds) and fight off six ruffians who threaten her life. At least, the Duc fights them off. Beaucaire cheers him on from a cautious distance. They don't know that the girl is actually the Princess Maria, whom the Duc is to marry. He falls madly in love with her, and sends Beaucaire on to impersonate him in Spain while he pursues this elusive beauty. I can't begin to tell you how funny Beaucaire is at the Spanish court, but there's one scene where he uses a lorgnette that threw me right into hysterics.—*Par.*

P. S.

Fred Cavens, technical advisor on dueling scenes for "Beaucaire," and for 26 years fencing instructor for Hollywood's stars, rates Knowles (Patric) with Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone as the screen's top swordsmen. Knowles spent five weeks of 8-hour days practicing for his role. . . . Most elaborate gown designed for the picture was 115 yards of pink tulle made into a costume for Joan Caulfield. Costliest of the gowns was a velvet and ermine wedding gown, weighing 35 pounds, for Marjorie Reynolds. . . . Special tents were created for use of the feminine players, whose six-foot-wide hoop skirts prevented entrance through doors of the studio dressing rooms. . . . For shaving scenes and one scene in which Bob Hope lathers Hillary Brooke, prop men substituted whipped cream for shaving cream. . . . While appearing in the film, Hope maintained his heavy broadcast schedule, played numerous benefits, turned out his daily newspaper column and worked on his third book, "Civilians with Privilege." . . .



"Then we'll have a shrimp salad with mayonnaise dressing—and a cut of banana layer cake!"



You chased him behind that paper, Cookie

A trace of underarm odor can make any man beat a hasty retreat

BAD ENOUGH to have him bury his head in the newspaper. But it's even worse when his silence says, "Keep your distance, darling!"

What a shame ever to let a fault like underarm odor come between a man and a loving little wife.

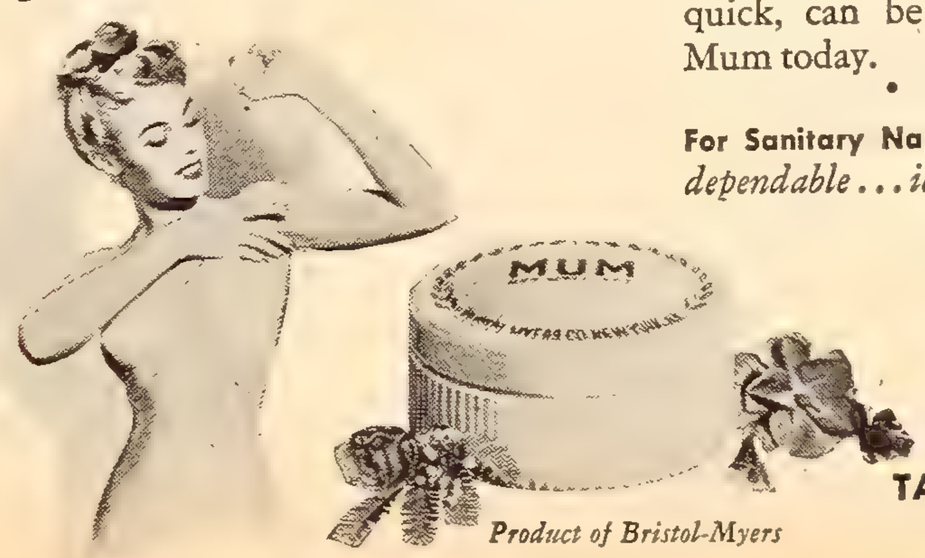
So easy, instead, to remember a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Just half a minute to make sure you're sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Creamy, snow-white Mum is harmless to skin and clothes. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Mum is quick, can be used *after* dressing. Get Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



New CHART THIS MONTH

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—A thorough glamorizing course especially for gals over 18. Last word on skin care, hair styling, makeup, manicuring, exercises, grooming, etc. for the sophisticates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .....☐

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION—1946-'47 (10c)—Hot off the presses is this new super-duper Info Chart. Crammed with exclusive, advance data on lives, loves, pics, little known facts about all your favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS NEVER BEFORE LISTED! Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .....☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand new re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .....☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see column on page 110 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—by Jean Kinkead—This teen-agers' beauty bible has been revised and enlarged to include new sections on Body Beautiful, Grooming, Clothes, Jewelry, Accessories, etc. PLUS up-to-date advice on complexion, hairdos, makeup, nails, exercise and diet. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .....☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT (5c)—By Dr. Edwin P. Jordan, Assoc. Editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn.—Eat your way to a lovelier figure! A recognized physician has prepared—especially for us—a scientific reducing routine that you'll enjoy following. Send 5c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

HOW TO USE MAKEUP (10c)—Makeup CAN make you more lovely, if you know how to apply it properly. Here are step-by-step directions, with diagrams, that tell you how to blend your cosmetics to bring out your own natural beauty; minimize your defects. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

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✓ **YOU CAN BE CHARMING!—says Jean Kinkead**—It isn't always the gal with the smoothest chassis and prettiest face who's perfect date bait. It's a warm, friendly spirit and that glow from within that really count. Here's how to de-vel-op your per-son-al-i-ty. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

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✓ **GUIDE FOR BRIDES**—Complete wedding etiquette for the girl who'll be a bride this year—and every girl who ever hopes to be one. Covers invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau, reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal and informal affairs. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR THE FASHION WISE

✓ **DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

✓ **SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark; here's how to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

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FOR HOME SWEET HOME

HOW TO THROW A PARTY—How to make your shindig a sure-fire success, whether it's an orchids-and-tails gala, or Sunday supper for the gang. Sound advice on good hostessing, refreshments, decorations, entertainment, etc. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope .....☐

✓ **DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES—by Nancy Sinatra**—Here are recipes for making Frankie's favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are high on the Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer .....☐

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Learn Holiywood acting the modern way . . . on records for your home phonograph

your Shortcut to Stardom!



HOLLYWOOD TODAY IS SEARCHING THE WORLD FOR TRAINED TALENT!!!

WISHING won't bring you stardom . . . not one in a thousand make it. But for you who have ability . . . here is your training by the master talent coach, Ben Bard whose pupils are making pictures today in Hollywood on every major studio lot. Ben Bard's great system, *exactly the same* as he teaches in his studio here, on phonograph records, gives you personal, private instruction at a mere fraction of the cost of group classroom work.

FAME AND FORTUNE, GLAMOUR AND ROMANCE are yours in a successful Hollywood career. To help you, Ben Bard offers honest, actual, tested training . . . right in your own home. Learn emotion, expression, character . . . discover how to be gay, witty, cold, calm, frightened . . . learn how to weep, laugh, coax, love and hate.

When you've completed your course, you make a recorded performance of your ability (on a home recorder or at your music store). You send this direct to Mr. Bard for professional analysis and advice, at no extra charge.

NEVER BEFORE COULD YOU GET FINE HOLLYWOOD DRAMATIC TRAINING for so little, and so conveniently. Students come from all over the nation to study with Ben Bard . . . but you can take his lessons when and where you please . . . never miss a day of work or school . . . take each lesson as many times as you like. Twenty-four wonderful lessons on 12 big double-faced recordings for your phonograph . . . every one complete with assignments, instructions, and professional advice prepared personally by Mr. Bard.

Ben Bard taught Jack Carson, Alan Ladd, Turhan Bey, Gig Young, John Archer, Shirley Temple, Linda Sterling, Elena Verdugo, Jane Withers, and others.

YOU CAN'T LOSE—No need to "sign up" for anything; no need to buy the whole course, just pay for what you want. Each record (two complete lessons) costs $5 plus COD and postage. You buy just one at a time . . . first is shipped immediately . . . others at your convenience.

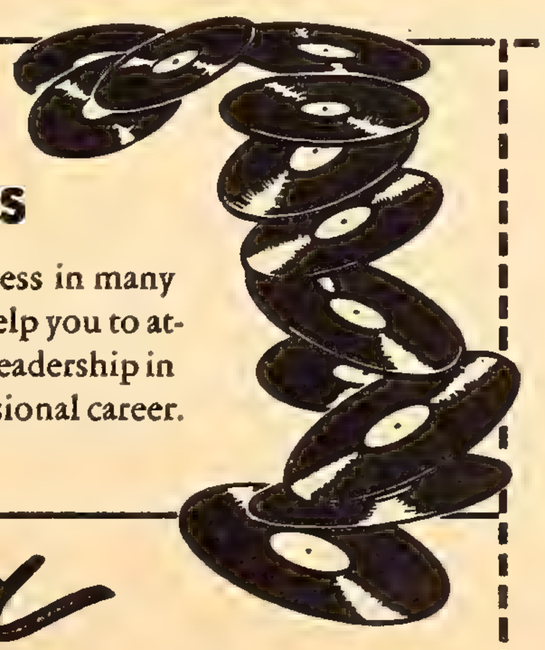
Or you can buy the *entire course* of 24 lessons, at a *substantial saving* for only $50 postpaid!

PARENTS—Mr. Bard sincerely believes you may save hundreds or thousands of dollars, and a heartbreak, too, if you test your child's ability *and interest* by having him start his training at home with this course . . . rather than bring an untrained youngster, however talented, to Hollywood where so many have tried so desperately hard and failed because they lacked professional training.

Make these lessons a *family* activity . . . improve your own speech and poise . . . there's *no age limit* in the theater.

Radio, Stage
MOTION PICTURES

The art of acting leads to success in many fields. Ben Bard training can help you to attain poise, self-assurance, and leadership in your social, business or professional career.



Ben Bard

suggests you show this ad to a friend who "should be in pictures."

SEND NO MONEY . . . Simply fill in and mail

Ben Bard, *Ben Bard Playhouse*
145 South Robertson Blvd., Hollywood 36, California

Send my first record, two complete lessons with free assignments, etc., to:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY AND STATE_____

I will pay the postman $5 plus COD and postage charges.
Note—The entire course will be sent at once for $50 total, postpaid. You save $10 and postage—attach check or money order.



Shimmering hair is beautiful hair. It makes your eyes sparkle—your whole complexion brighter . . . radiating loveliness.

Look at your own hair! Nestle Colorinse will add richer color—dancing highlights—softer, silkier sheen. Make it easier to manage.

Choose your own color from the 9 glamorous shades of Nestle Colorinse. Try it after your next shampoo. Then be ready for HIS compliments when he sees how much lovelier Colorinse has made your hair.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave By Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.
2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC

CO-ED

(Continued from page 10)

important. People just haven't the time to be eyeing you every second to check on whether your complexion is flawless or your skirt half an inch too long. Of course, you'll do your very best by that face and figure they dealt you, but after that, forget your appearance. And remember that everyone is too concerned with how *he's* doing, to ogle you too thoroughly. Next time, instead of jibbering inwardly when you're introduced to somebody, remember that his mind is on the impression he's making. Let him know you think he's strictly Ding How! and you'll be completely at ease yourself in zero minutes. Walking to school, instead of keeping a block behind the other kids and drooling with envy over their wonderful camaraderie. Walk up to them and say, "You all look like so much fun, I couldn't resist catching up with you." They won't be able to resist the subtle flattery, the nice, warm smile you give 'em. The second step in your cure is to remember that most people are nice and are on your side. Hold on to that thought; it'll help you. The third step is to get yourself some armour. Don't be vulnerable to every little snicker, every whisper. There are always bound to be some rude people, and you must learn to ignore them. If you master these three steps and practise them faithfully, in two weeks you'll forget you were ever shy!

It's Stage-fright: You're nerveless as an oyster most of the time, but get you up on a stage and oh brother! Next time you have to face a crowd to make a dramatic club announcement or a speech about conserving food, try telling your audience how scared you are. Say, "If you have trouble hearing me, it's because my heart is in my mouth." It's an old trick, but it'll relax you wonderfully. Have a couple of notes on small cards that fit into the palm of your hand to cue yourself if you get stuck. Speak slowly, forming the words in your head before spieling them. Find your dearest buddy and talk to him or her; it's lots less disconcerting than looking into space or a blur of faces.

It's Man-fright: You're at ease with the gals, scintillating with your mom's chums—but when there's a boy around, you go to pieces. How to explain this annoying phenomenon? Like this. You feel sure of your niche with the girls, don't give two hoots whether you wow mom's league, and consequently you're casual and relaxed. You're so frightfully eager to have the joes like you, that you're taut as a high tension wire when you see one coming. How to be unharassed with them? First, take a long term view. If you don't rock *this* boy, *this* minute, so what? Don't make every encounter with a male a life and death proposition. If you can free yourself of the now-or-never approach, you'll be on the right track. Another thing. Don't wait for him to make all the advances; even the etiquette books say that it's the gal's place to speak first. In a group, contribute something. Instead of sitting there with your heart pounding—speak. Otherwise, how's a guy to know you're a Red Sox fan, a collector of Burl Ives records? How's he to know you like picnics and rainy days and Irish poetry? How's he going to know you're his dream girl? Straighten up and fly right, shy one! You've a mad, mad public waiting.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 10)

read, and supplement that with these suggestions. Go slowly. Don't pounce on the first soul who speaks to you and make her your bosom friend—she may turn out to be a total loss! Size up the various groups carefully and seriously, then cast your sheep eyes in the direction of the one that you think is for you. Once you're secure in a group, branch out. Get to know and like a lot of people. Free lance. Be careful about things like gossiping, scene-stealing, man-thieving. They are the cardinal sins among all gals, but they're unforgivable in a Johnny-come-lately.

Vacation's practically over, and I'm job-hunting without much success. I'm a good typist, can take shorthand accurately and quickly, and yet it's no sale, so far. What do you think I'm doing wrong? J. S., Tulsa, Okla.

There are so many things to watch when you're job-hunting. Most important is to look like a career girl, not a bobby-sox queen. Wear a suit if you have one, a hat and gloves. Leave your fast line of jive at home and speak to your prospective employer in the best English you can summon. Look him or her in the eye when you speak, and don't doodle or peer at the papers on the desk. It's a good idea to whip up a resumé of your experience, be it ever so humble. Give it chronologically, summer by summer, and mention any extra-curricular activities at school, the participation in which might carry some weight.

I'm old enough to drive, but daddy won't let me get a license. How can I convince him that I'm not a jive-driver? T. T., Madison, Wisc.

Teen agers have a very poor record at the Department of Motor Vehicles. They cause more accidents than any other age group. And that's all wrong. Their reflexes are quick, their eyes are young, their brains are supposedly clear—and yet that's the story. Tell your dad that you know why he's apprehensive, and indicate to him by your behavior that you're a thoughtful, responsible person. If you can get him to teach you, he'll have a chance to see you in action—and if you're really careful and competent we kind of think he'll let you get your license.

I want to give one bang-up party before we go back to school. Have you some brain children for me? D. V., Winsted, Conn.

Why not stage it outdoors? A picnic by a brook, a barbecue in the backyard, a lawn dance with music via somebody's portable vic. Have really swell food like Southern fried chicken or sublime turkey sandwiches. Pickles, olives, nuts, hard-boiled eggs, whole tomatoes, a gorgeous chocolate cake. Pepsis kept cold in the creek. Keep it very informal, and make yourself responsible for all the food and all the cleaning up.

* * *

Are you having any fun? If there's a cloud in your blue sky, a snag in your life of any kind, come clean. We can help, dearie. No kidding. So write to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

Loretta Young

in "THE STRANGER"

An International Picture



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching

Photo by Kelley

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Do you want to add glamour to your beauty for today? ...do you want to keep your skin young-looking for tomorrow? Then try "Pan-Cake"...the modern glamour make-up that also safeguards the skin against sun and wind which often bring aging signs tomorrow. And remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake", the original, created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for the screen stars and now the make-up fashion of millions.

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Headed for Romance?

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Shining hair jeweled with myriad highlights! Gleaming hair smooth as satin and beautifully behaved! That's Drene-lovely hair. Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all the natural beauty of your hair, all its dazzling sheen . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"Your hair is truly your crowning glory," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl Carole Crowther, "if you keep it lustrous-smooth . . . and wear it becomingly." Here, Carole shows you these glamorous hair-dos you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



SWEETEST MUSIC EVER when he tells u how lovely you look with this shining p coiffure. "Like to try a short hair-do," ks Carole, "without snipping a single hair?" rst Drene your hair to bring out all its natu- gleam . . . as much as 33 percent more lustre than with any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film as all soaps do. Now center-part hair to nape of neck. Comb long ends on each side into a single curl and pin under bottom wave. Presto! A make-believe short-cut!

HER DOG A CHAMPION. Carole beams happily and looks ever so beautiful with this stunning upsweep! "It's a joy to fix your hair," she says, "when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness. Gather all hair to crown and tie securely. Comb back hair into a circular roll and front hair into half a dozen small curls.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action





TO OUR READERS . . .

■ Bragging, says Emily Post, isn't nice. But it's human, isn't it? Maybe you're only peeling a little old potato. And all of a sudden you notice your knife seems sharper and your hand surer. You beam at the finished product, snow-white and symmetrical. You feel like a kitchen Michelangelo. You can't bear to pop the super-spud into the pot until you've gathered an audience and bragged your fool head off.

That's exactly how Henry and I feel about this September issue of MODERN SCREEN. It's our best. And we refuse to shove it out onto the cold, cold newsstands, quietly and modestly.

To begin with, there's the cover. We're tickled to death with cover artist Nick Muray's conception of Van, in bright-face and freckles. But that's not the half of it. For one thing, we've been completely honest with you good readers. Nine chances out of ten, you bought MODERN SCREEN this month because you found that good, grinning Johnson mug irresistible. Van was your boy, and when you looked inside, you found we hadn't let you down.

There were the full-color pages (30-33) and the warm, human impressions of him all gathered up under the title: "What They Say About Van Johnson . . . " On these pages, all the people who know Van best had their say.

A cover needs to be more than just an eye-catcher. It should be a promise—one that your editors don't break lightly. What I'm saying is partly policy and partly a good resolution. For that reason, I think you'd better watch us out of the corner of your eye, and if you find us slipping, I'll gladly let you tar and feather Henry.

Meanwhile, I'm so pleased with the way things turned out in this September issue that I think I'll ask him for his autograph!







(above) Makeup man Stanley Campbell still has a tough time trying to hide Van's forehead scars. "But with a puss like mine," Van grins, "what miracles *can* you expect?"

(below) Out of the hospital after a minor operation, Van's fiddle fit; still stagging with Pete Lawford, still a bit piqued by Sonja Henie's not inquiring after him in the hospital.

what they say about Van Johnson

■ Jack Conway, M-G-M's veteran director, came back to work after three years' sick leave to shoot "High Barbaree." He'd been away from Hollywood and out of touch. He left casting details to the studio, but when he arrived on the lot he asked, "What stars have I got for this picture?"

They told him, "Van Johnson and June Allyson."

Jack looked blank. "Who," he asked, "are *they?*"

He wasn't kidding; Jack didn't know. June and Van had become big stars in his absence. But when the story got around to Van, he had an idea. The Harvard Lampoon, which adores to take cracks at Hollywood's gods, had just voted Van Johnson "the worst actor in Hollywood" and they'd also tagged June "worst actress." They ran a spread with their pictures and all of the ghastly reasons why Van and June deserved the dunce caps in drama.

The first morning Jack (*Continued on page 117*)

■ Last winter, coming back to Hollywood from New York, Van Johnson had a couple of hours wait between trains in Chicago. Restless Van had a bright idea. He told the M-G-M press agent, who was traveling along, "Let's go shopping. I've always wanted to shop at Marshall Field's."

The horrified p.a. almost shook his head off.

"No, *NO!*" he vetoed. "They'll mob you. You'll never get back to the train!"

Van laughed, the fresh, chuckly kid's laugh he has. "Who?" he asked innocently. "Why, I don't know a soul in Chicago!"

Van dragged the protesting studio guy along up to the Loop. At Marshall Field's they ran smack into a line of frantic females—four thousand strong—lined up for nylons. The girls saw Van and forgot the nylons. He fled behind the locked door of the manager's office with all (*Continued on page 115*)

His co-workers:

"We've worked with 'em all, from Garbo on up and down—and for our dough, Van is absolutely tops!"

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

His friends:

"That guy! Been a star for three years and he still doesn't know what bit him—the lovable, wonderful goof!"

BY JACK WADE

what they



A famous writer says: "The strange fate of Van Johnson! If he hadn't gone to the circus that night—and if that chorus boy hadn't been sick . . ."

by Don Eddy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lucky us! Don Eddy, writer for "Reader's Digest" and "This Week," winner of a government citation for his wartime work, lives on the West Coast, got this Johnson story especially for us!*

■ At 8:19 on the evening of March 31, 1943, a black cat darted across National Boulevard in Culver City, California, just ahead of a small convertible coupe driven by a husky, red-haired young movie aspirant named Van Johnson. With him were Evie and Keenan Wynn.

As the cat streaked through the light, Johnson jammed on the brakes. Evie Wynn drawled teasingly: "Afraid of bad luck?" Johnson, half ashamed, muttered: "Yeah, I don't like 'em." He drove on.

Four minutes later, at 8:23, two automobiles collided with murderous force at Clarington Street and Venice Boulevard. Out of the flying wreckage of one, the small convertible, hurtled three human forms. The Wynns were staggering to their feet when the first witness ran up. Johnson lay moaning in the gutter, his scalp peeled down over his eyes, a jagged steel rod protruding from his skull.

When they got him to a hospital he appeared to be dying. Somebody told a nurse he was an actor. Wiping the blood from what remained of his face, she remarked compassionately: "Poor kid! He'll never act again, I'm afraid."

On his pallet, Johnson's limp form stirred slowly, determinedly. His muscles tautened. His mouth twitched. And he said clearly and awfully:

"You can't kill a red-headed Swede!"

Well, of course, he didn't die. Doctors predicted he would be hospitalized at least a year. But in four months, fully recovered, he was (*Continued on page 106*)

say about Dan Johnson



May I have a word, madame? Liz Scott was so nervous over her first Lux air show stint that Van started a ribbing routine to relax her, nearly gagged up the script in his fervor.



Ray Bolger couldn't resist a slight sniff at Van's CBS emotings, but Jeri Sullavan went bobby socker for the occasion. A h.s. ball team recently dyed its hair red—"Maybe now *we'll* get swooned at!" they pouted.



Though that Keenan Wynns rift is all patched up, Van still "dates" Lucille Ball and hubby Desi Arnaz, says of all his gals, June Havoc is the only one who gives him "a sense of security."



That expanding waistline has Metro worried, so he's going in for push ups and aways—mostly from the dinner table! Could be this roughhousing with June Haver falls under his physical fitness program—could be . . .

he Never left home



Lon and Ann Blyth loved L. A.'s arty Olvera St. Lon collects prints like mad, found many artists living in town, but was too shy to call!

Ann's colorful Mexican "chaqueta" made Lon clothes conscious. He's afraid fans will think his turtleneck sweater "looks like an actor!" GI khaki's made him shudder at anything greenish-brown. Note pet black and white checked jacket!



"*Some* sombrero," Lon wolf-whistled. Lon (in "No Trespassing") likes Ann, who's "a longhair, but a *sharp* longhair." His "lovely way to spend an evening" is with what he missed most in service: A fireplace and record collection.



Power, Gable, Stewart . . . all the big guys were home now. He never dreamt the fans would remember Lon McCallister.

by Abigail Putnam

Lon sat in the bus from the airport and stared at his GI shoes. He'd be getting rid of them any minute now, and he'd be a civilian again and it would be wonderful. Sure it would, so how come he couldn't shake off this depression which perched like a raven on his shoulder and croaked "Nevermore!" at regular intervals?

"Okay," he said, addressing the raven inaudibly but firmly, "suppose nobody wants me in pictures. That wouldn't be the end of the world, would it? I could go back to college and get myself a fine and fancy education under the GI Bill of Rights, couldn't I?"

"Oh, great!" sneered the raven, scratching its tail with one talon. "And how about money for your family while you're being the Great Scholar? How about that, hey?"

"I could wait on tables and things."

"For peanuts. Better make 'em take you back in pictures, son. If you *can!*" The raven cackled noisy appreciation of his own wit.

Lon settled farther into his seat and turned his coat collar up around his neck. He'd been thinking about this problem all the way home, but he didn't seem any nearer to solving it. Look, all the really *big* guys were back from the war now. Tyrone Power and Clark Gable and John Payne and Bob Montgomery, guys like that. A kid named McCallister who'd happened to click in a picture or two while those stars were away would be lost in the shuffle now, way down at the bottom of the deck. He was resigned to that. He wouldn't, he decided suddenly, even let the studio know he was back. He didn't want them trying to (*Continued on page 133*)

A famed critic explains how a great actress can remain a simple woman—warm and honest, yet passionately jealous for her private life.

By JOHN CHAPMAN



The recent Academy Award dinner marked one of Dr. and Mrs. Lindstrom's rare "evenings on the town." Usually an ultra-conservative dresser, Ingrid (in "Notorious") startled N. Y. during her last visit by erupting in lush ermine and sables.





Maybe they think it's funny now, but wait till Ingrid and Charles Boyer start those reducing diets for "Arch of Triumph!" Ingrid, who will receive half the pic profits, will shed 20 lbs. for her role as the starved heroine, then gradually regain them.

THE LEGEND OF INGRID BERGMAN



"Triumph" marks her screen debut in a bathing suit, will show off her new short bob that received national press coverage. Ingrid's interests are "covering the world" what with the new producing company she formed and the B'way play she'll do this fall.

■ You couldn't throw a watercress sandwich or a wadded-up newspaper clipping in Hollywood without hitting a movie actor who wants to come to Broadway and "do" a play.

But only a few get serious attention from the theater. And of these, even fewer get top-flight service from top-flight playwrights.

For this coming season a Grade AA-1 screen actress, Ingrid Bergman, has been given the honor of having a play written for her by a Grade AA-1 stage author, Maxwell Anderson. The title is "A Girl from Lorraine" and it is about Joan of Arc; its opening in November should be a happy circumstance.

The chief reason Ingrid Bergman wants a vacation from the screen is that she has wanted to portray Joan of Arc ever since she was a schoolgirl in Sweden and learned about the Maid of Orleans in the history class. Pursuing my duties as a drama reporter I recently asked Miss Bergman the cause of her uncommon interest in St. Joan. Part of her answer was to be expected: She, being an actress, naturally wouldn't mind portraying one of the great women of history. Even Mae West succumbed to an unhappy urge to impersonate Catherine the Great.

But part of Miss Bergman's answer was not expected and is an illuminating indication of her approach to her work and of the way she looks at herself. "I always wanted to do Joan," she said, "because Joan was a peasant (*Continued on page 97*)



■ "I don't like tough babes," Jack bellowed.

Shirley's head turned lazily on her shoulder. From under sultry lids she tossed him one of those Barbara Stanwyck come-hithers. "Maybe," she drawled, "I ain't as tough as I look, bud—"

For a moment her husband's face worked strangely. Then he collapsed, howling, into the nearest chair.

Shirley planted her fists on her hips, all Temple now, and tried to iron out the dimples. "By any chance, Mr. Agar, are you hinting that I'm not the type?"

"No, it's rude to hint," said Jack, mopping his eyes. "But next time I'll try it with a blindfold—"

They'd been doing a scene from "Bahama Passage." Shirley loves it when Jack asks her to go over a script with him. Most of the test scripts they give him at the studio have sirenish parts for the girl. "The kind I've never had a chance to do yet," Mrs. Agar explains unnecessarily, "so it could be I overplay them a little—" But the real fun, of course, is doing them with Jack.

She never suggests it herself, though. On principle, she waits to be asked. Wise beyond (*Continued on page 103*)

MARRIAGE, AS SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND JOHN AGAR SEE IT, IS SOMETHING MADE IN HEAVEN, BUT LIVED ON EARTH—AND THEY WANT TO DO A LOT OF LIVIN' WHILE THEY'RE HERE!

MADE IN HEAVEN

By Nancy Winslow Squire



At the Troc, hubby John Agar took a last fling at the working side of a camera before going into his first pic—where he *won't* co-star with his wife! Shirley insists she isn't sore at brother George for becoming a pro wrestler.



On location in Mexico for "Honeymoon," Shirl had to be yanked out of a clinch with Guy Madison to have two teeth pulled. Reaching 18, she came into a million dollar trust fund.

Like their dreams, their home soars sky high—no wonder Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman have stars in their eyes!

By FREDDA DUDLEY

high on a windy hill



It's not the type hat to wear on safari, but husband Paul Brinkman likes it anyway. His and Jeanne's favorite dream is planning an African trip with Paul hunting big game and Jeanne prudently taking photos.





Jeanne's a busy bride, rushes from "Centennial Summer" set to cook's tour at home. When Paul complimented her on delicious biscuits (which she'd bought already made), she said honestly, "Well, I *heated* them myself."

■ The architect calls it a blueprint. Jeanne and Paul Brinkman call it home. With a little tender imagination you'll realize that there's no place like this blueprint! The future Brinkman dream cottage is perched high on one of those windy hills that lovers favor—so high that even the eagles have to scramble up on their hands and knees.

The signature on the blueprint is Walter Wurdeman's. We mention the name because Walter is Jerome Courtland's step-father, which makes him an old friend. Also because the house he's designed for Jeanne and Paul is sheer poetry, and if you and your guy ever plan settling down on a windy hill, you'll want Wurdeman!

Here, roughly speaking, is how Dream Cottage will shape up.

The exterior is to be redwood, field stone, and vast areas of glass. The redwood is to be painted with flat white, which will be rubbed off, giving the wood a creamy look. In its natural state redwood turns black with time, so Jeanne wanted some precaution taken against that sort of weathering. The front of the house will face the distant valley, so rooms facing south will have one entire glass wall protected by a vast overhang of eaves. There will be three fireplaces, one in the living room, one in the master bedroom, and a double-faced fireplace with one chimney, fitted with a barbecue and electric spit in the kitchen, and the opposite side similarly equipped, opening onto the patio.

With luck, Jeanne and Paul will spend their first wedding anniversary in their new home. Meanwhile, they are living in an apartment in Santa Monica.

Before Jeanne and Paul were married, well-meaning friends warned both of them that there would be adjustments to be made. Jeanne found the first at her very fingertips.

She has never made a picture in which she could wear nail (*Continued on page 127*)

Something old—their love;

something new—her ring. And something won-

derful—being Mrs. Bill Williams. by Jane Wilkie





Bill Williams yawned at that last tuck that Barbara and her mother fussed over. Bored, he found Mr. Hale's old cornet in the attic, huffed and puffed away!

Something borrowed, something blue...



Barb's 4-year-old cousin Linda oohed and aahed at the wedding gown, got B.'s promise that *she'd* wear it one day! Mr. Hale was a reluctant model.

■ It was the night of June 22nd in Chicago. The Empire Room was filled with the dim buzz of polite conversation by candlelight. To the boy and girl who had just entered, it was the most beautiful room in the world. But then, any place they might have been just then would have looked pretty special to them.

"The table for Mr. Williams," Bill said.

The headwaiter checked his list, motioned the blond boy and the brown-haired girl to follow him.

Barbara nudged her new husband. "That's *Mrs.* Williams' table, too, bub."

Bill grinned down at her. "You're so fresh," he said.

"Now that I've hooked you," she said, "you'll find a lot of changes in me. I'm going to beat you over the head every morning."

"Stop being an actress," Bill told her. He seated her at their table, slid into his own chair, whipped out a handkerchief and blotted his brow. Here he was, all married to his favorite character. It had happened—let's see. He looked at his watch.

"It's been six-and-a-half hours," Barbara informed him.

They will never understand (*Continued on page 100*)



Pop Hale was exhausted after dress rehearsal, kept dozing off during lunch. Mrs. Hale was the only one who admitted she was nervous, said, "I don't know if I'm afoot or on horseback!"



Luncheon was held at the "Wagon Wheel," in Rockton, Ill. Barb (now in "Lady Luck") and Bill ("Till The End Of Time") feel their careers will be an asset to marriage, with interests in common.

A far cry from his Carnegie Hall days! Larry (on the "Jolson Story" set with Director Al Green) used to call "This way, please!" for $6.50 a week. A natural promoter, he made more during "big" nights when patrons tipped for choice seats.





Nobody thinks Larry's better at imitating Al Jolson than Al himself. Not long ago Larry made a living by painting names on the backs of midget turtles in N.Y.!



Larry had a year's experience playing stock around Massachusetts when he tried to crack New York, feeling like a budding Barrymore. But his folks didn't agree, refused to send him money, begged him to come back home to Illinois—to no avail!

watch larry parks!

HE'D HAD JUST A SNIFF OF GREASE-

PAINT AND A TASTE OF STAGE LIFE,

BUT AFTER THAT, ANY OTHER JOB

WAS JUST A DETOUR TO THIS GUY.

by hedda hopper

■ It took a tip from an old pal of mine to set me hot on the starry trail of Larry Parks.

His name's Al Jolson—maybe you've heard of him. Just the greatest singing star Broadway and Hollywood have ever known, that's Al! He didn't know he was practically buckling a gold Gruen wrist watch on Larry's wrist and electing him to that select circle of MODERN SCREEN's stars-to-be when he said, "Hedda, I'm not Ted Lewis—but I can pick 'em, too. If you'll look over there you'll see a kid who's got what it takes!"

I looked. I saw Larry Parks. Heaven knows, I had no idea *what* I saw. He was in blackface, busy acting out one of Al Jolson's smashiest hit songs, "April Showers." This was months ago at Columbia, on the set of "The Jolson Story," the musical movie record of Al's long, sparkling career. Al himself was just kibitzing on the set, but I noticed he didn't take his big, round eyes off Larry for a second. This Parks (*Continued on page 94*)

Fair is fair! A hug for Hedda and a watch for Larry, as Hat-Happy Hopper gives this month's Gruen Watch Award to new star Larry Parks.



VIENNA

where the heart is

Helmut Dantine never knew how lonesome he'd been in Hollywood until he went home to Vienna and saw his mother cry.

■ There were reunions going on all around the airport, and the nice-looking boy in the uniform of an American correspondent stood quietly, containing his excitement, searching the faces of the people. "They will come," he told himself. "They will surely come." Then the crowd around the plane dissipated, and he picked up his bag and started walking. Slowly, still looking, not believing that they would not come.

"Helmut!" There was a shout behind him, and he wheeled around, his heart leaping. It was an American soldier, out of breath, grinning from ear to ear. "Helmut Dantine —welcome home!" Helmut dropped his bag, stuck out his hand.

"Ernst, it's you, boy." They stood still a minute, looking at each other. The slim, dark-haired boy who had been a leader of the anti-Nazi youth movement in Austria, the 27-year-old lad who'd been imprisoned and had escaped, who had come to America and stayed to become a Hollywood light; and his friend, Ernst Hausserman, who had likewise fled prison and found refuge in America, who had joined our American army and was now stationed in Austria with the occupation troops. They looked at each other across eight long, lonely years, and (*Continued on page 123*)



After eight years apart the Dantine family was reunited in Vienna when Helmut flew in as an American war correspondent. His all-star uniform was whipped together from George Brent's jacket, Errol Flynn's shirt, and Raymond Massey's trousers!

By Kaaren Pieck



Helmut spent hours with old friend Geraldine Katt in Vienna, but his dates on both sides of the Atlantic are said to be "time-killers." It seems there's a certain young lady in Paris—but H. won't talk!



They had to cross an ocean twice to meet, but Helmut finally met this former schoolmate, recently returned from a P.W. camp in America, who said, "Behind barbed wires, I learned what freedom meant."



Helmut's still stagestruck, even if he has parted with Warner Bros. at this writing. Vienna's famous Burgtheater, one of the few buildings left intact, attracted Dantine, who took his parents to their first show in years.



Willy Forst, Austria's "Bing Crosby," alternates between acting and directing, enjoyed comparing American and Austrian movie techniques with Helmut, who's now starring in "Shadow Of A Woman."



An ice skating operetta was the first postwar film to be made in Vienna, at the U.S.-operated Sievering Studios. Helmut wandered onto the set, chatted with star Marte Harrell, admitted he was lonesome for the camera's grind.



After leaving barren Europe and arriving home, Helmut took Lizabeth Scott to the lush Stork Club before Lizabeth's trip to England for the premiere of her new pic, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

HE WAS A TOUGH GUY ON THE FARM, BUT HE SQUIRMED AT LOVE SCENES IN THE MOVIES (PART I)



Even at eight, Guy Madison (Bob Mosely then) loved the outdoors best. Never in the house except for eatin' 'n' sleepin' he'd spend hours hunting, fishing and swimming.

The biggest event of the year was the San Joaquin Valley gymnastic meet held each May. Guy coached with "Chris" Christensen, kept his team's record high, made his first "public appearance" in tumbling routines





None of the local "Future Farmers of America" was prouder than Guy (here at 15) when his steer came in first at a County Fair. He could've sold out for $300, but held out for the National Livestock Show—and lost!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Guy likes small parties with people he knows well, has fun with (left to right) Gail Russell (his Number One girl), Diana Lynn, and Loren Tindall. On the set once, he burst into laughter because "Here I am acting—and I don't know a thing about it!"



Henry Willson, now engaged to Diana Lynn, discovered and named Guy Madison, who's appearing in "Till The End Of Time" and "Honeymoon."

■ The winter rains soaked the thirsty San Joaquin Valley in a steady downpour on the night of January 19, 1922. From the Sierra Nevada, the Kern River spilled roaring from its gorge to flood a twisting ribbon through the rich farm lands around Bakersfield, California. And on the outskirts of the city, at the crossroads hamlet of Panama, Rancher Benjamin Mosely buttoned on his slicker and splashed across the muddy fields to a neighbor's telephone. He cranked the rural operator and asked for Doctor Joe Smith, in town.

"Doctor's not home," he was told. "He's at a dinner party. But he left a number to call."

Ben Mosely cranked again, this time urgently. Back in the tiny farmhouse on the big ranch where he worked, the baby his wife expected was in a hurry to be born. Ben and his pretty wife, Mary Jane, had two children already and philosophically, Ben considered, as he splashed back to where the lamps sputtered in the lonesome night, that every parcel of life was different, individual, mysterious. Living close to the soil all of his life, he knew nature never repeated herself. Why should this baby act differently than his other kids, arrive early, cause all this fuss? He shrugged. The ways of the Lord were strange; every snowflake made a different pattern.

It was a good hour before Doctor Joe Smith could splash



GUY MADISON LIFE STORY



The dance director really put Guy and Jean Porter through their paces for a jitterbug routine. A very thorough student, Guy then learned the rhumba, samba, waltz and foxtrot, not from one teacher, but from four specialists!



"We're going steady," says Guy about Gail. "But she can go with others and so can I," he adds. Only, for some reason or other, they don't want to . . .



Maybe it's no way to play ping pong, but Guy's fan club prexy, Gwen Littlefield, didn't complain, was thrilled at date with her Guy, sighed, "Can he eat!"

through the muddy roads to Panama, out to the cattle ranch where Ben Mosely rode. He wasn't a minute too soon. There wasn't time, in fact, for him to slip out of the stiff bosomed shirt and starched collar, to yank off the tight, black tailcoat. Doc Smith was in evening clothes. That's how he went to work. Pretty soon he was able to announce:

"Got a fine new son, Ben—about eight pounds, well formed and sound. Mother and child are all right now." He slipped on the tailcoat wearily and straightened his white tie in the kitchen mirror. Then he grinned. "You know," he said, "you ought to give that baby a special name, Ben. He's a right special baby. First one, I can tell you, I ever delivered in dress clothes!"

Doctor Smith would never pose as a prophet, but in the case of this special baby he was right. The boy grew up with no special name, just plain Robert Mosely, "Lebbert" to his kid sister, Rosemary, "Bobby Robert" to his mother, "Bob" to his dad, "Dobbins" to his baby brothers, and later "R.O." and "Mose" to his pals. But he got a special name at last when something special happened to him and turned him into a Hollywood movie star named Guy Madison. (*Continued on page 87*)



■ There's an act in Hollywood called "Minnelli, Garland and Minnelli." Or maybe "The Three Minnellis," it doesn't matter. They're not fussy about billing.

It opens with Liza in the crook of her father's arm. Judy kneels in front of them, Liza grabs a finger of each, Judy and Vincent break into a number that goes heavy on the line—"*Hay-lo, Liza, hay-lo*—" Liza watches her mother intently till the big finale when, on the last "hay-*lo*," two fingers lift the small fists high in the air.

This brings a throaty chuckle from Miss Minnelli. The first time it happened, Judy was rocked to her heels. "She LAUGHED!!!"

"Laughed?!" Vincent eyed his daughter respectfully. "That was no laugh, that was a barrelhouse yak!"

From the nose down she's Garland, from the eyes up Minnelli, and from all indications, she's a man's woman. When Ira Gershwin, who wrote "Liza," sang it for her one day, she ogled him in appreciation. But her favors aren't confined to songwriters. To hear her father tell it, she ogles every man she meets, lights up at masculine voices, hangs on to masculine fingers—while remaining supremely indifferent to all women but her mother and nurse.

Judy had been warned well in advance about nurses. Vincent thinks she was over-warned. He'd hear people tell her—"They won't even let you *see* the

"hay-lo, liza, hay-lo!"

IT'S JUST AN OLD SONG WITH A VAUDEVILLE TWIST THAT JUDY

AND VIN GAG UP. BUT THEIR HEARTS KEEP CROONING,

"WELCOME, DAUGHTER, WELCOME." • BY IDA ZEITLIN



baby—" and her back would stiffen. Or: "Once they get hold of the baby, it belongs to *them*—" and her hair would rise on end.

So at first she was pretty wary about Miss Cameron who, like all good nurses, kept the baby on a strict routine.

"I've got nothing to go by," she'd tell Vincent darkly. "I don't know whether to feel abused or not."

Then one night he came home and found her all (*Continued on page 60*)

Though mom had bought a twin layette, 5-month-old Liza, at birth, was a saucer-eyed beauty of 7 lbs. Judy's nixing any more hair color changes, will remain a brunette after having been a red, blond and "pink" head!



Ill after the birth of her baby, Judy's weight is now *up* to 89 pounds! Hubby-director Vincent Minnelli is siding with doctors who insist that she take a year's rest from movie-making. See her in "Till The Clouds Roll By."





According to Bob and Van Heflin, (on the "Till The Clouds Roll By" set), they only read the funnies because Joanie Wells insists, but that's a joke, son—the boys are *cra-azy* for comics. Bob's off to England soon, to be Robert Donat's house guest.

kid brother

All kid brothers were pests,

the Walker boys decided grimly.

But that Bob! He was a downright menace!

By JEAN KINKEAD



Walt Walker loved Jean Kinkead's smooth interviewing, says after almost 4 years in service, he does *not* feel guilty about sleeping in brother Bob's bed—while Bob snoozes on the sofa.

■ Walt Walker was reading the letter postmarked Ogden, Utah, out loud, and his brother was hanging on to every word.

"You mean Bob's coming here?" His gesture took in their comfortable bachelor apartment, symbolic of their nice, well-ordered lives.

"Well—to New York," Walt told him. "And we can't let him go to the Y.M.C.A."

"Okay," said Dick, who was two years Bob's senior and a bit on the cynical side. "Only what do you bet he installs a tight-rope and a lion's cage?" It was 1937 and Robert Walker was fresh out of San Diego Military Academy, Broadway-bound and primed to set the world on fire.

"Look," Walt said, tolerant and mellow at 28. "He's reformed. It says here."

"That," Dick said, "I want to see."

They sat down then, lit a couple of cigarettes, and began to reminisce.

Their brother Bob's birth, they remembered, was somewhat eclipsed by the Salt Lake City fire, both of which occurred on the same night. When—next morning—their dad told his three sons that they had a new brother, they were unimpressed. Having sat up watching flames and fire engines well into the night, they were three pretty weary, pretty blasé characters. If it had been a sister, now—but a brother? Brothers they had. Robert Hudson Walker took (*Continued on page 111*)

One man's Family

You have to be married quite a while to laugh at forgotten anniversaries . . .

by Mrs. Dennis Morgan

as told to

Cynthia Miller

Jimmy's the baby, but Stanley Jr. and Kristin get just as excited about the Sunday funnies. Then Dennis has to read 'em aloud—and with expression!—at least three times. Pop fights to see Superman, but K. prefers Prince Val.



■ Last September, Stan and I had a wedding anniversary. Incidentally, for "Stan" you'll have to read "Dennis." I've at last grown used to being addressed as Mrs. Morgan, but the boy I knew as Stan Morner in our high school days—I'll never be able to call him anything but Stan.

To begin again, we had a wedding anniversary. Nothing unusual in itself, since we've had one every September for the last twelve years. But I'll have to admit there was something different about this one.

My sister came over the next day. "Look," she said, "I don't want to put my foot into anything, but is it possible you don't *know* what yesterday was?"



Pop's a sportsman, gives Stan Jr. advice on planes and other important matters. Dennis, whose church choir will give a recital on location in Arizona, plugs home state in "Two Guys From Milwaukee."

"Wednesday, wasn't it?" I asked rather absently, being busy with something or other. "No special day—"

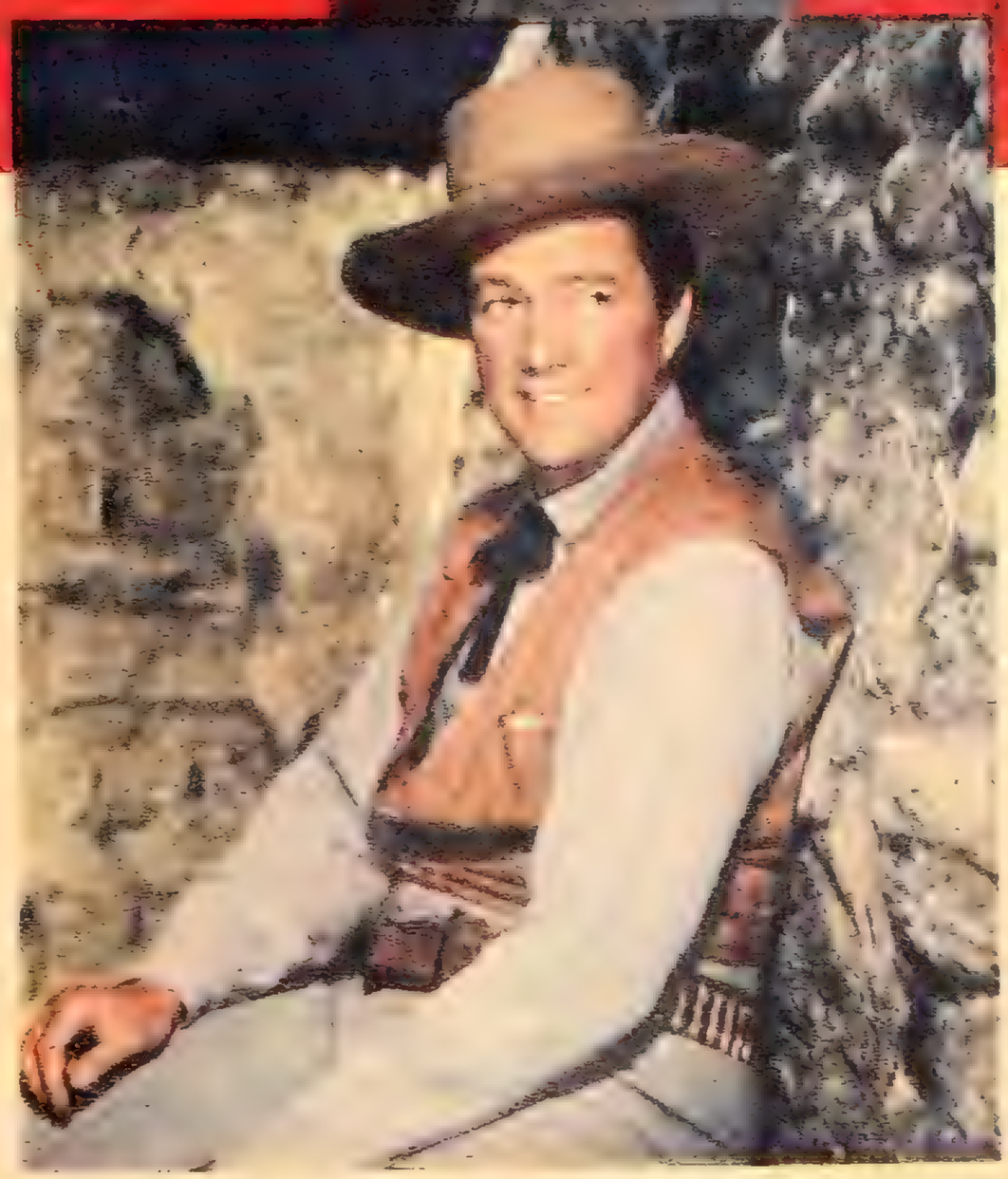
This was too much for Sister, who's going to be married herself pretty soon. "Wouldn't you call your wedding anniversary any special day?"

For a second I gaped—then I sat down and howled. The thought of Stan and me going blissfully through the day, completely unaware of our anniversary, tickled my funnybone . . .

"Don't you even *mind*?" asked my sister.

"Not a bit," I told her. "This is one we'll never forget *because* we forgot it—"

Of course I can well remember the time when it wouldn't (*Continued on page 120*)



Happy *daze*, what with Mrs. M. buying the *fourth* bassinet and Dennis signing a brand new contract at $125,000 a pic for three pix a year. His fan mail tops all others at studio.

"YOU WORK HARD ALL WEEK," SAYS BETTY

TO HARRY. "SO SATURDAY WE'LL REST. BUT FIRST I OUGHTTA BUY

A HAT, AND I DO WANNA SEE THE RACES, AND VICKIE NEEDS A BATH . . ."

by Howard Sharpe



SATURDAY OFF

■ It was 6:30 in the morning, a midsummer Saturday that promised heat later, although now the last traces of fog curled up Coldwater Canyon, chased by an ocean breeze that rippled the eucalyptus trees like feather plumes and made small ruffles on the surface of the James' swimming pool. Inside the sprawling, cool house, Harry himself, in a pair of swimming trunks and with a terry cloth robe flung over his shoulders, stood at the kitchen sink industriously squeezing orange juice.

When he had a full glass he put it on a tray, went to the stove and inspected the coffee, found it ready, and poured a cup. He put this on the tray too, along with a package of cigarettes, freshly opened, and a folder of matches stamped "Betty and Harry."

In the hall he paused, came back, put down the tray, found a pad and pencil, scribbled "Good morning, darling" on it, propped it beside the glass and once again set forth. He had left the door of the master bedroom upstairs slightly ajar and now he pushed it open with his foot, his brain simultaneously registering getting-up noises from the nursery next door and the fact that his wife had kicked off all the covers and was sprawled face down in the exact center of the bed, one (*Continued on page 130*)



A day off is usually a day at the races for Betty Grable and Harry ("If I Am Lucky") James, who owns 15 race horses. Betty (in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim") created quite a stir at Santa Anita by appearing in a mink coat with her hair in pigtails!



"HAY-LO, LIZA, HAY-LO!

(*Continued from page 53*)

aglow. "Oh, Vincent, she's so wonderful—" Naturally he thought she meant Liza. "This afternoon I was sitting here crying all by myself—"

"Judy! What about?"

"Nothing special. You always cry after you've just had a baby—. Anyway, in walked Miss Cameron and put her arms around me and said, 'You poor little mother,' and cried right along with me. Wasn't that sweet of her? Remind me never to feel abused again—"

If Liza'd been a boy, they were going to call him Vincent, but they couldn't make up their minds what to call a girl. It was hard to find a name they both liked that went with Minnelli, but inspiration hit Judy in the middle of the night. Through the mists of sleep Vincent heard a voice asking: "How about Liza—?"

"Liza who?"

"Minnelli—"

He thought it over. "Sounds good. I like it—" So with that nicely settled, they both went back to sleep.

Vincent wanted a girl from the start. Judy thought she wanted a boy. One day she came in and kissed him ruefully. "Poor Vincent, I hate to disappoint you, but I just heard that we're having a son—"

"Who told you?"

"This woman I met. She said, 'I'm psychic.' She said, 'I've never been wrong yet—' She said, 'I can tell it's going to be a boy—' "

"Suppose she'd said girl?"

"I wouldn't have believed her—"

That was after their return to Hollywood. In New York they didn't tell a soul. Well, hardly a soul—

They'd left for New York right after the wedding, to be gone three months while the hillside home Vincent had bought as a bachelor was being remodeled. One day they went to the doctor, and the doctor said yes. Mrs. Minnelli was going to have a baby. They walked out a little dazed—

"We'll add a nursery," said Vincent.

"I want to phone my mother," Judy said.

All her mother needed to hear was Judy's voice—those hushed accents, breathing the words across three thousand miles of space: "Mother—you know what—?"

That night they went out and celebrated by themselves, having decided not to tell about the baby till they got back to California. Then they changed their minds. They had to tell *someone* or they'd both explode. So they told a married couple, to whom they were very close. What she'd have done without that safety valve, Judy doesn't know.

Meantime, work on their house was postponed and postponed again. They couldn't stay away forever. In fact, they'd have to get back pretty quick now in view of the circumstances. Judy was scheduled to play Marilyn Miller in "Till the Clouds Roll By," with Vincent directing her scenes, and it behooved them to get going before the baby grew very much older—

"I bet they'll start on the house the day we move in—" This cheerful prediction was tossed back and forth between them like a running gag. But when the prediction came true, they were less amused.

Promptly at seven the workmen arrived and, by way of good morning, hit the side of the house with some kind of infernal machine. For months the house and its occupants woke with a shudder. During the height of the uproar, Fannie Brice lent them her beach house for a couple of weeks, which was a lifesaver, but in the end they had to go back. They lived in one room, while the rest were being done. It was like living in Cain's warehouse, only more nerve-wracking. Sometimes it got them down—

"Let's throw them all out, and leave the place as it is—"

"Okay, but let's murder them first—"

Little by little, the racket and confusion subsided. From a balcony above, Judy could look down the terraced hillside, and watch them converting Vincent's studio, building another room on to it to make a suite for the baby and nurse. The Minnellis had definite ideas about nurseries, which didn't include toy rockers or lambs frisking over the wallpaper. What they wanted was a place for a child to grow into, not out of.

Of course the remodeling cost more than they'd planned. It always does. Conscious of their limitations in the art of saving money, Judy and Vincent got themselves a business manager. They're allowed so much weekly for personal expenditures, but anything extra has to have his okay. About the house, he finally put his foot down. "Not another cent. As it *is*, you'll be living on beans for the next six months—"

That was fine with them, they didn't mind living on beans. But when everything but the dressing table in Judy's dressing room was finished, Vincent got an idea. "Antique glass would be nice—"

Judy's eyes widened. "Would the estimates cover it?"

"No, but I'll see what I can do—"

Next day he spent a fruitless half hour with the business manager, who said no to begin with, and wound up saying no—

"Oh well," said Judy that night, "it doesn't have to be glass—"

But Vincent lets go hard, especially when it's something for his wife. "Why don't we save up for it?"

buried treasure . . .

So they turned into pennypinchers. Vincent came home every night and emptied his pockets, and Judy counted the loot. For weeks they didn't buy so much as a handkerchief. Not only did they get the dressing table, they got the fun of outfoxing their manager. This was a taste which grew on them. In an antique shop one day they came on a pair of lovely vases, and exchanged the look of conspirators—

"Let's not even ask him—"

"Why should we, we're independent—"

"We certainly are. We can pay ten dollars down and ten dollars a week—"

If you've ever had a baby, you know the last months are the hardest. Judy used to get pretty impatient with them—

"Silliest thing I ever heard of," she'd grumble. "Why nine months? Why not six? Or even three? With all the wonders of science, you'd think they'd do something about it, but no—too busy with their old atom bombs and rockets to the moon—"

Toward the end, humor flagged a little. The doctor had said it would be a Caesarean birth on Tuesday, March 11th. Now Judy loathes hospitals. Passing one on the street, she'll look the other way. So you can measure her discomfort by the fact that she let herself be talked into entering the hospital ahead of time—

Mrs. Garland took her down on Friday and got her settled. Vincent spent the evening with her. Next morning she called her mother. "When are you coming down?"

"Some time this afternoon. Why?"

"Couldn't you come right away? It's so lonesome here—"

Mother found her sitting up, looking fresh and chipper after twenty-four hours in bed. One look at the transparent face told her something was brewing, and she didn't have long to wait—

"Mother, why can't I go home and spend the weekend with Vincent?"

"Why, Judy, we just got you in here—"

"Yes, but it was all a mistake. I can

(*Continued on page 66*)



"Emma, are you sweeping things under the rug again?"



HER RING
a brilliant
emerald-cut
diamond and
baguettes

Miss Mary Hoover Morse . . . her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Lucian Earl Baldwin II, son of Connecticut's Governor, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Keith Morse of Trumbull, one of Connecticut's delightful old towns. Another Pond's bride-to-be, she has a heart-shaped face . . . a warm-toned complexion with the smooth look of a camellia petal.



She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" "Sandy" Morse uses for her complexion will give your skin, too

____an instant sweet-clean look

____an instant softer, smoother feel

____and bring up a rose-blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face the same way "Sandy" does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "It's so *extra nice*," "Sandy" says, "and makes my face feel glowy clean and ever so soft."

Every night—give your face the complete, "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Dip your fingers deep into a *big* jar of Pond's night and morning—every day. Ask for a lovely 6-oz. size!

Miss "Sandy" Morse says, "I just love Pond's new Blush-Cleansing!"



Diamonds and Pond's! Destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls—these 9 diamonds are valued at $20,000.

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THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III — MISS EDITH KINGDON GOULD

THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY — MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

MISS ANNE MORGAN — VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN



When household items and lingerie become soiled:

a. Throw them out and buy replacements. **b.** Scour, scour and scour. Your skin may eventually grow back. **c.** Use mild, easy-on-the-paws soap-flakes or beads in hand washing of clothes and dishes.

If nails tend to split:

a. Nails are being worn shredded this season. **b.** House hold glue is wonderful at patching 'most anything. **c.** Massage fingertips daily with a nail conditioner that contains lanolin. Buffing is important, too, and is made easy with a dot of special cream or powder on each nail.

If you're cursed with the nail-biting habit: **a.** Chop off your fingers to remove temptation. **b.** Keep on nibbling, there's a meat shortage. **c.** Give yourself a perfect manicure. Groom and polish and pamper your nails until they are so lovely you simply won't have the heart to spoil them. Pride in new-found beauty will conquer that slovenly, nervous habit.

Where to look for the correct manicure routine:

a. The Encyclopedia Britannica *might* help, but it's awfully dull reading. **b.** No, your old history prof can't be bothered telling you. **c.** Turn to page **85** and read "A Winning Hand." Now there's a good manicuring routine . . . I know, wrote it.

So you've developed a hand callus? **a.** Boast about it . . . at least it proves you're working. **b.** Wear gloves all the time, even in the house. What do you care what your friends say? **c.** Wield pumice (get it at the 10c store or corner drug-store) ever so lightly over the callus, then massage the spot with oil or nail cream.

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

ATTENTION . . . ALL HANDS!

Goody, a quiz . . . I love 'em. Especially when I'm asking the questions. But don't worry, friends. It's easy for you, too. The correct answer in all five cases is "c." Both here and in "A Winning Hand" on page 85, you'll learn much about fingertip glamor

Capri— STARRED FOR A SHINING FUTURE, TOO

Your eyes will say, "*This* is for me,"
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pattern in the "Silver Service of the Stars."
And your fingers will *feel* the depth
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quality marks of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths.
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5-piece Place Settings at only $4.50 each.
Visit your silverware dealer—see Capri.

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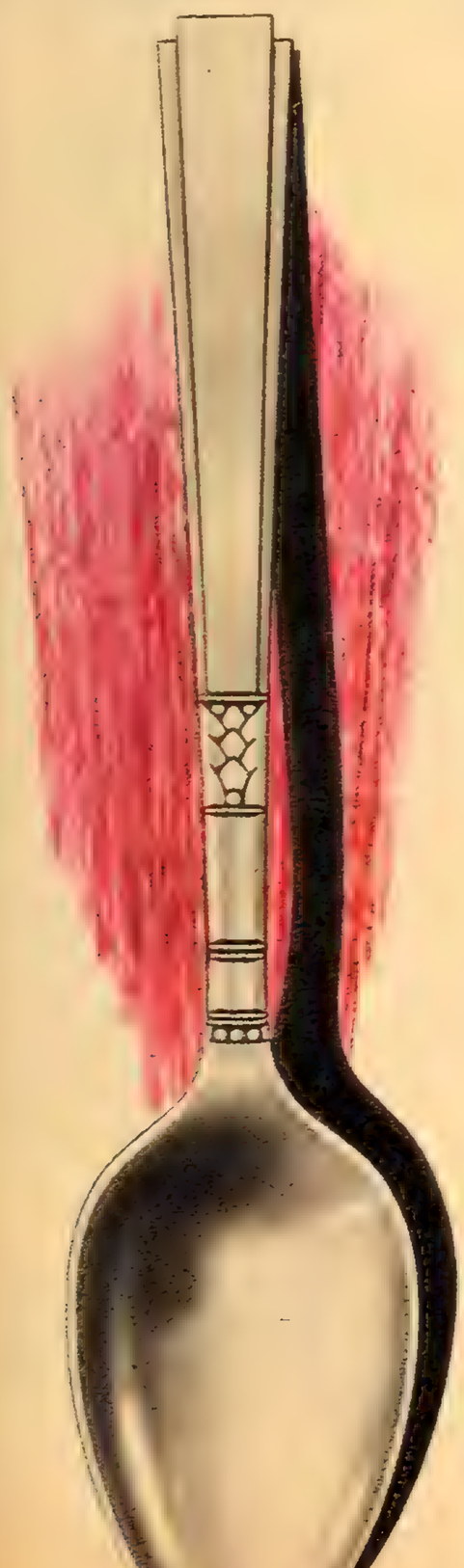
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MORE FOR YOUR "SILVER" DOLLAR



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Vanguard Star now appearing in RKO's
"HONEYMOON"
. . . soon to begin David O. Selznick's
"LITTLE WOMEN"





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It's tough to be a bachelor, muses Bob, and shave alone, make coffee alone—but then, there's always morning *fe-mail* call!

BOBBIE HUTTON, SWEET AS PIE,

KISSED THE GIRLS AND MADE THEM CRY—

FOR MORE OF THE SAME!

By Virginia Wilson



At Mocambo's, Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell laugh at his "once-over" technique: Whenever Bob's introduced to a new girl, he fishes out a pair of horn rimmed specs and peers through them to get a close-up. He can't help it; he's near sighted!



"I'm in love with one girl—guess who?" Bob grins. He takes June Haver to Ciro's, shows her off to bandleader Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball's husband), even holds hands in public!

KISSED THE GIRLS...



In N. Y. together, Bob (of "Janie Gets Married") took Lana Turner to the Stork Club, where host Billingsley tucked a "Trudy Doll" under her arm as a souvenir. Bob thinks "Trudy" looks like Lana!

■ You know how it is at the Stork Club. The foyer is all mirrors, and there's the sound of laughter and music and clinking glasses from inside. There's a velvet rope, and if they don't know you, you can't get past it. But of course they knew Bob. They'd let him in even if he did have two country cousins with him, wouldn't they? *Wouldn't* they? After all, he was a movie star. Just the same, Harry and his pretty bride glanced anxiously from Bob to the haughty looking guy at the rope. Maybe the guy would say, "*You* can come in, Mr. Hutton, but the others will have to stay out."

He didn't, of course. He smiled at Bob and said, "Good evening, Mr. Hutton. The Cub Room?"

Bob said yes, the Cub Room, and Harry and Carol looked at each other with their special, secret look that said "This is really it." They'd used that look pretty constantly since they got to New York four hours ago. The whole deal had been so super. You see, Bob had come up to Kingston to be with his mother for Easter. He had stayed four days, and Harry, who was Bob's cousin, had spent a lot of time at the house. Harry was just out of the Army, and he and Carol were thinking about a little trip to celebrate. Bob said casually, "Why don't you come back to New York with me? Stay a few days, and we'll do the town together before I leave for the Coast."

Of course, they said they couldn't possibly. They said it would be an awful nuisance for him to have them tagging along. They said a picture star couldn't take country kids like them around New York with him.

Bob gave them that slow grin that hasn't changed a bit since he left Kingston. "I'm a country kid myself," he said. "My eyes still pop right out of my head at half the things I see in New York. Come with me. I'd like to have you."

The funny part was that he meant it—he wasn't just being polite. You could tell. Harry leaped to his feet, and gave a loud yodel. "New York, here we come! Hey, Bob, will you introduce me to Lana Turner?" Kidding, (*Continued on page 74*)

Why Powers Models' Hair looks so shining bright with such natural high lustre!



Hazel McFerrin—a beautiful Powers redhead—uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her hair sparkling with natural silken-sheen beauty

If you want to impress the most indifferent male—keep your hair shining bright with Kreml Shampoo—that truly remarkably beautifying Shampoo used by the famous Powers Models. Kreml Shampoo washes away every bit of dirt, grease and loose dandruff. It rinses out like a charm and brings out all the hair's natural brilliant lustre and glossy highlights that last for days.

Kreml Shampoo never dries the hair. In fact it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry—leaving the hair so much softer and silkier. So buy a bottle today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and 'glamour-bathe' your hair to its natural shining glory!

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66 *A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.*

"HAY-LO, LIZA, HAY-LO!

(Continued from page 60)

rest just as well in my own bed. And Vincent'll be home all day tomorrow—". Mother looked unimpressed, so she pulled out a couple of tremolo stops. "Who knows? I may never get home again—"

There she overplayed her hand. "Don't be a goose," said her mother briskly. "You're much better off here. And I doubt that the doctor would let you go—"

"All right," said Judy with the air of a Christian martyr—"if that's what you think—" and changed the subject.

After a while Vincent called from the studio. "I guess I'm stuck here," said Judy in this meek little, sad little voice. "I guess I'll just have to stay. Nobody seems to want to help me get out—"

To this Mrs. Garland turned a deaf ear. But when her daughter'd hung up and lay submissively back on the pillows, her heart smote her. What's a mother for, if not to humor a child at a time like this? After all, a Caesarean isn't having your fingernails cut. She reached for the phone—

"Doctor, is there any reason why Judy can't go home and come back Monday?"

At home, Vincent was changing to go down to the hospital, when a voice that should have been in the hospital sang out his name. From the reunion, you'd have thought she'd been gone six years. All through dinner she kept looking around, caressing things with her eyes—

"Walls are different," she declared. "In hospitals, they shut you away. At home, they take you in and hold you—"

let's be gay . . .

By unspoken agreement, everything was kept light and casual Monday night. For the second time, husband and mother saw Judy settled in her hospital bed when the phone on Judy's bedside table rang—

"Hi, Jude! It's Mickey—"

As if she wouldn't have known that voice in a million! Her face lit up. In their old picture-making days together, people would have liked to stir up a breath of spring romance round the figures of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. It didn't stand a chance, but no brother and sister could have been fonder of each other. Mickey was just back from overseas via New York. He'd called the house, and they'd referred him to the hospital—

"Golly, you're lucky, Jude! You'll be there when your baby comes, not thousands of miles away, like me—"

Same old Mickey, kidding, making her giggle, bringing his wife and introducing them over the phone. Turning serious for a moment— "After tomorrow the whole world'll look different. It did to me when I heard about my son—"

A nurse popped her head in. Time for visitors to leave. They brushed off their goodbyes, said they'd be round in the morning. Mrs. Garland went out, leaving Judy and Vincent alone for a moment. . . .

He'd arranged not to shoot next day, and called for his mother-in-law at six. She had coffee and toast ready, and he swallowed the coffee while carefully crumbling the toast. On the way down, they did a lot of talking about nothing. Judy was wide awake when they got to her room, and perfectly calm. She was due to go up about 7:30—

"See you in an hour or so, honey—"

"Okay, mother—"

Vincent bent over and kissed her and they wheeled her away. . . .

He'd lived through it a hundred times in imagination. He'd seen himself pacing, bumping blindly into doors, waylaying nurses for news, going through the whole

routine expected of young fathers.

It wasn't that way at all. For one thing, the suspense was crowded into half an hour. Instead of pacing, bumping and waylaying, he sat in a kind of rigid misery, as if he were made of glass and any movement might break him. . . .

He saw Judy's mother step into the hall and wondered dimly why. He hadn't heard what she'd heard—the voice of the family doctor who'd watched the operation. They came in together, and Vincent stood up, eyes riveted on the doctor—

"You have a very pretty daughter—"

His mouth opened, but nothing came out. He tried again. "Is Judy all right?"

"Judy's fine—"

The ice cracked, and warmth started flowing back. A nurse came in. The obstetrician came in. Everyone kept saying how pretty the baby was. That's right, he had a baby—a little girl— "Kind of a dirty trick," he found himself thinking. "I got what I wanted, and Judy didn't—"

Then they were putting him into a hospital coat, and he was following Mrs. Garland into a room, and there was his baby —twenty minutes old, and tiny hands waving around like a couple of starfish. He stood looking down, trying to guard his emotions—

"Well," prodded the nurse, "isn't she beautiful?"

"I don't know," he whispered in helpless awe. "But I didn't expect her to look so *finished*—"

baby talk . . .

Within twenty-four hours, Judy turned into the demon mother. If you wanted to talk about anything but the baby, you could go talk to somebody else.

But her big campaign was the one to get herself home. Keeping her at the hospital was an organized conspiracy on the part of all concerned. "*Why* can't I go? Why can't they take me in an ambulance and we'll get a hospital bed—?"

"Because the doctor wants you here—"

"What *for*? I've *had* my baby. That's what I came for. What's the sense of sticking around here now—?"

The doctor refused to lop off a minute. The time passed, however, as time has a way of doing, ushering in the day that took Judy and Liza home. Mrs. Garland rode in the ambulance with them, Miss Cameron met them at the door, and Vincent had the house filled with flowers.

That night they dined in Judy's room.

"Vincent—remember the night I woke up and said, 'How about Liza?'" Vincent remembered. "Then it was only a name. Now she's downstairs, in her bassinet."

"So they say. Judy, do you believe it?"

She nodded vigorously. "But just to make sure, go down and take a look—"

That she has the most wonderful baby in the world goes without saying. When Vincent gets home at night, he follows the strange sounds he hears to the nursery, and there finds his wife and Miss Cameron squealing like girls making fudge.

But the two golden hours of Judy's day are before Liza's mealtimes, when she has the baby all to herself, to croon over and play with and sing to. There's one song that's special. Bing Crosby sang it to Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," but before that Judy's father—who died when she was 12—used to sing it to her—

"Toora-loora-loora,
"Toora-loora-li—
"Toora-loora-loora,
"That's an Irish lullaby—"

Looking into her daughter's soft dark eyes, Judy hears another voice singing, and feels strong arms holding her, as her arms now hold a baby of her own. Liza stares solemnly back, and Judy smiles—

"He'd have liked you," she says.

PINK CAMELLIA BRUNETTE *by coby whitmore*





Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Famous artist, Coby Whitmore, shows how subtle brunette skin tones come alive with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

How can a brunette become more beautiful? *Here's how:* apply Rose Brunette, an exciting new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. A joyous shade to brighten your brunette coloring. And *do* see how this smooth, smooth face powder masks your skin with a silk-like finish. It veils tiny blemishes, clings for hours on end. There are other "Flower-fresh" shades of Cashmere Bouquet to complement every complexion.

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder



E. Williams and hubby Ben Gage two-gunned their way into the Atwater Kent party—via prop pistols. Esther's cover-up costume reflects her recent decision to pose in no more swim suits.



Bob Stack's newest rank is "ex-Lieut." and no one's happier about it than Evelyn Keyes, who's not only being groomed for Jean Arthur roles at M-G-M, but is trousseau shopping with Bob.



True to type, Kay Kyser and his Mrs., gorgeous Georgia Carroll, attended the Kent Shindig "à la long hair." Kay's asking $250,000 for rights to the title of his famous air show—when he retires.



Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Rooney (Betty Rhodes) have decided their brand new son'll be an actor. "But we want him to have a normal childhood—so we won't let him start till he's five!"



Doug Fairbanks (with his wife at the "Henry the Fifth" preem) will take over his late dad's pic company, says his acting days are over—he'd rather produce from now on.

Good news

THE ALAN LADDS ARE HONEYMOONING—AGAIN! MRS. MORGAN'S JEALOUS: JACK CARSON KISSED DENNIS!

by Dorothy Manners

SUBSTITUTING FOR LOUELLA PARSONS



Joe Cotten (with L. Young at a Lux air show) still feels guilty about holding up shooting on "Duel In The Sun" while a horseback scene was rewritten. Seems he's allergic to horses—so the scene ended up with Joe in a buggy!

■ Alan Ladd and Sue Carol are introducing their own recipe for a second honeymoon.

Had a long talk with Sue at a party the other night and she told me: "Alan and I are practically being pushed out of our small home. It never was a big place, you know, and with these inflated prices we don't want to buy a bigger one now. But what with the baby's nurse, the help, secretaries and so on, we aren't getting any privacy at all.

"The other night, I thought Alan seemed unusually tired and nervous. I said, 'How would you like to move out of here so that we'd be able to live just by ourselves again?' I guess he thought I was crazy. But I meant it—and this is what we are going to do.

"We are going to remodel the little playhouse in the back, build a couple of extra rooms on, and move out there and live! We will be close to the house and all the activities —but we will have a place we can go to and be alone and call our own. There won't even be a telephone out there. I suppose you could call it a second honeymoon house."

I sure could. And that's what I will!

* * *

Cinematographers is the fancy name for cameramen, and the boys certainly put on a fancy party celebrating their 25th anniversary at the famed old Cocoanut Grove not long ago.

There was enough glamor to make a dozen all-star movies. Everybody showed up—and why not? A cameraman can take off—or put on —ten years, depending on how he feels.

But I'm sure that isn't the reason for the turn-out of celebrities. The man behind the camera is one of the best liked and most popular citizens of all Hollywood, and the stars

wanted this party to be a whopper. It was.

Even Katharine Hepburn, who seldom, if ever, goes anywhere, came with cameraman Karl Freund. When a surprised friend remarked that he almost fell over at seeing her there, Hepburn said, "I almost fell over myself—and I mean that literally. I haven't worn a long, formal gown in months and I almost tripped when I walked in."

Shirley Temple Agar was all dimples and smiles in bouffant white and she and her good looking bridegroom are so happy it is a sight for weary eyes just to look at them.

Gregory Peck was devotion itself to his wife, who is expecting a baby in a few months. I sat at their table and Mrs. Peck told me that if the child is a boy it will be named Stephen, and if a girl, Stephanie. "You have to be so careful what you put with *Peck*," she laughed, "the wrong combination could sound terribly funny."

Maureen O'Hara is naturally so beautiful I wondered why she wore such a trying hairdo. Skinned straight back from the forehead and the temples, it featured a "doorknob" knot sticking out from behind one ear. Dream Boat that she is, this coiffure almost wrecked the ship.

Greer Garson looked lovely and appealing in an ice blue gown and danced only with Richard Ney. Jane Wyman was the cutest thing present in a smart black dress and a very short hair cut. Carmen Miranda's dress covered the good neighbor policy—and that's about all. The white beaded skirt was slit way above her knee, the midriff was bare, and there just weren't any shoulders. But just to make up for what was left off below, she added white aigrettes to her hair.

The "show" was sensational and headlined Charlie McCarthy, Danny Kaye, Dennis Morgan, Errol Flynn, Gene Kelly, Ronnie Reagan, Jack Carson, Robert Alda and Linda Darnell. I never expect to see anything better than that divine soft shoe routine of Gene Kelly's but he looked awfully thin and tired.

Red Skelton completely knocked himself out in his comedy stunts and wrecked a dinner jacket sliding the length of the dance floor on his neck, doing an imitation of the way James Cagney dies on the screen. Funniest skit was Jack Carson becoming so overcome watching Dennis Morgan play a love scene with gorgeous Linda Darnell that he threw his arms around and kissed—Dennis!

But all through the fun and the laughter I was wrapped up in an old nostalgia. Just being in the Cocoanut Grove again brought back so many memories. It was here that Joan Crawford won her first Charleston contests. It was here that Loretta Young, just a little girl of 14, used to tag along with the older girls to the tea dances. It was here that the one and only Carole Lombard first fell in love with Russ Columbo. It was here that Bing Crosby used to sing with Gus Arnheim's old band and where he met and had his first date with Dixie. There were new faces sitting ringside the night of the Cameramens' Ball—but the fascinating "ghosts" of the memories remained with me all during the party.

* * *

Oh, brother and, oh, sister—is Hollywood burning over a page printed in the Perth, Western Australia, Sunday magazine section? It's a pictorial layout, with text, attempting to prove that the Australian beauties are far more "natural" in their loveliness than the Hollywood stars who are accused of "padding" and a couple of dozen other things.

To quote—"Hollywood is still blushing over the discovery that quite a number of their lovely girls use padding to perfect their contours.

"It has been discovered that Norma Shearer and Katharine Hepburn always wear long-sleeved dresses because the former's arms are too fat and the other's too thin.

"Myrna Loy has been photographed specially so that her 'stenographer's spread' is hidden and she wears specially dyed hose to hide her heavy legs."

Them's fightin' words, Aussies. Can you prove any of these statements?

* * *

There's nothing old fashioned about Frank Sinatra!

Dropping around at the Toluca Lake home of the teen-agers' idol, I found him draped over the huge beam in the living room, rewiring the entire house—not for sound, but for electricity.

Frankie's house is typically Spanish, in the best approved California manner, and features huge and heavy overhead lighting fixtures fashioned from wrought iron. "Maybe it's in character," grinned Frankie, "but it's not practical."

So he turned electrician and did the complete job himself, installing lights concealed about the beams to give a soft, even glow to

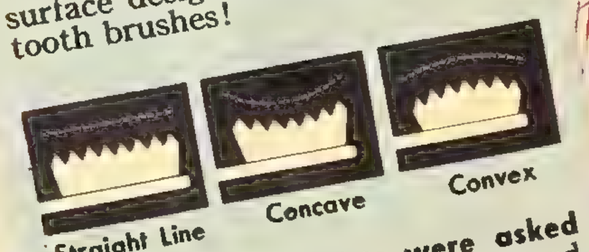
Straight Line Design

cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1



How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"



Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

the ceiling.

When he climbed down from his perch and demonstrated the fruits of his efforts, he said:

"As soon as I settle down for my next picture, I'm taking up aviation. My good friend, Skitch Henderson, who piloted a B-29 over Japan during the war, will be my teacher."

Skitch, it seems, convinced Frankie that he could save time by learning to fly his own plane. Maybe there's something in what he says. During the past three months, Frankie has made five coast-to-coast trips via airline.

"I already have the order in for two planes," he said, "four passenger models. Skitch will have one, I'll take the other."

* * *

Wonder why Diana Lynn denied right up to the very moment of the official announcement, that she was going to marry Henry Willson?

A girl, of course, should be able to choose her own time to break the news about her engagement, but I happen to know that just 48 hours before the story broke, that Diana had told a reporter:

"I'm not going to marry Henry or anyone else for years yet. It wouldn't be fair. I was out on five appearances this last year alone —so what kind of a home could I make for a tired husband?"

Of course, it might have been that Diana wanted to make sure she had her mother's blessing for the marriage. Not that I mean there was ever any parental objection to Henry. He's a charming boy—young, good looking and a successful executive with David Selznick. But the Lynns just wanted their 18-year-old daughter to wait a few years before she married anyone.

Diana and Henry have been "going together" for over two years. And, incidentally, when she reports for "Little Women" to play the role of Amy, she'll be working for the prospective bridegroom—fun for all!

* * *

Beauty tips: Betty Grable is wearing less and less makeup. She's practically down to just lipstick.

Lana Turner now and then puts on a tiny, old fashioned "beauty spot"—which is a beautifier right under her right eye.

Gloria De Haven has abandoned dark nail polish for a delicate pink hue that makes her hands looked like a well kept child's.

* * *

Who says Cornel Wilde hasn't a sense of humor—who says?

He was hilarious over that theater marquee proclaiming to the world:

THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST
With
CORNEL WILDE—A LOUSE

What had happened was that some of the vital letters had gone out on Anita Louise's name.

"Wish somebody had called me before the theater manager fixed it," he told me, "I'd like to have had a picture made to paste on the front of my scrap book!"

* * *

Perry Como's six-year-old, Ronald, goes to the same school that the Bing Crosby kids

(*Continued on page* 106)



A Setting for Compliments

COMPANY coming? No, just the family! That lustrous, lintless napery is for *them*, and they'll love it! And *you'll* love their praise, for making the family table so pretty and inviting. There's no trick at all to it—if you use Linit. That's the smooth, penetrating starch that works magic. Actually makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. You're not letting yourself in for fuss, either! Quite the contrary. By restoring the original finish, Linit actually resists mussing and soiling. Try it, too, for starching dresses, shirts, curtains, sheets and *dozens* of things around the house.

* * *



Sunny says: Your iron flies—with Linit! Follow the simple package directions—and watch all cotton things take on the look and feel of real linen.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

. . . adds the "finishing touch".



Time out from broadcasts while gadgeteer Fred Waring fixes a mike.



Leg art by courtesy of Esther Williams and comedian Alan Young.



Even at swank Stork Club, Jack Benny (with Mrs. B.) kids around.



radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ Twice a year, for three years, Fred Waring, undergrad at Penn State College, hopefully reported for the tryouts of the Penn State Glee Club and twice a year, for three years, they listened to his piping tones and told him to please go away. In six auditions, Waring tried ballads and bounce numbers, patriotic numbers and even "The End of a Perfect Day," but it was no dice. Vocally, he continued to wind up behind the eight-ball, and after each disappointment, Fred would pack up his banjo and disconsolately return to his frat house.

In those days, Waring was Joe College, of 1917 vintage. He was in the position of the legendary singer, playing in vaudeville, who announced that he would render "My Old Kentucky Home." As he got to the middle of the song, the vaudevillian was pleased to see an old gentleman in Row A overcome by tears. The more he sang, the more the old gent cried, so when he had finished the song,



and radio gossip by BEN GROSS

■ **Stories They Tell on Radio Row . . .** He is the best known "unknown" of radio. And he will probably remain just that unless and until his sponsor decides to give him a break. Now, you hear him on the CBS "Hit Parade," a soloist introduced with a curt "Sing it, Joe!" Millions have praised his singing but, save for those in the "profession," only a few have ever heard his name.

He is Joe Dosh, a good looking lawyer and former FBI man. For years an accomplished

the performer stepped to the footlights, leaned across them and addressed the tearful old gentleman: "Obviously, from your reaction to that song, you are a Kentuckian?" The old gentleman wiped the tears from his eyes and said: "No, I am a musician."

Rejected by the Penn State Glee Club, year after year, Waring nevertheless was a commercial success on the same campus. He had a four-piece band embracing banjoist Fred, his brother Tom, Poley McClintock and Freddie Bock, and they were greatly in demand at frat house parties celebrating Penn State football victories. In those days, that was a full-time job, as Penn State then was blazing with such gridiron immortals as Charlie Way, Hinkie Haines and Bob Higgins. They won so many games that Waring wore his fingers to the bone twanging his banjo. In addition, the frequent Penn State victories gave the four-piece band the practice and experience it needed.

From that background developed this month's winner of the MODERN SCREEN Magazine-Ed Sullivan Award for radio excellence, Tyrone, Pennsylvania's leading citizen, Fred Waring.

Going back to the years between 1917 and 1921, you find that popular music was being revamped in fraternity houses all over the nation. Led by Waring, collegians were beginning to invade a field that had been dominated by professionals like Paul Whiteman and Vincent Lopez. Heretofore, cafes and sawdust-floored saloons had been the incubators for "pop" musicians. Now the kids with the college sheepskins were about to move in, with a product that was attuned to Young America.

Penn State produced Fred Waring. Yale, five years later, was to produce Rudy Vallee, and the trail was being blazed for the Hal Kemps, the Kay Kysers and similar outfits.

Emblem of the new era was the megaphone which collegians borrowed quite naturally from their own college cheer leaders. Borrowed too, were varsity sweaters, gay feathers in hats and other campus decors. The band business was going collegiate. No longer would bands get by as instrumentalists. The glee club background of college bands added something new and exciting, and the professionals had to learn to harmonize.

Waring tells me that the turning point in his career was the Jay Hop at the University of Michigan, in 1921. For this Junior Prom, at Ann Arbor, Fred scored with a seven-piece crew that created so much comment that he was booked into his first theater date, at the Madison Theater, Detroit. In that first theater engagement, the seven men got $700. Station WWJ, in Detroit, that week gave Waring his first radio date. From Detroit, they were booked into a Chicago theater. They were a sensation, and by the time they reached California, the band, now enlarged to nine pieces, was commanding $2,500, and on the road to stardom. Their top number was an arrangement of "Sleep." When Waring returns to Station WWJ, at Detroit, for anniversary appearances, he always includes "Sleep" in his repertoire.

In those early Penn State days, about the only person who gave Waring any substantial encouragement was the Dean of Men at school, Dean Warnock. He urged Fred to quit school and concentrate on a career as a musician. Possibly Waring would have taken that advice but for the rebuffs that the Glee Club had administered. How was he to know whether or not Dean Warnock was working hand in hand with the Glee Club?

But the Dean was cooking on the front burner! He had correctly appraised Fred Waring's talent at organization, correctly had appraised Fred's determination, and correctly had estimated his love of music, and his originality. That first four-piece band, composed of two Warings and two non-collegians from Fred's home town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, indicated his flair for original thinking. Because that original four-piece frat house crew not only played, they also sang.

When Waring left school, two things distinguished this early college crew. Perhaps as a rationalization of his rebuffs, Fred incorporated a Glee Club within the band membership, and additionally, the band was drilled in maneuvers reminiscent of a college cheering section. Disciplinarian Waring brought something new to vaudeville and to popular bands. His men were spic-and-span, they had snap and sparkle, and they were young. All of these qualities came bursting across the footlights. His girl vocalists were Josephine Co-ed types, such as Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, who were graduated to Hollywood from Waring's Pennsylvanians.

Time and again, during the war years, I'd contact Fred Waring and ask him to help us out on our great (Continued on page 99)

amateur vocalist, Dosh was signed for the show as a result of a V-disc he had made for the armed forces. A broadcasting big-wig heard it and placed him under contract. However, a special clause therein provided for anonymity.

Despite this, Dosh's manner of putting over a song has aroused not only the curiosity but the enthusiasm of fans. They have bombarded the program with the demand, "Let's have his full name!"

The singing legal light may not relish it. But you can't hide a good performer—even behind a first name. After all, Hildegarde has done pretty well with only one monicker. So—why can't a fellow be called—just "Joe?"

Art Linkletter, emcee of the phenomenally successful "People Are Funny," is at last convinced that there is truth in that title. Especially, when the said "people" include a woman, a statue and Robert Moses, New York's irascible but brilliant park commissioner.

Some time ago, Linkletter, whose show you hear on NBC, commissioned an American war hero, Lieut. Col. Hendrix, an able sculptor, to make a statue of his wife. Hendrix cast it in bronze and named his work "The Ideal American Wife." The radio emcee thereupon shipped the figure from Hollywood to New York as a gift to the world's greatest city.

But Moses, without even inspecting the monument, wrote to Linkletter: "I can think of nothing more unwelcome than your gift . . . I promise that your statue will be part of the foundation of a new park, but it will be underground . . . unseen."

Art, muttering words like "insult to art and to American womanhood," came to New York shortly thereafter to reclaim his gift. However, he couldn't find it, as the monument had apparently been junked. But he is continuing the search, because Mobile, Alabama, has put in a bid to erect the statue in a city park.

Now, Linkletter says: "Women always cause excitement—even those made from bronze."

Names Make Radio . . . The King Sisters, star vocalists, featured on Meredith Willson's show, are also conducting a successful dress shop in Studio City, Hollywood . . . Dinah Shore has planted a considerable section of her San Fernando Valley ranch with flower bulbs and small fruit trees presented to her by guest stars of her program . . . When your reporter asked Paul Whiteman, over at the ABC studios, why he insists on eating between meals, such snacks as Danish pastries, sandwiches and chocolate bars, he answered: "Because one's (Continued on page 86)

KISSED THE GIRLS . . .

(*Continued from page 65*)

naturally. And Bob said sure, he would, and of course they thought he was kidding, too. But now here they were walking into the Cub Room of the Stork, and sitting at a table in the corner was a girl with silver blonde hair and the kind of face you dream about. And Bob was saying, "Lana, I want you to meet my cousins."

Harry said "How do you do, Miss Turner," and all he could think of was that she was about twice as beautiful as she looked in pictures. And all Carol could think of was what the girls back in Kingston were going to say when they heard she'd actually met Lana Turner. Lana was smiling at them, just as friendly as if they were celebrities themselves. "Sit down, all of you," she said. "I'm so glad to see you." She introduced them to the other people at the table, and everyone was wonderful.

who's elmer? . . .

After a while, someone said, "Let's go to Elmer's." The kids looked at each other, sort of disappointed. They'd never heard of Elmer's, and somehow it didn't sound exciting. But Bob noticed, and winked at them, and under cover of everyone's getting up, whispered that "Elmer's" was what they called El Morocco.

It was even better than they'd thought. The tall doorman out in front in the Algerian costume. John Perona, the owner, greeting them personally. Everyone staring—in a polite way, of course—at Bob and Lana. It was a beautiful room, with the famous tiger striped upholstery, and the silver stars in the blue ceiling. And the *other* stars coming right over to their table to say hello. Stars like Cary Grant and Dotty Lamour and Eddie Bracken. You could hardly believe it was really happening. Later—much later—they all went to Reuben's for scrambled eggs, just the way you read about in the columns. Lovely, yellow scrambled eggs, and strong black coffee, and piles of toast that disappeared as fast as confetti in a cyclone. When they came out of Reuben's, the streets were almost as deserted as if it was Kingston. A lemon slice of moon rode high in a dark blue sky, and there was a warm breeze that smelled in some mysterious way of spring.

"I've kept you kids up awfully late," Bob said. "You must be pretty tired."

How could they be *tired* after an evening like that? How could they go to bed now? Maybe most people wouldn't have noticed that quick, secret look they exchanged, but Bob is an observant guy. He grinned. "What's on your minds?"

They came out with it, finally. They'd always heard about the hansom cabs that are parked over by the Plaza, that you can hire to drive up through the Park. Was it too late? Would it be a bother?

"I'll tell you something. I've *never* done it, and I always wanted to. But this is an occasion so I guess this is it."

So they clop-clopped up through the Park, behind a sleepy horse. They saw the magnolias, creamy in the moonlight. They took deep breaths and relaxed, and when they got home at last it was a sharp six o'clock, and they practically fell into bed. Bob had gotten them a whole *suite*, not just a room. It was easier sometimes, it seemed, to get a suite than a room, which made no sense, but was wonderful.

"You know what?" Carol said dreamily, as she switched off the light.

"What?" Harry yawned.

"Your cousin Bob is practically the nicest guy in the whole wide world. With one major exception—my husband."

"Bob," Harry said thoughtfully, "is one of the few people I know who really *likes* doing things for other people. He got as much kick out of tonight as we did."

Which was funny, because Bob, in the suite he shared with Al Melnick, his manager, was saying practically the same thing, in a different way. "I guess I'm still pretty naive, Al. I got a terrific bang out of all that tonight. It wasn't so long ago that I'd never been in places like that, and I still can't quite believe headwaiters will remember me or that anybody will ask me for my autograph. The whole thing dazzles the hell out of me."

"Tomorrow," Bob said thoughtfully, "I'll take the kids to '21' to lunch. They've got a yen to see it. Will you come?"

"Can't do it, Bob. Business."

But Al heard all about it the next night, after the kids had gone back to the country.

"That '21' deal really floored them, and me too," Bob told him meditatively. "You see, the fans hang around a lot outside there. Well, being Easter week, there wasn't any school, and when we started to come out after lunch, there was a mob of them there. Al, honestly, they acted like I was Van Johnson or Sinatra or somebody. Started to yank my tie off and pull at my clothes, and finally we went back in, and out the back way. And do you know, Al, I loved it!" Bob looked a little ashamed of himself as he admitted it. Obviously he thought it wasn't the thing to do.

Oh, it's easy to see why Bob appeals to both men and girls. His quiet sincerity, his slow smile that's as warm as an open fire, his modest good manners. All this in a town like Hollywood, where most of the unattached men (and some of the attached ones) are howling wolves, with a line as phony as a campaign speech. Bob must be a refreshing change to the gals there. For one thing, his intentions are honorable! He wants to get married, when his divorce becomes final in September. He wants a home and children.

june's his gal . . .

The object of his affections now is June Haver, and it seems to be pretty mutual. When June was going to New York, Bob wanted to go too, but he had studio commitments and couldn't get away. The fact that his later visit to Manhattan coincided with Lana's return from South America was, believe me, purely coincidental. They did see each other, of course, and Lana gave a cocktail party for Bob the day before he left. But none of it was anything for June to worry over, and she knew it. By the way, she sent Bob one letter while he was there that was really something special. The whole thing was composed of words, phrases and sentences, cut out from newspapers and magazines. If someone read it aloud to you, you would never have guessed that. You would have just thought that it was a very sweet letter.

The first time he ever saw June was at a Hollywood party—one of the enormous ones where you don't even get introduced to half the people there. A couple of days later Bob called the Haver home and talked to June's mother.

"I haven't actually met June," he admitted, "but if you think it's all right, I'd like to ask her to go out with me."

June's mother, disarmed, thought it *would* be all right. And so did June. On that first date, Bob took her to another party, but they left early and went over to Mocambo where they could really talk, just the two of them. After that he saw her every night and almost every day for five weeks, until he went to New York. He loved the whole Haver household. It was full of young people all the while.

One day he showed up and said "Where's June?"

"In the garage," her sister told him.

So out he went, and when he got there, he stopped with a gulp of surprise. Hitherto, he had seen June only in her glamor girl incarnation, done up in Adrian clothes. So who was this little blonde waif in dungarees, painting madly away at an old bookcase? There was green paint smudged all over the dungarees. There was a long green daub on one cheek and another rakish one just under her left eye.

"How," demanded Bob incredulously, "could you ever get that much paint on yourself?" June giggled. "It's easy."

"Well, you don't *need* to. Here, let me show you."

Bob was in light grey flannels, and June gave a shriek of anguish as he took the dripping brush from her hand. "Darling, not in those clothes! You'll ruin them."

"Oh, no, I won't. I'm an expert painter." Bob went to work on the bookcase with smooth, dexterous strokes. In some miraculous manner, he managed to finish the job without getting one drop on him.

He is the most un-chichi guy in Hollywood. He drives an old car that's forever breaking down, and is certainly no setting for the beauties he takes out in it. He lives in a small apartment, cooks his own breakfast, and thinks hopefully of the day he'll have a wife to do it for him.

In April, Bob hadn't seen his mother for a year and a half. He writes to her almost every day, but he wanted to *see* her and talk everything over with her, and find out what she thought about a lot of things. Of course, there were pictures scheduled for him. But then he found out that Al Melnick was going to New York.

"Al, you must be able to do something

(*Continued on page 84*)

LIZABETH SCOTT

. . . soon to be seen in Paramount's "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" poses for MODERN SCREEN in a stunning aqua gabardine sport dress by Dorsa Originals of St. Louis. She loved it so much that she took it with her on her trip to England, and we think she looks terrific in it.

All the fashions in this issue of the Fashion Section come from St. Louis or from Chicago, which are the two great midwest centers for wonderful junior clothes. We weren't able to show you half of the things we saw and fell in love with, but we'll be going again, and will show you more in future issues.

This month, feeling that you've had to wait too long for answers to your "where-to-buy" letters, we inaugurate a new service. Turn to page 84 to find out where to buy the dress worn by Lizabeth Scott, and the other dresses in this issue.

Modern Screen Fashions

FEATURING MID-WEST CLOTHES



Pink and blue crepe make the two-tone top of this party-going junior dress by Debutante Frocks of Chicago. The skirt is softly gathered in the front, and there's a self belt that ties in a bow. We love the gay sea horse prancing on the left side of your bodice. The price: About $25.00.



You'll be the dancing-est gal at the party in your fuchsia and black dress-up crepe by Darna Lee of St. Louis. The diamond shaped insets are outlined in winking black sequins, and see the tiny effective touch of color in the piping on the swirling side-draped skirt. Price: About $23.00.

Harlequin Colors

Party date-bait Ju



Perfect for a coke-date, a school dance, any semi-gala occasion is this color-contrast lovely, made of that wonderful crepe-that-feels-like-silk. The belt is set in, the skirt, softly gathered all around. Available in several luscious color combinations, this is another Darna Lee, about $23.00.

Romantic and feminine is the way you'll look in this exquisite crepe dress by Debutante Frocks. The top is palest blue, the embroidery—silver snow flakes. The black skirt is plain as plain can be. See the charm of the tied neckline, the soft, full sleeves. All this glamor for $25.00.



to juniors →

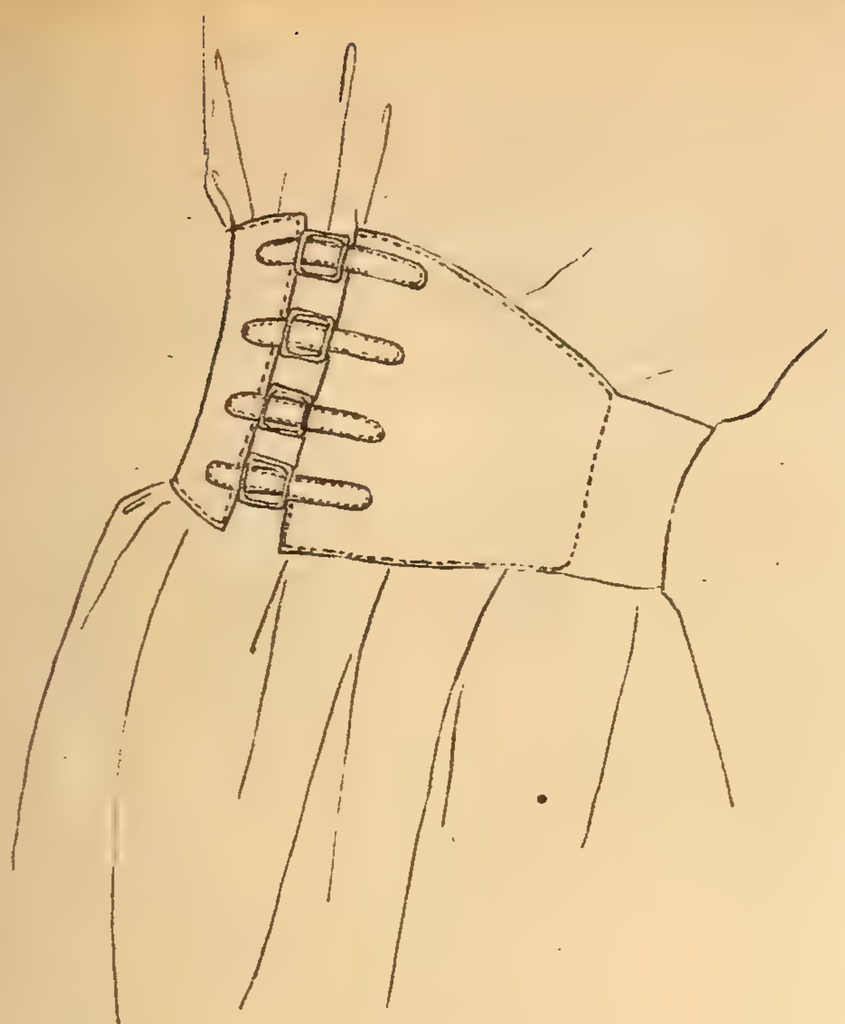
Wild 'n Wooly





ABOVE: Boreva Sportswear gives you more for your money than anyone we know in these terrific play clothes. Superbly cut, beautifully made; each piece—the black jersey shirt, the checked pedal pushers, the double-breasted vest—is only $6.00.

RIGHT: Expensive looking sport jacket in big, BIG black and white checks with a real leather belt, goes over grey and white striped slacks. Enough of checked jackets over *plain* slacks, say the men we know! Still Boreva, still only $6.00 for each.



don't you love that

wide-belt-little-waist look?

here it is in a Laura Lee of wool jersey . . . one of those marvelously simple anywhere-and-everywhere dresses that take jam-packed autumn days in stride.
Under fifteen dollars.

it's a *Laura Lee* original



FABRIC BY PRINCETON KNITTING MILLS

Featured in America's finest junior departments. Where exactly? Write to Laura Lee Frocks, Inc., 1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis.

HEART-WARMERS



Dressmaker touches—deep tucks and fagotting give grown-up glamor to this sheer wool party dress. In melting pastel shades, its price, about $18.00.

Sleeve news—the tiny puff, making your sheer wool a thing of utter charm. Note the magnificent gold kid-trimmed, nailhead studded belt. Material—sheer wool that takes color beautifully. About $18.00.





Neckline drama—the scooped-out neckline trimmed in silver-embroidered scallops gives you that fairy-tale princess look. Dresses on this page are by Minx Modes. This one is about $18.00.

Boreva
SPORTSWEAR

MATCHABLES

mix 'em like mad . . .

they're wonderful

any way . . . anywhere

you wear them!

- **for play**
- **for business**
- **for school**
- **for home**
- **for travel**

A. Wool jersey shirt, wool bright-buttoned poncho vest, wool jersey easy-fitting dirndl skirt.
Each about $6.00

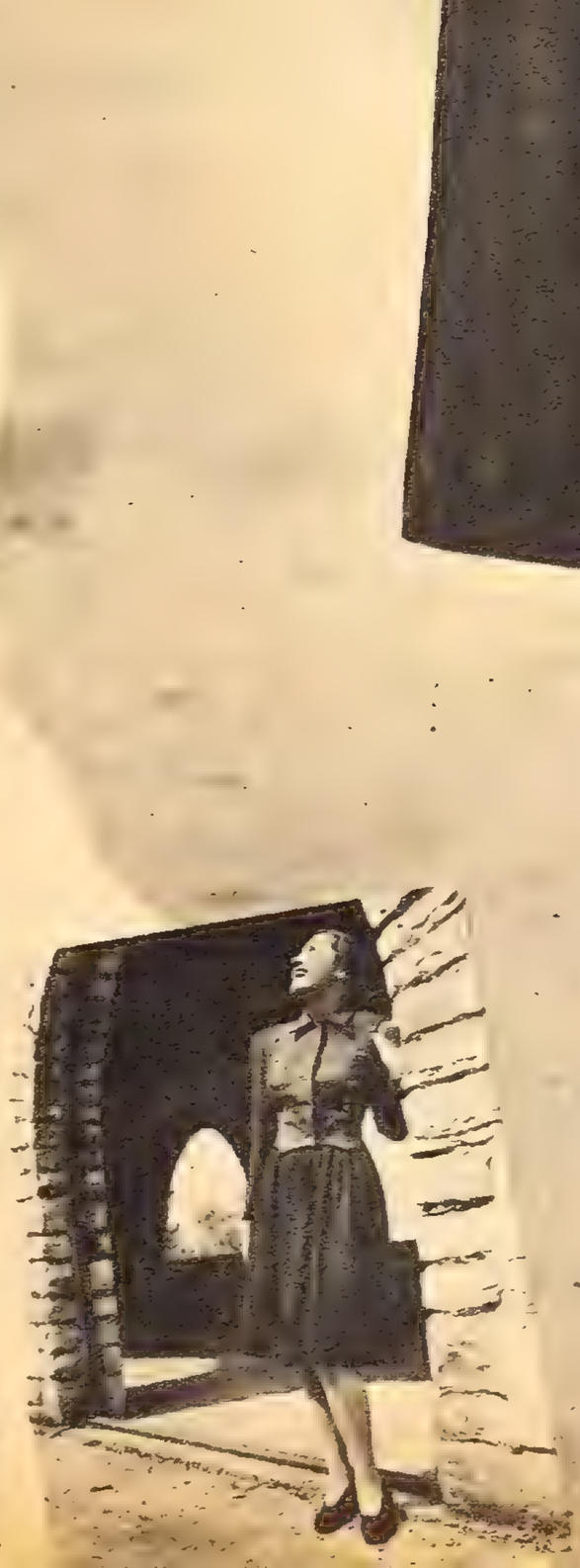
B. Wool jersey shirt, wool poncho vest with cap sleeves, corduroy pedal-pushers.
Each about $6.00

C. Wool mess jacket.
About $8.00
Wool jersey dirndl skirt.
About $6.00

Write for name of store nearest you selling these Boreva Matchables

BOREVA SPORTSWEAR COMPANY
Sales dept., 318 West Adams, Chicago 6, Ill.


B


C



BELOW: Here's a soft rabbit's hair suit that's simple enough for school or business, dressed up enough for dates. The jacket is short as can be, the buttons are shiny jet, the stitched front has a hand-done look. Juniors by Janie; about $20.00.





ABOVE: · Wearable, soft, comfy as can be is this rabbit's hair two piecer from Juniors by Janie. In bright colors with black—and see the dolman sleeves! Price: About $20.00.

Fair and Cooler



MRS. RANDOLPH SCOTT—
delightful wife of the dashing screen star!

"Bewitching!"

says Mrs. Randolph Scott

"That's why TANGEE RED-RED gets 'top billing' here in Hollywood!"

In fabulous Hollywood—where beauty is a fine art—Tangee Red-Red made innumerable conquests. After that, the rest of the world was easy. Today, Tangee Red-Red ranks as the most popular lipstick shade on earth . . . the richest, rarest red of them all!

NOW! *Metal Cases*
Tangee lipsticks with exclusive Satin-Finish now available in gleaming, delicately etched metal cases. They're lovely!



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We know cake make-up can be perfect—because we've made one that's one hundred percent right! Its name is Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up, and it's ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—makes a perfect powder base—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does *not* make you look as if you were wearing a mask.



Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be



VITALLY IMPORTANT to a healthy scalp and beautiful luxuriant hair is the shampoo you use. Dermatologists warn that harsh, cleansing irritants in shampoos may dry the scalp or affect the roots of the hair.

From the standpoint of *safety* and thorough, gentle cleansing, make your shampoo PACKER'S. For over 75 years Packer's has stood for quality, purity and integrity.

Try Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. They contain only the finest—the purest—most gentle cleansing ingredients.

For PURITY, SAFETY, and ECONOMY use PACKER'S . . . . shampoo that's *safe*. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS • BUYING GUIDE

DORSA ORIGINALS (page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Snellenburg's
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
Denver, Colo.—Neusteter's
Shreveport, La.—Peyton's
Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen
Cleveland, O.—May Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Harry Gordon
St. Louis, Mo.—Kline's
Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Los Angeles, Cal.—Betty Blanc
Boston, Mass.—Kennedy's
Des Moines, Ia.—Taylor's
Fort Worth, Tex.—Washer Bros.

OR WRITE TO DORSA ORIGINALS—1009 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEBUTANTE FROCKS (pages 76 and 77)

Fort Worth, Tex.—Norman's
Seattle, Wash.—Rhodes
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon
Shreveport, La.—Rubenstein's
Omaha, Nebr.—Herzberg's
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
Knoxville, Tenn.—Miller's
Chicago, Ill.—The Hub
Milwaukee, Wisc.—The Grand

OR WRITE TO DEBUTANTE FROCKS, 230 SOUTH MARKET STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

DARNA LEE JUNIORS (pages 76 and 77)

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Kempner's
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown Duncan
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske's
Dayton, Ohio—Sonenfeld's
New York—Oppenheim Collins
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche

OR WRITE TO DARNELL GARMENT CO., 817 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

BOREVA SPORTSWEAR (page 78)

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske's
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kauffman's
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
Akron, O.—Polsky's
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Cleveland, O.—Higbee Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
California—Hale Stores

OR WRITE TO BOREVA SPORTSWEAR, 318 WEST ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MINX MODES (page 80)

Milwaukee, Wisc.—Chapman's
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Cincinnati, O.—Rollman's
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
Des Moines, Ia.—Younker Bros.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
New York City—Saks-34 St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhodes

OR WRITE TO THE R. LOWENBAUM MFG. CO., 2225 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

JUNIORS BY JANIE (page 82)

St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Harry Katz
Newark, N. J.—Meyer's
Memphis, Tenn.—A. Goldsmith & Sons
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Lamson's
Buffalo, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards

OR WRITE TO JUNIORS BY JANIE, 817 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

KISSED THE GIRLS . . .

(Continued from page 74)

about this! I want to go with you, and spend Easter with mother up in Kingston."

So Al went to the powers-that-be at the studio and talked fast and long. He came back, grinning widely. "Okay, you're set."

Bob was exultant. "We'll have a hell of a trip, Al. We'll start having fun the minute we leave Pasadena."

They did. A Paramount executive, Sol Siegel, was on the train, and they collected a fourth in the person of a furniture manufacturer whom they encountered in the diner. It was queer about that guy. He'd lived in Glendale all his life, and never been inside a picture studio. Yet all three of them took an instant fancy to him, and by the time they got to New York they were all such pals that they agreed to take the same train back.

Bob is one guy with a grand sense of humor. He has a delightful one, which lets him even laugh at himself. One night when he first started dating Lana Turner, he took her to the Bublichki for dinner. Very Russian is the Bublichki. There were tall candles on the table, and vodka in slim glasses, and a gypsy violinist who strolled from table to table, playing plaintive melodies. Bob remembered a nice, romantic number. He called the man over.

"Would you play the 'Turkish Street Song?'"

Opposite him, beautiful Lana almost choked on her vodka. But it was weeks before Bob found out why. When he did, he sat down and laughed at himself for half an hour. It seemed that the "Turkish Street Song" had been practically a theme song for Turhan Bey.

One night Bob and Lana had been to the beach and decided to stop at Ciro's on the way back. They were in sports clothes, but ordinarily that wouldn't have made any difference. However, on this particular night, there was a very formal party going on. The headwaiter was regretful. Perhaps Miss Turner and Mr. Hutton would like to come back later.

"But I'm *hungry!*" Lana said plaintively. "I'm hungry *now*. I want some fried chicken and a big salad and ice cream."

Bob had an idea. "Look," he said to the headwaiter, "Suppose we sit out in the car in the parking lot. Will you send dinner out to us? Come on—Ciro's Drive-In."

The headwaiter had a sense of humor. He laughed and agreed. Bob and Lana consumed an enormous dinner, parked happily in Bob's car. They waved to all their various friends, who, dressed to the teeth, went into Ciro's. A lot of girls wouldn't have been very pleased with that situation. But Lana was amused. And fed. Besides, she never worries about anything.

June Haver isn't a worrier, either. But Bob worries about everything. He starts as soon as he gets up in the morning. While he's shaving, he eyes himself gloomily and wonders how long it will be before Warner Brothers realize he's not their type.

"I'll end up with ulcers and white hair by the time I'm forty," he prophesies. "Unless I stop worrying."

Maybe he *will* stop soon. Maybe soon he'll be mowing the lawn and taking a beautiful, shiny new wife out riding, and won't have any time left to worry. As far as Bob's concerned, the sooner the better.

a winning hand

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

That easy-as-pie quiz on page 62 will give you some clues to pretty handwork, but to have fingertips as dainty as, say, June Allyson's, you must treat them to a weekly manicure. Let this be your routine:

First, asemble all the necessary items on a convenient nearby table so that you won't have to get up, halfway through the manicure, to retrieve the cuticle remover. Begin by smoothing away old polish with a cotton pad saturated in oily polish remover. Oily, remember. That way you prevent brittle nails.

File and shape nails with an emery board. Be careful not to dig too deeply into the corners. Try for graceful ovals . . . claw-like nails are taboo. Too, medium length fingernails are less likely to break.

Now, using either the new fountain pen type gadget that holds a supply of oily cuticle remover, or with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick moistened with remover, gently but firmly push back the cuticle. This helps to remove dead skin around the base of the nails, keeps them trim and neat. Cut cuticle only if you want to encourage infection!

If you leave your nail tips bare of polish, it is at this point that you apply nail white under the edges of the nails. Next, dip your fingertips into a bowl of sudsy water which you've stationed on that ever-convenient table. Scrub your fingers and wipe them dry. As you do, you'll be removing the last shreds of dead skin loosened by the cuticle removed.

Now an application of a smooth base prepares the way for your polish. Incidentally, there's a new "twincote" which magically acts as polish coat and later can be used as "top coat" and quick-dryer. A gay, exciting shade of nail enamel goes on over the colorless coating. Quick, downward strokes of the brush are easiest to apply. And you'll prevent "bleeding" of the polish onto your cuticle, if you are careful not to overload the brush with polish. For a happy ending to your manicure, top your polish with one of those "speed dryers" that also bring a gleaming finish to your nails.

Wondering just *which* is the right polish for you? Well, reach for the rainbow! You can find shades of true red, blue-red, or russet-toned red in all the popular lines of polish. These are the basic shades . . . you'll need at least one bottle of each so that fingertips always team happily with your costume. And *you* will be happy with two "winning hands!"

* * *

Like your complexion? If the answer is "yes," then you should learn how to keep it pretty always. If it's a sad "no," you need some knowing advice. Both "yes" and "no-ers" will profit by reading the special free booklet which the Beauty Department has for you. It is written by a leading American authority on skin care. She tells how you, too, can have a petal-smooth complexion! Write for it today.

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of the booklet on skin care. I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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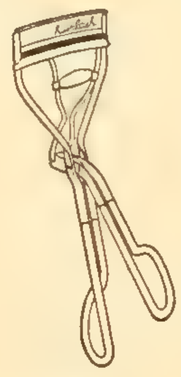
EYES



WITH

ALLURE

Focus attention on your eyes with KURLASH, the easy to use eyelash curler. Lashes curve upward making eyes appear larger, brighter and more appealing. Absolutely safe to use, as lashes are curled against a protective rubber cushion. Available at drug and dept. stores. KURLASH. . . **$1.00**



KURLENE — rich cream to be applied to eyebrows, lashes, and eyelids. Adds glamour and luster, aids curling. KURLENE, **50¢—$1.00***

TWISSORS — Scissor handle tweezers, more convenient — for eyebrow grooming and removing unwanted hair. TWISSORS . . . **50¢**

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RADIO GOSSIP BY BEN GROSS

(Continued from page 73)

tummy needs constant exercise, just like your muscles. Otherwise, it gets weak and you feel faint when you're hungry." (Medical journals, please don't copy!).

Margaret Whiting, star of NBC's cigaret sponsored "Follies," has a wise business head. She has invested the tremendous royalties from her best selling record, "It Might As Well Be Spring," in Hollywood property. Peg will build an apartment house for the exclusive tenancy of war veterans . . . Stuart Erwin, star of NBC's "Phone Again, Finnegan," appeared in more than 35 pictures before he entered radio . . . Kate Smith still prides herself on never having visited a night club . . . Judy Canova says she is too busy to be vacationing this year. In addition to her camera chores, the hillbilly comedienne is devoting her time to her husband and a rapidly growing daughter, at her North Hollywood home . . . According to many fashion experts, Connie Bennett qualifies for the title of "the best dressed" annual West Coast visitor to Radio City.

The Letters They Get . . . Some of the stars receive the darndest fan mail. Especially from those good folk who take literally everything they hear on the air. For example, the purely fictional "Father Danny O'Neill," the lovable priest character in the ABC serial, "The O'Neills," has evidently convinced many listeners that he is a real person. So it is not surprising that a woman in Iowa recently wrote:

"Dear Father O'Neill: I love the way you talk on the radio. Would it be possible for you to come out here and perform a marriage ceremony for my daughter?"

Some time ago, after Jack Benny had literally lost his pants on the Fred Allen show, a gentleman from the Bronx sent this missive to Fred:

"Please send me the pants you took from Benny. I want to display them in the window of Sam's drug store."

And it wasn't so many moons ago, when Amos confided to his partner Andy that he was suffering from a cold. For weeks thereafter, Uncle Sam's postmen were freighted down with homemade remedies. Among these was a formula compounded by a Louisiana voodoo worshipper, a dainty concoction adeptly mixed of stones, herbs and a dried lizard's tail!

Gags of the Month . . . "Why is it that most radio jokes are funnier when you hear them on the air than when you read them in print?" a fan asked me recently. The answer is that microphone comedy is written for the ear—and not for the eye. It is the timing, the personality of the comedian, that turns many a weak gag into the belly laugh that is known in the profession as a "Boff."

Costello: You know, Abbott, my Uncle was the world's greatest tight rope walker —until he broke his neck.

Abbott: How did he break his neck?

Costello: One night he got up to walk the rope. He was tight and the rope wasn't.

* * *

Rudy Vallee: Women are the last thing I think of.

Pinky Lee: What's the first thing?

Rudy: How fast I can get to the last thing.

* * *

1st Cantor Stooge: If I was a producer, I'd put Eddie Cantor in "The Saratoga Trunk."

2nd Cantor Stooge: You would?

1st Stooge: Yeah . . . And once he was in it, I'd slam the lid down and padlock it.

Bob Hope: Alan, have you ever tried being a comedian?

Alan Ladd: We—ell, I told some of my jokes to an agent last week and he didn't think they were funny.

Bob Hope: Why don't you ask him why he didn't think they were funny?

Alan Ladd: I would—but it's too much trouble chipping him out of that barrel of concrete.

* * *

Cass Daley: They put a plaque on the door of the house I was born in . . . and now hundreds of people pass it every day.

Larry: What does the plaque say?

Cass: No vacancy!

* * *

Edgar Bergen: Mortimer, why do you always show your stupidity?

Mortimer: Well, what's the good of having it, if you can't show it?

* * *

The Program Book . . . With the return of the stars to the airlanes from their Summer vacations, you'll find that there have been some changes made. For example, Eddie Cantor tranfers from Wednesday nights on NBC to Fridays on CBS . . . NBC's comic, Great Gildersleeve, moves to the spot formerly held by Hildegarde on Wednesdays . . . And in Gildersleeve's old Sunday niche, you will tune in on Bob Burns, the Arkansas philosopher.

The theme melody of the CBS "Blondie" series, which has opened every broadcast since it went on the air in 1939, was written by composer-conductor Billy Artz in only 20 minutes . . . And speaking of series, Ann Sothern has become so identified with "Maisie," the girl from Brooklyn, that most of her fans believe she actually came from the home of the Dodgers. Not so, however. Ann was born in Valley City, North Dakota, and grew up in Minneapolis.

Many big names of the air began their climb on NBC's "Cavalcade of America" program. Among them, Kenny Delmar, the explosive "Senator Claghorn," of the Fred Allen show, and Agnes Moorehead, one of radio's ace dramatic actresses. The "Cavalcade" period is the winner of many prizes and also has the distinction of maintaining the only regular repertory or stock company in radio . . . Those who win the regular $25 award on that wacky quiz show, "It Pays To Be Ignorant," had better bring a suitcase to carry home the loot. It seems that emcee Tom Howard pays off his guests in 2,500 pennies!

So, to put down in your little notebook, here are the return dates of some of your favorite radio divertissements: Red Skelton, Sept. 10; Bergen and McCarthy, Sept. 1; "Duffy's Tavern," Sept. 20; Bob Hope, Sept. 24; Jack Benny, Sept 29.

Letter of the Month . . . "Will you please tell me how to get tickets for radio broadcasts both in New York and in other cities? None of my friends seem to know anything about it, and I'm just dying to attend a performance in a studio."—Rose Marie Davidson Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer: If you wish to attend a broadcast in New York, Chicago or Hollywood, where most of the network programs originate, write either to the sponsors of the programs or to the stations in those communities in which the performers face the microphones. But I must warn you that your request for tickets may not be granted, or you may have to wait for a long time before receiving those precious ducats. That's not because radio folk are inhospitable; it's just that the demand for admissions is ten or twenty times greater than the seating capacity of the studios. In almost every city or town, however, there are local stations which welcome visitors. Try these and the chances are you won't be disappointed.

GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

(*Continued from page 51*)

Back then in Bakersfield, such a fate for Baby Bob was incredibly fantastic. Bob's family were plain people, sturdy Scotch-Irish-English pioneer stock, the kind of restless Americans who built the West. No actors had ever dangled from their family trees. His parents were both from the Ozark Mountain country of Missouri originally. They had met and married in New Mexico, where Bob's dad had trekked as a boy in a covered wagon, carrying his own sick father in search of health. He'd worked at lumbering, then tried homesteading—and failed as a stock rancher. He'd moved on to California then, with the inner urge of the pioneer, but not before he had met Mary Jane Helder on her dad's ranch and taken her along as his wife. The natural place for Ben Mosely to settle was in the rich San Joaquin Valley farming belt.

Robert Ozell Mosely couldn't have picked a better place to grow up in if he'd tried.

It was a country striped by the broad irrigation canals that made the cotton, alfalfa, corn, potatoes and beans grow. High grass grew along the banks, crowded with rabbits and muskrats, pheasants and nesting quail. Doves swooped over the alfalfa fields. Wild ducks settled on the river marshes. Fox, coyotes, squirrels, skunk, 'possum, wildcats roamed the river banks, and up in the mountains there were deer and bear. Rich farm fields spread in every direction, dotted with dairy farms and cattle ranches. On the low hills that flanked the city, already the oil derricks were sprouting which would make Bakersfield one of the richest towns in California.

Bob Mosely's family didn't share in the wealth. His dad was a working man, with a big family; already there was Bob's older brother, David, and his sister, Rosemary, and after Bob, Wayne and Harold were to come along. Money was scarce. In Bob's early babyhood, his dad quit the ranch job to work for the Santa Fe Railroad in the big roundhouse at Bakersfield as a machinist.

Bob grew up in a four-room adobe house his dad and David built with their own hands on a little plot out on Brundage Lane, south of town. It was the first 'dobe in Bakersfield, and it's still home to Guy Madison's family. A couple of rooms have been added by now, but the whitewashed mud brick house, cozy and homelike, is where Guy likes to go the minute he gets off work in Hollywood.

Bob's boyhood theme was action, with a big "A." He couldn't keep an extra pound on his skinny body as a kid, because he couldn't keep still from the time he was born. He burned up energy like a furnace. With his kiddie pals, Elmer, the next door boy, and Burr, down the lane, Bob raced around perpetually, playing cowboys and Indians, digging pirate caves along the banks of the canal, fighting battles with stick swords and washtub tops, hunting game with rubber slingshots, raiding the blackberry farm of the Chinese farmer, Henry Mong, across the street, stealing watermelons, climbing all over the new houses that were always springing up.

It was this super-charged vitality of Bob's that got him into trouble his first year in Roosevelt Grade School, three blocks down the lane. He burned the meat off his growing bones with perpetual

OPPER

à la mode



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motion and when the school doctors weighed and measured him they shook their heads.

"Underweight," they pronounced. "A case for the Preventorium."

That was the county health law. Children attending public schools who didn't weigh enough for their height and age were packed off to the county health camp, up at Keene, in the Tehachapi mountains, as a precaution against incipient tuberculosis. You probably couldn't have given Bob Mosely t.b. with an inoculation at that point, but just the same, the law was the law. He was underweight, so off he went to the mountain camp, to breathe mountain air, fatten up with forced feeding and ward off any threat of the White Plague. Bob was just seven then and the sentence was tragic. He didn't want to go away from home. When they told him they were doing it to save his health he was all the more puzzled. He felt swell. What was wrong with his health?

a blessing in disguise . . .

Actually, the mountain Preventorium was a boyhood break for Bob Mosely, just as a shore liberty visit to Hollywood later on was a break for the grown up Guy Madison. The nurses took his clothes off and put him in shorts, right out in the snow. They slept him in open air screened cabins, soaked him with sun baths, fed him up like a prize steer. That was the worst part, the forced feeding. Bob was naturally a bad eater. He liked high energy foods. In the first grade at school, he'd spend his lunch dime for a root beer and a bar of candy instead of a meal at the cafeteria. They snapped him out of that bad habit pronto, but it was impossible then for Bob to eat three meals a day—four helpings a meal.

The Preventorium did a lot for seven-year-old Bob Mosely besides toughen his body and set his character. There he learned to swim in the big outdoor pool He almost drowned once when a big kid dove off the high board and landed smack on his back, sending him down to the bottom, unconscious. But a lifeguard had him out in a wink. Bob learned organized games, woodcraft, sports. He got his first lesson in scientific care of his body, which was to become one of the guiding religions of his young manhood. Bob didn't gain many pounds, because he still burned calories up as fast as he could feed his active body, but he acquired a respect for physical culture which has never left him.

He inherited a battered-up .22 rifle from his brother and would come back almost every afternoon with rabbits slung over his shoulder and dump them proudly on his mother's kitchen table. Finally, the Mosely icebox was so stacked with cottontails that his mother had to call a halt. "If you'll stop bringing home rabbits, Bobby," she'd sigh, "I'll cook you some fried chicken." But even that lure of his favorite dish couldn't keep Bob from hunting. It was in his blood.

He got the reputation among his pals for being a dead-eye shot. Once his chum, Dan Shaw, was playing at Bob's house when a big chicken hawk swooped down over the hen roost and then circled lazily over the house. Bob ran inside to the room he shared with his brother David and grabbed his funny little .22. "I'm gonna get him," he announced. "He'll eat all our chickens." Danny had to laugh. "You don't shoot birds with any ole twenty-two," he scoffed. "You use a shotgun."

Bob didn't say anything. But the next time the marauder circled low he pointed his rifle into the air and pulled the trigger. The big hawk flopped in midair and plummeted to the back yard, dead as a doornail. Bob had drilled him clean through the neck in one shot.

Bob was a shining light in the cub Boy Scouts. He passed the tests like pie because any kind of woodcraft was a breeze for him. When he was eleven, a big event happened in Bob's life. He went for his first trip on a train alone, and more exciting that that, to a real ranch in New Mexico to visit his aunt and uncle. It took him three days on a hot, dusty coach, riding on his dad's Santa Fe pass, because he couldn't afford to travel Pullman, but Bob didn't mind. His head danced with visions of real cowboys and of the wild broncos he'd ride. He'd filled up on cowboy yarns behind his school books and Indians, of course, were the most dashing characters he could imagine.

Well, the ranch was just a modest New Mexico farm and the horses there were about the same type as those at home. Bob stayed a month helping with the farm chores and getting his lungs full of desert air, his tummy full of ranch food and his head crammed with pioneer tales of the West. But the only bucking bronco he tamed was a rickety calf—and Bobby didn't do such a job of that.

Bob just had to ride something, so one day he hopped on the calf, which promptly bawled and cavorted around, tossing Bob right on his seat into a bunch of needle-



"Did I tell you Clark Gable wears the same size shirt I do?"

point cactus. But he climbed back on and this time squeezed so tight with his legs that the calf collapsed, and dumped him again!

Bob didn't brag much about that Wild West adventure when he got back to Bakersfield, but he was pretty proud of the real Indian bow and arrow he had bought at the Santa Fe depot in Albuquerque. The touristy little bow started Bob on one of the real sports loves of his life, archery. It still persists and he has passed it on to both his younger brothers, Wayne and Harold. All three are expert hunters with man-sized bows now as a result of their early training.

That he was so expert was lucky for Bob and all the Mosely family, the way things turned out. Because along about that time, the rabbits and birds and squirrels Bob used to plague his mother with became pretty important items at the dinner table. Bob can still remember the hard times of the Great Depression. Raising five husky children made a railroad machinist's check look pretty sick even in good times, but when the economic blight hit California and the Santa Fe started "retrenching," it was grim news for the little white adobe on Brundage Lane.

The layoff program dropped Bob's dad back down to machinist's helper and to the wage of $4 a day, just four days one week and three the next. Sixty dollars a month wasn't much. Bob and all his brothers had to hustle. He still remembers the eternal diet of pinto beans that cropped up as the table staple. Their relatives shipped them over from New Mexico and they were cheap. Mary Mosely was a good manager, though, and a miraculous cook, and she eked out the slim fare with garden vegetables, the chickens and the cow. But a lot of David's pet pigeons went to glory for the good of the platter, and no one sniffed at the frog legs Bob brought back from Kern Island canal or the fish he yanked from the river.

But that lean spell of poverty couldn't stop the husky body Bob Mosely had been building up ever since his skinny Preventorium days. He was never sick a day in his life, except for a few minor kid's illnesses. It did make him busier than ever before, though. He bagged a paper route to earn a few coins and sometimes with his brothers, his mother and idle dad, too, he picked fruits on the farms that surrounded them, cashing in on the rotating harvests like the migrant "Okie" workers who crowded the country and moved on with the crops.

Bob was a good worker. His dad could trust him with any chore and know he'd do it right, whether it was hoeing the corn or fixing a fence. When he helped Bob get a job around the neighborhood he could say, "Here's my boy, Bob, he'll do you a good job," and never had to apologize. Bob was stubborn, too, about getting what he went after. Hard times spoiled his fun. With money as scarce as hen's teeth, he managed to work a deal when he wanted something, like the first racing bike he owned. A bicycle at that point was about as far out of reach of the family pocketbook as a Rolls-Royce. But Bob had his heart set on one, so he worked nights after school shafting arrows, sewing a fancy quiver and cutting a sleek, polished bow, and then traded the archery equipment for a second hand racer. That was the way he operated. Poor boy or not, he got what he wanted.

Bob inherited a lot of David's hand-me-downs in those hungry days. Sometimes he got a new pair of corduroys and a T-shirt of his very own, although for a long time he trotted off to school without shoes. David's outgrown clothes came in handy on Sundays when the whole Mosely family, dressed up, piled in the family car and went to Sunday School and church.

the lord's day . . .

Bob's grandfathers, on both sides, had been Baptist ministers and religious faith was deeply planted in the family. Bob grew up with his spiritual side well taken care of. His ninety-year-old Grandma Holder still says grace before every meal at his house and chides him when he confesses he misses church now and then down in Hollywood. Nobody worked on Sunday around the Mosely place in Bob's boyhood, no matter how much the corn needed tending.

Don Breitinger, who has chummed with Bob all his life and still does on Guy Madison's regular trips home, remembers the time he moved into the Brundage Lane neighborhood. First day he was trudging down the lane and passed the white Mosely adobe, Bob stepped out from behind a bush and blocked his path.

"Hello," he said. "You want to fight?"

Don shook his head. "No, I don't want to fight."

"Well," pressed Bob, "what *do* you want

to do?" This new kid must have some talent. "Want to race?"

"Okay," nodded Don. So off they dashed up the road and Don dropped the sack of apples his mother had sent him for. Bob was just a nose ahead but he wheeled back and helped pick up the bruised fruit. From then on they were great pals. But the friendship was formed in action.

His three closest friends were and still are Dan Shaw, Si Santiago and Eldon Setterholm, All three today, like Guy Madison, are magnificent Greek god physical specimens, the kind you see in physical culture magazines. All of them look as if they could toss a bull for a loss. They called themselves the "Big Four" in school and they spent every spare hour developing their physiques. It was Dan Shaw, "Danny Boy" as Bob and the kids called him, a natural born acrobat and athlete, who got Bob interested in tumbling and gymnastics, the sports that helped develop him into the solid, steel-muscled man he is today.

Bob developed his other specialty, swimming, in the river, and later on, at the Union Avenue plunge. Si Santiago and Danny Boy were lifeguards there every summer. After whatever job he was doing, Bob would hustle over in the warm San Joaquin Valley evenings to knife through the water, dive and do acrobatics with those two plunge powerhouse friends. He got as good as they were and it not only streamlined his muscles and turned his light skin a golden brown, but it prepared him for the Navy lifeguard job he had to handle later.

Bob could take his disappointments in stride. He was steady and level-headed. He wasn't brilliant in school, but he never flunked a subject. He was especially good at math, just fair in everything else. But behind his quiet, handsome eyes, Bob was sensitive, too.

Once the history teacher assigned his class an exercise—a theme to write on William of Orange. She had Bob read his before the class. Then she took him and his paper to pieces. Bob burned in silence as she laid him out. She mocked the words he mispronounced, the grammatical mistakes he had made. She ridiculed him in front of the class. "Obviously," she said, "you didn't even try." That was what got Bob. He *had* tried. Maybe he'd made mistakes, but he resented injustice.

kindness gets results . . .

Teachers who handled him in a straightforward, sympathetic manner got better results. Bob didn't mind criticism, even punishment, if he rated it and got a frank appraisal of his effort. His forge teacher, "Pep," in the blacksmith class, had the reputation of being tough as a beet—and Pop was. He had a swat system of grading. If pupils got a D or an F, they got so many swats with a big paddle and Pop wasn't exactly weak. The kids all feared him, but they liked him, too. Bob came up for his swats once, but when he was through Pop proclaimed to the class, "Now there's a fellow with a great personality. All he has to do is develop it." Then he grinned and Bob grinned back. There was only one baffling department in his young life. That was girls.

Bob wasn't a ladies man. It wasn't because he was scared of them particularly, but because he was too wrapped up in his own interests to pay them any mind.

As he grew older, it was just a case of not having any time for gals, and being with outdoor guys all the time, Bob felt awkward and out of place when he was around feminine charmers. He'd actually duck them for fear Si or Dan or some of the gang would razz him. Because it was becoming more and more obvious, as Bob grew up, that he was one good-looking

(Continued on page 92)



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The Censors may not

Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18 – (Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out.

Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

like it...
but the Public does!

In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

"The Outlaw" has exceeded all previous records by the astounding margin of 51,193 persons!

young animal. In his swim shorts Bob was, in fact, a young Apollo—tall and beautifully muscled, usually sunburned to a golden brown. The features that were to become famous as Guy Madison were forming—wide, white smile, deceptively soft eyes and long lashes, firm jaw and the gold-brown unruly mop of curls that flopped forever over his eyes. Si and Dan on their life guard roosts at the Union Avenue pool would watch the girls eye Bob and then sort of edge over to where he sat.

But Bob was almost as indifferent as L'il Abner, because the way he looked at it, girls took dough, clothes, a car. He didn't have any of these luxuries. So he stayed clear. But in high school there was Betty.

a natural . . .

Like all the girls Guy Madison has shown an interest in, Betty was a natural beauty. His tastes in girls ran true to form. He admired men who were naturally strong and girls who were naturally knockouts. No war paint, lipstick, powder, perfume or feminine artifices worked on Bob. He was looking for the real article. Betty was one of those, but Betty had a steady beau.

Just the same Bob started dating her up. The competition was pretty fierce, because Al, Betty's boy friend, was a blond, good looking buy with money and a shiny new car to ride her around in. To make matters worse, Bob liked Al and Al liked him, but that couldn't keep them from getting into a peach of a fight over Betty.

Another fight Bob had is still talked about in Bakersfield. Guy Madison would never give out the story in a million years, but Si Santiago was in on it from start to finish and Si has a vivid memory.

This time Bob's battle started outside La Granada, the dance place where all the high school crowd went. Bob was no fairy-footer on the dance floor, but Betty took pains to teach him the Balboa and he worked a deal for an old jalop chassis which he revamped with Don Breitinger in Don's father's garage. So he was expanding his social life somewhat the night he and Si and another buddy took in the Saturday night dance. That's when five huskies from Shafter, a nearby town, ganged them, as they stepped outside the hall. Si and his buddy took care of their bullies and an extra one to boot, but two hopped Bob. While he was fighting off one, another clipped him from the rear and knocked him down. Bob got up, boiling, and had them both on the run when the crowd stopped it.

That was Bob's senior year at Bakersfield High. He was seventeen when he graduated, in 1939. Typically, he didn't make much of the occasion. Danny Boy and some of the other guys met him after the exercises. "Come on, R. O." they said. "This is a big night. Let's stay around town and have some fun." Bob yawned. "No," he said, "I think I'll go on home to bed." And that's where he went! There's a funny item too, in the high school year book, considering what happened not long after that. Bob didn't even get around to having his picture taken, so in his spot they just printed his name, "Robert Ozell Mosely" tagging him "one of the camera-shy seniors."

Bob was booked to go on to Bakersfield Junior College in the fall but he needed money, as usual, and he went after a man's job. As usual too, he wanted to work outdoors, so he bid for a job with the California State Forestry Division. The law said you had to be eighteen to qualify but Bob told another white lie and got by. He was big, strong and what he didn't know about mountains and woods you could put in your eye. They assigned him to a group down south in Orange County. All that summer Bob was lost in the kind of labor he liked best, hiking over the dry California hills fighting forest fires, sometimes by day and sometimes staying up all night, his eyes red-rimmed with smoke, his hair singed and skin blistered. He was always at his best when there was danger, natural danger to combat. He mixed concrete for check dams, cut brush, cleared trails, packed supplies and he was happy. The other Forestry service men were all a lot older than Bob and sometimes they would spot his boyish face and tag him for a sucker on good natured gags. The cook, particularly, liked to rag Bob with ancient stumpers.

One night he came in the room with an egg and a dishpan. "Mose," he said, flashing two bills, "Here's two bucks says I can put this egg on the floor and you can't smash it with this dishpan."

It was one of those ridiculously easy feats, but Bob knew there was a hitch somewhere. He figured it out before he replied. "Okay, you're on."

The cookie grinned and winked at the gang of foresters. Then he walked to a corner of the room, placed the egg snugly in the angle and handed Bob the round pan. "Your move." Bob knew what to do. The corner was square; the dishpan was round; the egg nestled in the tiny angle, out of reach. Lazily Bob took the big pan and squeezed it across his knee, bent it into a pointed roll. Then he walked over and speared the egg to smithereens. The gang roared, including the crossed up cookie, who had to fork over the wager.

That summer was such a swell stretch in Bob Mosely's memory that when he came back to Bakersfield to enter J. C., he thought seriously of taking up forestry as a profession, going on to a Western college and studying scientific conservation and making it a career. The other bug in his bonnet was physical culture. He had never had time for organized sports in school, but he knew them from A to Z. He'd like to be a coach or a recreation director, something manly, active and out-of-doors. But when J.C. was through and Bob had graduated in '41, his generation was too jittery to consider college. The flame of war in Europe was licking toward America and Bob Mosely couldn't settle down to any more books and studies. He was plenty grown for his age by then, around twenty years old. He owned a '36 black coupe he'd bought for $365 cash with his job savings, he had a new girl, Ann, another natural brown haired beauty, he was paying his own way at home and—well—it all added up to no more schooldays. Bob took off a month, lazing around the Union Avenue plunge, getting mahogany brown again and talking over life and the future with Si and Danny. They still were the lifeguards. And the girls still edged over to the side of the pool where Bob Mosely sprawled in the sun. But he still paid them very little mind. He had eyes only for Ann and that was just now and then. He never had settled down to going "steady." Bob was still happiest when he was with a bunch of he-men. So when he'd had his month of vacation he tied into another rugged job, while he waited, along with all the other youths in America, for what was going to happen. He grabbed a job as a telephone lineman.

Again Bob had to convince his employers. They told him, "Sure, we need men. But this isn't kid stuff. It's rough and tough and plenty of grown men have conked out."

They sent him to the line school in Sacramento. If he passed that, okay, if not, no job. It was a two week test and Bob can still remember every day of it because every day was torture. It was summer, and Sacramento is one of the hottest towns in all California. He worked from dawn to dusk in the broiling sun at 120 degrees. He strapped on spikes and climbed poles hand over hand. He fastened his belt to the top and hauled up heavy cross arms. He packed spools of lead-heavy coiled copper wire. He got himself punctured with slivers when his climbing spikes hit a knot or a soft spot in the pole. He "burned the pole" more than once and dropped to the ground a bloody mess from his calves to his forearms.

That was a year Guy Madison looks back on today with a rosy memory. After he was broken in, he enjoyed every minute of it.

Bob took his fun that year hopping in his car and tearing down south on the weekends to join Si and Danny. They had rented a shack in Long Beach to laze away a few weeks on the sands before joining up, because by then the handwriting was on the wall. As if the rigors of his job weren't enough, Bob made the long haul down over the Ridge Route to the beach, surf-boarded and spear fished all day Saturday and Sunday, and tumbled on the beach with his old acrobatic partners. Then he'd hot foot it back to Bakersfield and strap on his climbing gear Monday morning. But when the rest of the Big Four joined the Navy, Bob began to find it pretty restless business stringing wire. He wanted to get into a uniform, too.

So one day he said "So long" to Danny and Si and the swabbie gang. "I'm going back and try for the Air Corps," he told them. "It looks like the best deal for me."

He came home and took the tests, passed like a breeze. He was 20-20 in everything. He went to bed that night practically with wings on his blouse, humming "the wide blue yonder." He'd hardly dozed off before there was a pounding at the door. "Western Union."

It was from Danny Boy and it said, "Hold everything. Got the word straight from headquarters that we can all go to boot camp together in Long Beach if you join up pronto. How about the Big Four taking over this man's Navy?"

Bob read the wire again and grinned. Why sure! It was clear as crystal. The thing to do was fight this war with his pals, the pals he'd had all through school days and always would have. "Mom," he said, "I'm leaving tomorrow. I'm going down to San Pedro and join the Navy."

hollywood? where's that? . . .

As he roared over the ridge to the Coast and shot down the long Los Angeles boulevard that leads to the sea, Bob Mosely rolled unheeding past a neighborhood known all over the world as Hollywood the movie capital of the globe. It meant absolutely nothing to him then, and if anyone had told him that this decision he had made from Danny Boy's wire would start a chain of fantastic events to land him there as a motion picture star named Guy Madison, Bob Mosely would have tossed back his curly mop and roared louder than his racing motor.

But that's just what Fate had up her tricky sleeve for that good looking gob-to-be.

(Guy Madison's life story will be concluded in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

OCTOBER ISSUE

Tyrone's the Power that'll make you hurry to your newsstand on September 13 for your October MODERN SCREEN—'cause we've got quite a story coming up on Annabella's fella!

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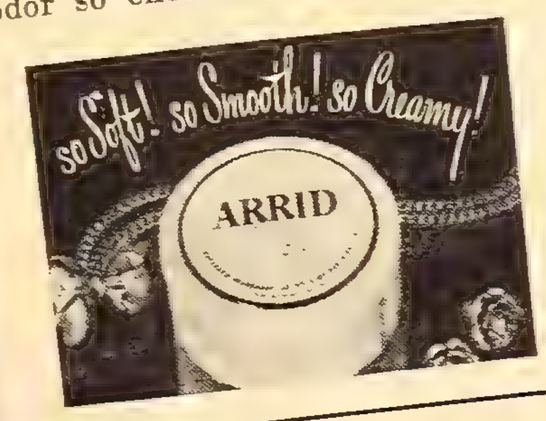




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Fall Fashion News

There's a trim, clean-cut, uncluttered look about the smartest daytime clothes! You'll find it in dresses, as well as suits. And this Fall you'll find quality woolens again. Remember, underarm perspiration ruins woolens . . . stains them. Odor clings to them. Rely on Arrid for protection. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!



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Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
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WATCH LARRY PARKS!

(*Continued from page 45*)

guy was working hard—but I wondered.

"I've got a question, Al," I said. "Doesn't it make you sort of itchy to see someone else trying to be you? You know, there's only one Al Jolson."

"That's a couple too many," came back Al. "But I'll tell you something, Hedda. This Larry Parks can play me better than I can play myself!"

Now that's no idle acting tribute—coming from a Mister Show Business man like Al Jolson. I scribbled "Larry Parks" at the top of my private future book and waited until he came out from behind the burnt cork so I could take a peek. It's been quite a wait—eight months Larry worked, and not a week off.

dark dream boat . . .

With the shoe blacking rubbed off, Larry's a dream boat. He's tall. He's lean and whip muscled. He's got wavy black hair and brows and black agate eyes. He's got a low, quiet voice that packs authority, poise and maturity. Thirty, maybe. Nobody's fool. The boy's smooth. He even poured me tea in his swanky star's dressing room. And I impress so easy, darn it.

"Hey," I challenged. "Where have *you* been all my life?"

Larry's teeth flashed mischievously. "Right here practically in the shade of your hat, Hedda, a lot of the time," he cracked. "One of those Hollywood cellar gang guys, that's me—Keeper of the B's. I've made more than thirty pictures, before the 'Jolson Story.'"

Larry's home town is Joliet, Illinois, where they have a big penitentiary, and he's getting a little tired of people cracking "When did you get out?" even though that's the way he feels about his Hollywood career. He's really of Jayhawker pioneer stock, because he was born in Olathe, Kansas, (Buddy Rogers' old home town) and back in the Jesse James-Quantrill days his grandpappy was a sheriff who toted two persuasive six-shooters around. Larry's half German, half Irish by extraction and the combination still churns him around inside like a cement mixer. One minute he's Teutonic as the dickens—methodical and practical—and the next he's doing something completely insane, like any Celtic eccentric. That's how he got on this acting merry-go-round in the first place.

Larry was plugging along patiently toward an M.D. degree at the University of Illinois until his Irish nipped him in his senior year. Until then, Lawrence Parks was a sold citizen supreme, making good marks in his majors—chemistry and physics—running the financial budget for his S.A.E. fraternity house, working his way through school as a campus fireman and generally adding up to an averge Joe College of the 1930's.

But he took a course in the School of Speech to balance his weighty scientific schedule, acted in some school plays, and one spring day right after graduation and a B.S. degree when he should have been gloating over the scholarship he'd won in medical school, Larry found himself writing a flock of job-hunting letters to summer stock theaters he'd picked out of the Theater Arts Monthly. He wrote fifty letters; he got twenty answers; he got six offers of jobs! He took the one that looked best, with the Manhattan Players at Lake Whalon, Massachusetts, for $35 a week. He thought it would be fun for the summer and pile him up a stake to start medical school with. Since that first summer show Larry Parks hasn't sniffed ether or cracked an anatomy text.

He started out in style in New York, all right. A lady in the stock company had a husband who owned a membership in the Lambs' Club, the ancient and honorable association of actors. Larry found himself staked to two weeks there with Broadway Big Names on all sides of him. He had eighty bucks. He didn't know anyone. That was in 1937 and the Depression was still a hangover around town. I won't go into the sad tale of Larry's buffets with Broadway—but it was the old story. "Sorry—goodbye now." In no time and six-tenths Larry Parks called a tiny room around 53rd and 10th Avenue home, at $2.50 a week, with plenty of garbage trucks, neon lights, and six flights of stairs thrown in.

The nice thing about Larry Parks today is that he thinks all that time wasn't wasted at all. In fact, Larry hasn't a regret in his bones to give him a twinge when he considers his past. He's even grateful to the Hollywood B-hive he buzzed around in for years. He's a little Pollyanna-ish that way, and he explains it like this, "After all, Hedda, the more things you do the more things you know."

After odd jobs of ushering, Larry joined the Group Theater studio—a training school for ambitious actors with talent. You got training with the very best stars, but that was it—period. No dough. Larry knew he was lucky to get in on the lectures, classes and rehearsals at the Group, but he had to eat, so he put on another uniform, this time in Rockefeller Center, and guided goggle-eyed tourists through the wonders of that Temple, at $1.50 an hour. Another nobody who had to eat in those days was doing the same thing at the same place at the same time. One of Larry's successors was Gregory Peck. Chances are, Larry would have carried on, as Greg Peck later did, at the World's Fair, which was a godsend in those days to all penniless New York actors and actresses, but just about the time the exhibition opened, Larry's Broadway career closed. His Dad had died and he thought with a pang of conscience that he'd ought to turn respectable and carry on back home. Larry should have known that once you sniff greasepaint you're a gone goose.

stagestruck . . .

He stuck it out at his late Dad's advertising agency for six months and got unhappier and unhappier, until he just had to get away. The New York Central Railroad was the answer and guess what Larry was next—a dining car inspector! It paid him well, Larry recalls, for all he did was ride the NYC's diners on the six-day swing and make reports on food and service. Finally he got so unhappy and jittery that he'd have flown to the ends of the earth to ease the monotony. So where he flew to was—Hollywood.

The whole thing was John Garfield's idea. Larry knew John around the Group Theater when John was making a name for himself in "Golden Boy." Hollywood had grabbed Garfield like a pop fly and Warner Brothers were cooking up his first movie. Just about then Larry wrote John a note and one came back. "Come out to Hollywood. There's a place in the picture for you." You should have seen Larry Parks quit that dining car job! He was on the bus with no money, as usual, but all the hopes in the world—and they almost came true.

John Garfield had the part sitting and waiting for Larry, all right, in "Mama Ravioli." He was to play John's brother and the casting director had okayed him and all was ducky. The picture was to start on a Monday. But on the Saturday before, it got cancelled by one of those studio caprices. That left Larry high and dry. Luckily, he knew a couple of kids from Illinois U, who were living in Hollywood. He bunked in with them and that started the great housing project and financial wizardry which kept Larry Parks from starving while he cracked his knuckles in vain against the stony studio gates.

You'd never suspect Parks of putting over a project like he did, but I said he was a promoter—ever since the days he worked high collegiate finance in the Sig Alph house at Urbana.

This time he turned building contractor. One of the Illinois pals was a would-be set designer, the other hoped to be a director. They lived in a bungalow court owned by a wealthy old lady. Larry was handy with tools and all three had strong backs. California, as usual, was having a real estate boom. It all buzzed around in Larry's brain and added up to a promoting project. His draftsman pal drew plans for a house, Larry fast-talked a loan of four hundred bucks from his landlady. They picked out a lot near Lockheed airplane factory, looked up a building loan company and plunged into shoestring financial operations. I can't remember all the details myself as Larry outlined them, but they're still fresh in his brain, and all I know is that out of the four hundred dollar loan, by some pretty agile fanagling, they built a twenty-four hundred dollar house which they sold for thirty-four hundred and made themselves a thousand dollars, which in those days was good for months and months of cakes and coffee and cigarettes.

master builder . . .

For all I know, Larry might have been president of the California Chamber of Commerce by now if his agent hadn't finally come to life, after the Garfield fiasco, and taken him to see Max Arnow at Columbia. That was almost five years ago and Max's headache was to cast actors in one of those spooky comedies, "Here Comes Mister Jordan." Larry played Robert Montgomery's part in his test, trying out actors for another part, the one Jimmy Gleason finally played. Well, Larry didn't win any parts in the picture, but they signed him to a stock contract, and from then on Larry seldom got a chance to twiddle his thumbs. He's made all of those thirty-odd pictures right at Columbia in the past four years—Blondies, Bill Elliott Westerns, mysteries, whodunits, B musicals—the gamut from A to Z. When he rattles off all the leading ladies he's had, Larry sounds like a Turk in a harem—Nan Wynn, Ann Miller, Janet Blair, Jane Frazee, Lynn Merrick. Everybody got famous—except Larry Parks. He didn't have time. He was too busy bicycling from one stage to another.

There's always a red letter picture in every new star's past, however, and the one that made Larry think he was getting somewhere was "Counterattack." It starred Paul Muni but Parks had a meaty acting job to do and worked at it for months. Then most of it was cut out. But the picture's still a big event to him because he showed himself as well as everyone else at Columbia what he could do. And then, too, that's when he got married.

Betty Parks is Betty Garrett on the Broadway stage and if you're at all up on your New York hit shows you'll recognize the name at once. She's the star of "Call Me Mister," the Broadway postwar GI show that is wowing the customers. Betty's a lithe, pretty blonde, a singing come-

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

With her soft cloud of blonde hair and wide, amber eyes, Mrs. Whitney has the delicately poised beauty of a gold-and-russet orchid. To keep her exquisite complexion always looking fresh and soft, this young Long Island society favorite counts on her Pond's 1-Minute Mask. "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream makes my skin feel smoother—look clearer and brighter, right away!" she says.



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney loves the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream

"Re-style" your skin to clearer, softer beauty!

Mask for glamour! Cloak your face in cool, white Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth the Cream lavishly over all but your eyes.

The "keratolytic" action of the Cream goes swiftly to work. It loosens tiny imbedded dirt particles and scaly bits of dead skin. Dissolves them!

After 60 seconds, tissue off. Your skin looks "cleared-up," brighter! More glowing—and *much* more smooth-satiny. You're all ready for glamorous new fall make-up!



Smooth, clinging powder base . . .

Mrs. Whitney says, "I use Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on lightly, for powder base!" Non-greasy. Keeps make-up fresh all evening!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

dienne and the toast of the gayer Broadway showgoers. But when Larry first spied her, at a New York party, she was taking her acting seriously, just like himself, only studying at the Neighborhood Studio, instead of the Group. The two student gangs got together often to discuss Life And Art and compare notes. Something clicked inside Larrys heart the first time he saw Betty but he wasn't what you'd call an eligible young man at that point with no money nor job.

But it was Larry's old yen to express himself seriously—and Betty Garrett's, too—that got them together after months and months out in Hollywood. Larry's on the board of the Actor's Lab, the group of serious, professional artistic players who stage their own plays and put on the finest dramatic productions on the West Coast. He's had his B's for bread and butter, but for his soul, Larry aspires to higher things, always has.

Well, once he was staging a Lab Sunday night sketch and he needed a gal for a part. The author of the skit had an idea. "Betty Garrett's out here on a vacation. She did the sketch in New York. Let's see if we can locate her."

"*What* Betty Garrett?" Larry asked.

that certain feeling . . .

There was only one, said the writer, the Broadway Betty Garrett. She'd been in four or five big shows. Everybody knew about her. Everybody but Larry. He'd been away too long, but he remembered the funny feeling a certain Betty Garrett had handed him back in the hunger days. So he tracked her down— He found out through the Actor's Lab that Betty was vacationing in Hollywood and her talents were being sought by that group. To make a long story short, Betty got the Actor's Lab sketch job—and she got Larry Parks. Or Larry got her. Anyway, somebody worked pretty fast, because Betty was due back in New York for a show in a couple of weeks but when she went back she was Mrs. Lawrence Parks. They were married at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church on Hollywood Boulevard. Larry wore a beard from his "Counterattack" part, but they gave him a week off for a beach honeymoon, and ever since then Betty and Larry Parks have carried on a long distance marriage. Her career—so far—is on Broadway, his is in Hollywood.

So half the time you'll find Larry Parks up at the house he bought in Nichols Canyon, above Hollywood Boulevard, living with his mother, who came out from Joliet when he married Betty. Betty's mother came down from Seattle, her home town, at the same time, so the real family interests are all in Hollywood, and I know for a fact that one day pretty soon Betty will be out here for keeps with Larry, because since "Call Me Mister" she almost has to stand off the Hollywood contract signers with shot guns.

That will be a case of, Oh Happy Day, for Larry Parks when Betty and he can settle down to some home life. Because, as a lone man-about-town he's a perfect flop. Larry doesn't play cards; when he gets suckered into a game of poker someone has to write out the hands for him; he can't keep score in gin rummy. He doesn't even know how to bet on a horse race and while he can dance he'd a lot rather not. His only spectacular sport weaknesses are motorcycle and midget auto races because he's nutty about motors.

Larry likes all domestic pursuits best, though. He likes to sleep—fourteen hours if possible. He likes to cook and he's good, especially at beef à la Stroganoff. He's a symphony record nut and a late night reader. He likes to tinker with the piano and pick out tunes and go to the movies.

Larry especially enjoyed making "The Jolson Story"—for eight months—with plenty of work to keep him happy. He had twenty Jolson numbers to stage, and he knew Al sang each one as if it was the song to end all songs. In short, Al knocked himself out, so Larry decided he'd have to do the same thing, or he'd be a poor man's Jolson instead of the real thing.

He was rehearsing for the "Swanee" number with Al himself on the sidelines and tossing himself around pretty strenuously when Al interrupted.

"No, no, no!" objected the Mammy Maestro. "That's not it at all. You're toc 'busy.' You're trying to do too much. Relax. Here, let me show you how *I'd* do it."

That was up in Larry Parks' dressing room and when Al went into his own version of "Swanee" the chandelier danced and the chairs skittered around the room like ten-pins. Al sang the song as if it was the last song ever to be sung on this earth. When he got through, Larry's room was a shambles. But Al turned to him, bright-eyed and happy.

"You see?" he said. "I never moved a muscle!"

forever jolson . . .

Larry Parks may never be any perpetual ball of fire like my old friend Al Jolson—but then, as Al says, maybe one Al Jolson is a couple too many. But after all, Larry Parks is just playing the story of Al's life—he doesn't have to be Jolson forever after. And when it comes to acting and looks and personality and charm—well—as I buckled the gold Gruen award watch on Larry's wrist I couldn't help humming that cute Irving Berlin ditty.

I think Larry won't have much trouble cinching his new found fame if he just keeps doin' what comes natcherly!

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"



"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's SWEET!"

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts," says Barbara Stanwyck. "A daily Lux Soap beauty bath is a wonderful way to make *sure*. The creamy Active lather swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You step out refreshed—sure your skin is really fresh and sweet. You'll love the delicate clinging fragrance this Lux Soap beauty bath leaves on your skin!"

Barbara Stanwyck

Starring in the Paramount Picture "The Bride Wore Boots"

FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

THE LEGEND OF INGRID BERGMAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

girl, she was tall, she was fair and she weighed 150 pounds." To the world in general Ingrid Bergman is a great beauty; but to herself she is just a girl of a certain size and coloring. She accepts compliments on her loveliness gracefully enough, but doesn't pay them much attention.

The only time Bergman ever put on a prima donna act in Hollywood was when a hairdresser tried to make her into a glamor-puss. This hairdresser—one of the best on the lot, too—insisted upon giving the star one of those up-combed, lacquered-down jobs so familiar on magazine covers and cigarette posters. Miss Bergman weakly protested the first day this stickup job was done, but the hairdresser went ahead anyway. The next time the actress protested some more. "I'm not that type," she said. "I shouldn't be fancy." But the gal with the comb and the paste went right on, with a mother-knows-best grip on her tools.

So Miss Bergman put on her one and only act. She marched out of her own dressing room on the studio stage to the main dressing room on the lot and announced to all her bosses that she wouldn't move out of there until that girl was taken off the picture.

The hairdresser was removed—but not injured except in feelings. Since she really was good at her job they switched her to another picture.

genius of the generation . . .

Another reason for Miss Bergman's projected return to the stage involves discipline. She believes that any screen player should act before audiences at every opportunity, if she wants to learn things and advance as an artist. Here, again, she has a very straight-eyed view of herself which is less extravagant than the opinions that were expressed of her at a New York party in her honor.

Nina Koshetz, the singer, burbled, "She's the Sarah Bernhardt of this generation." To which Louis B. Mayer objected, "No. Bernhardt acted with her head. Miss Bergman is the Eleanora Duse of this generation, because Duse acted with her *heart*."

Miss Bergman was much more impressed by a remark made on another occasion by Jean Renoir, the director. Said the Frenchman, "She has not yet been scratched. She has yet to play her great part." Informed of this rosy opinion, she declared, "I'm glad if I can get better."

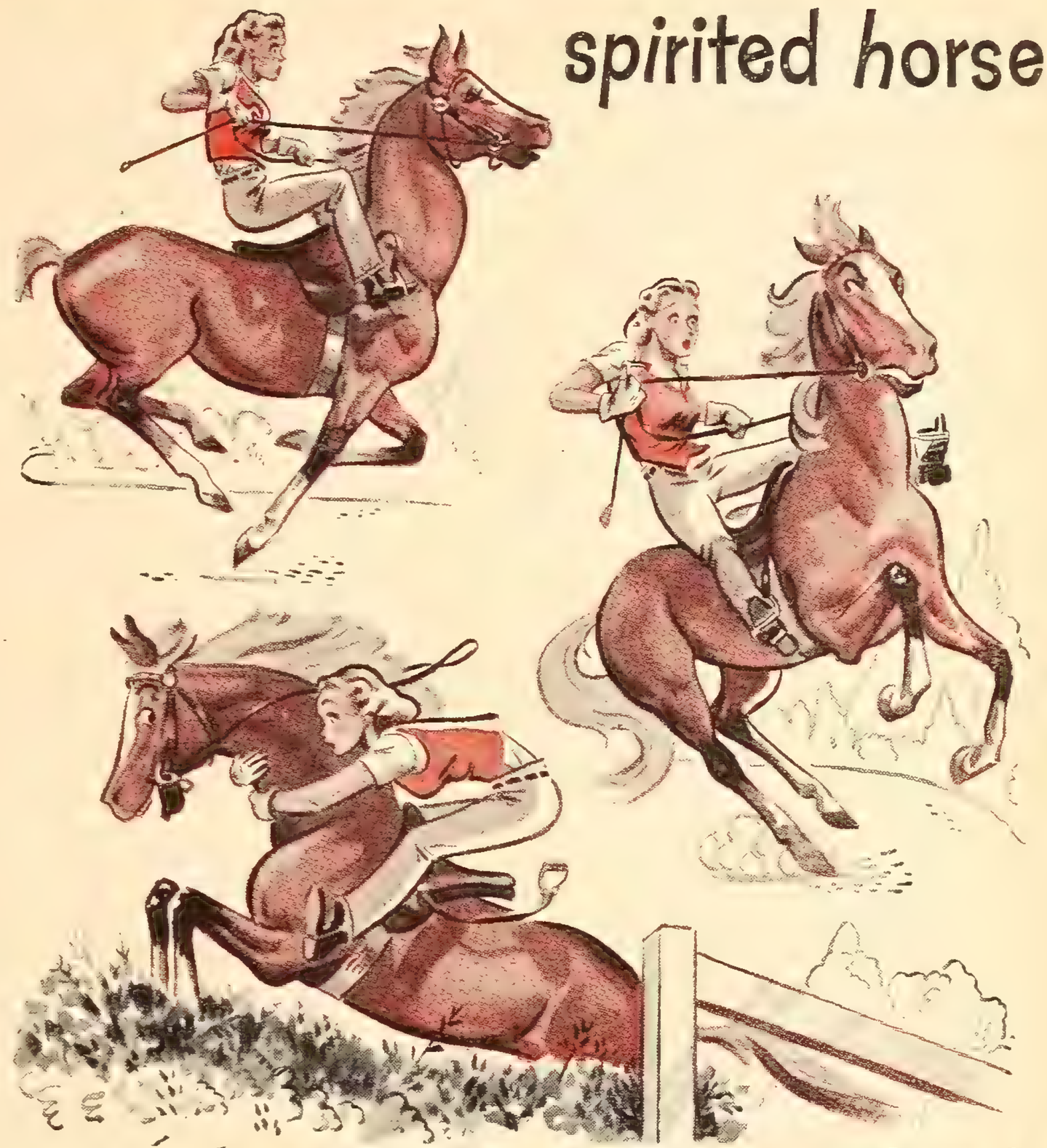
The drama about Joan of Arc is a play within a play; it is about an actress cast as St. Joan who differs with her director on how the role should be played. Differences with directors are meat and potatoes to the amiable Swedish star, for they sharpen the mind, clear the air and improve the picture. Her differences with Alfred Hitchcock have been many, although never personal, and she says that Hitchcock's line, "Fake the pie," has been of immense help to her career.

They had come to varying opinions about a scene. Miss Bergman said she couldn't play it the way Hitchcock wanted her to do it. Hitch then told her an anecdote about an actor who was supposed to eat a pie. The actor objected that there wasn't any pie to eat.

"Fake it," said the director.

A great many times, when Miss Bergman believes one thing and Hitchcock another, he will end the stalemate by saying "Fake it" and she gives in. Not always, though, although Hitch has plotted every

Rita rode off on a spirited horse



. . . but HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair lovely of course!

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.





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"I'm not embarrassed any more"

It's a great day for lots of girls when they discover *Tampax*—that internally-worn protection for monthly sanitary use. . . .



This one feature (its internal use) immediately reduces their feeling of embarrassment on "those days" because there is no possible bulking or wrinkling to suggest an edge-line under the clothing. With Tampax no belts or pins are required—and no external pads.

Invented by a doctor Tampax has many advantages. No sanitary deodorant is needed, for Tampax causes no odor. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed in patented applicators, it is changed quickly and disposed of readily. Keep an "advance supply" of Tampax in your desk, locker or dressing table. It is *eight times as compact* as the usual external napkin.

Sold at drug and notion counters—3 sizes, Regular, Super, Junior. Your purse holds an average month's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

slightest move in a picture long before shooting begins, he occasionally will give in to a well-made point.

The Bergman-Hitchcock team is a merry, joking one, for all its directorial discipline. Equally enjoyable to the lady is the Bergman-McCarey team, and Leo McCarey's method is almost the reverse of Hitchcock's. "Leo," says she, "almost wants you to make up your own dialogue as you go along." McCarey and Bergman did all right by this method in "Bells of St. Mary's."

flesh and fantasy . . .

I first met the star from Stockholm a day or so after she arrived in this country seven years ago. I was writing a newspaper column and a David Selznick press agent said he thought I ought to meet a very hot number. We met in a New York hotel suite and had a very prim dish of tea. She was pleasant, remarkably beautiful—and a little scared; scared of New York, scared of America and scared of newspapermen.

I ran into her again many times on the Hollywood stages, and saw her do a creditable performance of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" in Santa Barbara. At each successive meeting one could sense an increase of assurance—yet not the least trace of arrogance.

Our most recent meeting was in New York this Summer, where Miss Bergman had come to be outfitted for clothes for Erich Maria Remarque's "Arch of Triumph"—and to spend a lot of her own money on duds for herself. Again we met at a hotel—but not in a suite this time; the date was in the cocktail lounge and we had cocktails. She now had complete assurance—sureness of herself, her work and of the American language.

Herself usually mobbed by autograph seeking fans, Miss Bergman is quite a fan herself. After she saw "The Glass Menagerie" she went backstage to see Laurette Taylor with all the awe and admiration an autograph hound should show—but frequently doesn't.

"Well meaning fans often talk aloud about me as if I were dead," she observed. This led to a development of the theme. Perhaps, she agreed, people do talk about screen players in their presence as though they were dead because, to them, movie folk *are* dead. They are just pictures. You can talk about them, or at them, on a screen and they can't hear. The public never gets used to seeing "round" film stars.

During her New York visit, Miss Bergman, who waits to see her pictures until they get into the neighborhood houses, thought she would like to see herself in "Spellbound" in a Greenwich Village theater. But autograph hounds got on her trail, ignored her pleas to be left alone and forced her to give up the expedition.

There is always a twinkle in the Bergman eyes and a smile on the luscious mouth, yet the lady insists that, being Swedish, she is serious-minded. Could be, too, although she has caught the swift uptake of American humor. She is serious about herself and a sobersided, thorough workman.

When she hit the American screens with the Selznick version of "Intermezzo," it was predicted in Hollywood that she would be the top movie actress within five years. What with an Oscar and pictures coming out right and left, the prediction was not far from being right. "Intermezzo" gave Vinton Freedley, a New York theater producer, an idea. He would make a revival of "Liliom," with Burgess Meredith in the title role and Bergman as Julie, the girl who can be hit without its hurting. Freedley sent Miss Bergman the script. She read it and refused it. The role of Julie's friend, Marie, was not quite her physical type, she regretted to say.

Freedley registered astonishment. "But I want you for the leading role—Julie," he objected. Miss Bergman did not, as you may think, immediately change her mind. She took the play home and read it again, this time with Julie in mind, and finally said okay. The play was produced on Broadway in March, 1940. "Last night," wrote Critic Burns Mantle, "it seemed to me that Ingrid Bergman, pretty Swedish motion picture actress making her American stage debut, was the warmest and most satisfying of all the Julies."

Bergman has never posed for a cheesecake picture, either at a studio or for press photographers. On her last trip to New York, she had a group interview and was sitting on a sofa with her feet doubled under her. A cameraman asked her to put her feet on the floor to show a little leg. She wouldn't.

"You ashamed of them?" taunted the lensman.

"No—but what have legs got to do with acting?" she queried.

Study is what Miss Bergman believes has to do with acting. She is easy going and quiet, but thorough. She learns not merely the words of a role—which come quickly—but also its background. She is reading everything available on Joan of Arc. Movies in particular, she thinks, require deep study because of the skitter-scatter way they are shot in unrelated takes.

In films, the two actors' actors—the ones whom fellows in their craft ungrudgingly admire—are Spencer Tracy and Miss Bergman. They worked together once in the new version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I hung around the studio quite a bit during that period. Tracy, blunt and truthful, was rather ashamed of himself for what he was doing. "The star," he told me, "is Bergman. She really is an actress."

Another example of the lady's thoroughness is the way she investigates a male star who has been suggested for a role opposite her. She'd make a good FBI agent. She runs all available pictures the proposed star has made before saying yes or no, and she prefers big guys like Peck and Cooper and Grant because she is 5 feet, eight-and-one-half (spotting Joan of Arc an inch and a half) and it is not convenient to have leading men standing on boxes all the time. Humphrey Bogart and Charles Boyer stood on boxes.

Now that she is a free agent and no longer under contract to David O. Selznick, Miss Bergman may become slightly wealthy. This is pleasing to her in a serious way. Which brings up her husband.

real achievements . . .

When she was a noted star in Sweden she married Peter Lindstrom, a dentist. Fine big wedding, lots of publicity. When she came here to make "Intermezzo," she didn't think she would stay—and indeed did go back home. But before the war broke out she was back again with her husband and their daughter, Pia, now 7.

Lindstrom decided to chuck dentistry and go in for medicine. He enrolled at the University of Rochester and began the slow grind of becoming a doctor. He is still in the slow grind, but is going ahead faster now. Having gone through internship, he is now a brain surgeon at Los Angeles General Hospital—and from all reports a brilliant one. But hospital work is mostly charity work and really a continuation of study and training.

Not long ago Dr. Lindstrom saved the life of a seven-year-old girl who had been in an automobile accident which drove a car door handle right into her head. His operation was widely admired.

"Isn't it wonderful," said Miss Bergman "that Peter can do things like this without worrying about money."

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(*Continued from page 73*)

Madison Square Garden war benefits. Always I was impressed by the orderliness of his mind. He mapped out his Garden shows as carefully as Eisenhower mapped out his wars, and that is not exaggeration. He'd select his numbers with the utmost care, he'd double-check rehearsal time and at the split-second, Waring would arrive with 100 to 200 men and run through their rehearsal with the snap and precision of West Point cadets.

If I dwell upon the orderliness of Waring's mind, it is because most musicians can be classified safely as screwballs, victims of the occupational hazard of slaphappy irresponsibility. In fact, it follows that anyone who comes into contact with musicians, inevitably becomes a little tetched in the head, and starts dwelling in a world all his own. Waring never succumbed to the infection of such unusual spirits as songwriter Solly Violinsky.

On one occasion, musicians were debating the importance or the handicap of long song titles. "There are some titles that couldn't be shortened and still tell the story," argued one Tin Pan Alley veteran. "Take one song, for instance, 'I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier.' You can't subtract a single word from that."

Violinsky contradicted: "You can tell it in two words: 'Don't Go.'" On another occasion, the parent body of songwriters, The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, sent Violinsky a handsome gold pin which is worn in the lapel by all members. Violinsky was on the Coast, not doing too well. So he wired ASCAP: "Received emblem. Now please airmail me a coat, so I will have necessary buttonhole."

The impact of such mad characters turned other musicians into Grade A screwballs. But collegian Waring moved into their ranks and never was affected, and yet he was completely one of them. Like the teetotaler who pals around with heavy drinkers, never touches a drop and yet never arouses the ire of drunken pals, Waring never became a musical screwball, and yet never was considered a flat-note or a clinker. At rehearsals, he is a meticulous taskmaster. Nothing shoddy gets by him, and he is a rigid disciplinarian, but musicians take it from him: "He's a good gee," they tell you. "He knows what the hell he's doing, and when he bawls you out, he's doing it for your own good. He doesn't carry grudges, and he's fair."

The same precision is reflected in Waring's offices. Most musicians have their offices in a strait jacket. Waring's office is as big and orderly as U. S. Steel. Secretaries move in and out noiselessly, take dictation, vanish to outer desks. Filing clerks return instantly with required music. Waring sits calmly in the midst of his musical empire, discusses things sanely, accepts or rejects, presses a battery of desk buttons that get the organization moving swiftly and efficiently. In the vast majority of New York skyscrapers, if you wish a drink or a sandwich, you send out the office boy or secretary to the drugstore. If you make the same request in Waring's office, he presses a button and his own chef appears with anything from a bowl of chicken salad to a mint julep.

Because of all these qualities, because of what he has contributed to the country's enjoyment and to his own profession, this month, the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque is awarded to the youngster from Tyrone, Pa., who made good in the big leagues of entertainment, Penn State's Fred Waring.

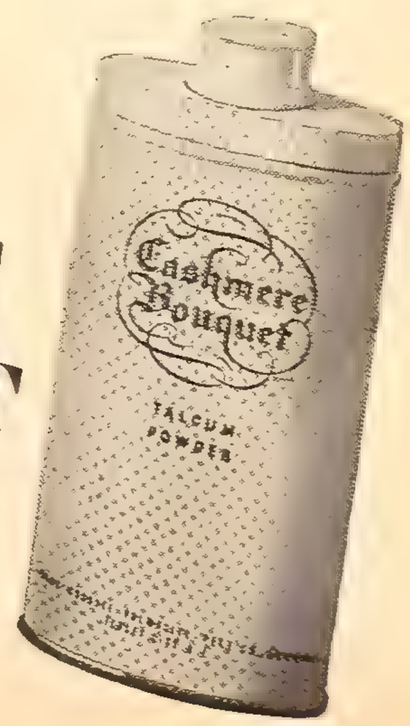


KEEP FRESH! For a smart start, shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc after you bathe. Like a cooling caress, it sweetens your skin, leaves you radiantly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! For *ultra* comfort sprinkle *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc over those little trouble spots. It protects chafeable places with a silky-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINTY! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It leaves your skin cool and comfortable, sets your daintiness on high with its flower-fresh scent—the *fragrance men love.*

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In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes*

For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢*

*plus tax

NEW creamy, white odorless LOTION
Safely
REMOVES HAIR



Leaves legs smooth, alluring

1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR
Cosmetic lotion to remove hair
49¢ plus tax



At Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores

JUDY CLARK

Featured in Monogram's "In High Gear," a Jan Grippo Production.



So Easy to Have Lovely Hair

The undertones of beautiful hair glow with rich, radiant color; fleeting, brilliant flashes shimmer in the high lights. Its tresses are soft, silky, snarless and easily arranged. People say, "Oh! What *lovely* hair! Isn't it beautiful!"

If that's the kind of hair you want, *you can have it—today!* But you will have to do something more than just wishing and shampooing to get it.

The right shade of Golden Glint will set free the true beauty of your hair as silver polish reveals the true luster of silver or as bluing brings out the true whiteness of linen. Golden Glint rinses come in 12 shades. They are harmless, quick and easily removed. Why not have beautiful hair today? Get a 10c or 25c package now from variety or drug store or send for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, Wash., Box 3366C-63
Please send free sample for shade marked "X."

1. Black ☐	5. Nut Brown ☐	9. Topaz Blonde ☐
2. Dark Copper ☐	6. Silver ☐	10. Dark Auburn ☐
3. Sable Brown ☐	7. Titian Blonde ☐	11. Light Auburn ☐
4. Golden Brown ☐	8. Golden Blonde ☐	12. Lustre Glint ☐

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GOLDEN GLINT

SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE

(*Continued from page 43*)

how it happened at all. Not that they didn't want to get married. You don't see somebody every day for a year and then miss them when they leave you for five minutes, and figure you're not in love. Any fool would know that much. It's just that getting married is such an ordeal. It's simple enough if you whip off to Las Vegas to a justice of the peace, but Barbara and Bill didn't want it that way.

Back in Rockford, Illinois, when Barbara was still bantam size, she owned and operated a small business which consisted of drawing and cutting out paper dolls, available to any small Rockfordians possessed of a nickel. One day she dreamed up on paper an entire wedding party, dominated by two dozen bridesmaids and a bride. The bride, of course, was a small, fat Miss Hale, who preceded miles of gossamer veil. It would be, she imagined, in a huge stone church. There would be a thousand guests, all of whom would love her very much. They would also all be children, inasmuch as kids never got to do anything, and she intended to give them a break.

just like leap year . . .

In Hollywood, years later, the dream of the big wedding, although somewhat modified, still persisted. But it takes two to make a wedding, and so far no suitable male had put in his appearance. In fact, hardly anybody had put in an appearance. Luckily for her, she had bumped into Harold Soldinger, whom she knew when she was modelling in Chicago, and who was now a cutter at her studio. He and his wife, Annette, became her fast friends. Annette's dinners, deftly turned out in a one-room apartment, became highlights in Barbara's week.

She began to bring Bill Williams with her. Bill wasn't anybody special, in any romantic way, that is. He was just one of the kids on the lot, and different only in that he seemed to know what she was going to say before she said it. Nice and comfortable to be around. She'd never marry him, she wrote her mother. Then she went to Rockford for a visit.

Arriving back in Hollywood, she walked down the long ramp of the railroad depot. Bill was there, glowing at her, and something inside Barbara did a flip-flop.

"It was just the look on his face," she says. "I've never seen anybody radiate like that."

Nobody said anything about a wedding. Bill still teases her, claiming that she asked him.

"I did not!" she says.

The idea just grew, like Topsy, and pretty soon they found themselves discussing plans. Annette and Harold had bought a house in the Valley and Barbara had gone to live with them. Then she bought a house of her own, a mile away. A week later, Bill was a victim of the housing shortage, and he moved in with Annette and Harold.

Both houses remained empty. Barbara and Annette, both planning French Provincial decor, went shopping together once. Simultaneously, they spied a cupboard.

"Oh," said Barbara.

"Oh, look," said Annette.

Barbara hedged. "I don't really like it. You buy it, Annette."

"Now you're just saying that. I don't want it—really I don't."

So nobody bought the cupboard.

"If you two don't get over this 'You-first-Alphonse' routine," Bill told Barbara, "we'll be sitting on orange crates when we're eighty."

One night the men got sidetracked into a baby shop, as Annette was expecting a baby. Considering the diaper shortage, Harold strode bravely to the counter.

"Any diapers?"

"Yes. Limit of two dozen to a customer."

"I'll take two dozen," said Harold, frantically signalling to Bill, who immediately reddened. Trying to look nonchalant, he sidled over to Harold.

"I'll—give me some, too. Uh . . . two dozen."

On the way out of the shop, Bill handed his package to Harold and ran his finger inside his collar.

"Ye gods," he said. "That woman will think I'm married, or something."

An average male, Bill was aghast at Barbara's obsession for children.

"Maybe we'll have one," he used to say.

"We'll have four or five," said Barbara, and firmly.

When Annette donated a baby girl to the world, Bill was one of the first to press his nose against the glass partition displaying the hospital's smallest tenant.

Then walking down the hospital corridor, he turned to Harold.

"You know, I can't wait until we have a kid now. Just to see what it looks like, you know."

In March, Mom and Pop Hale hove into Hollywood from Illinois for a few weeks to see their daughter and, incidentally, to meet this Bill who, in Barbara's correspondence had grown from a mere pal to the most wonderful guy in the world.

Solid citizens of the mid-west, Mr. and Mrs. Hale are easy company, but Bill is painfully shy when meeting new people. He suffered tortures during the first days of their visit, afraid they'd think he wasn't good enough for Barbara. Bill was in the workshop the third day, trying to make up for Barbara's ineffective shopping by creating a kitchen chair. Reaching for a tool, he toppled a can of grease which spilled over his shirt. He tossed the sopped shirt on a bench and forgot about it until hours later, when he walked into the kitchen and saw it, washed and ironed, on the table. Mrs. Hale was washing dishes.

"What's this?" said Bill.

"What's what?" said Mrs. Hale, reaching for another pan.

"My shirt! It's . . ." He was embarrassed. "Well—it looks clean."

"Certainly," she said, still not turning. "I found it out near the shop—looking as though it needed a dousing."

strong arm methods . . .

"Oh," said Bill. He picked up the shirt uncertainly, then tiptoed across the floor and planted a bashful kiss on the cheek of his future mother-in-law.

That started the split in the ice. It was completely broken later on, when Harold sought to liven conversation with the tale of the time he and Bill had driven thirty miles to pick up a stove and a refrigerator for Barbara. It seemed the two men had considerable difficulty loading the things into their small trailer. They had rolled into the driveway to find Barbara at the back door.

"Just bring them in here," she said.

The boys tackled the refrigerator, which even for two Atlases would have been a chore and, bent under its weight, shuffled to where Barbara stood.

"Now, really, boys, if you'll just shift it so it will come in the other way. . . ."

They set it down simultaneously and glared at Barbara.

"YOU do it!" they had howled as with one voice.

The story was too much for Mr. Hale. Hysterical tears rolled down his face as he rocked back and forth on his wooden crate. In his mirth he slapped the back of his wife, who lost her balance and slid to the floor. Bill leapt to the rescue while the rest of them went into hysterics.

"Gee, Mrs. Hale—Mom—Mrs. Hale! Are you all right?"

Then he giggled in spite of himself. Mrs. Hale giggled back, and it was decided all around that the future would be fun.

In May, they began to talk of a June wedding. In her mind, Barbara recalled the little stone church in Rockton, fifteen miles from her old homestead. Several of her friends had been married there and it was small and cozy, covered with ivy, and all in all, what she considered a bride's church to look like. That was it. But she had to be married by Reverend Allen, the Baptist minister in Rockford. She put in a long distance call to Rockford.

"Mom? Listen, Mom, I'm standing on my head. . . . Yes, it'll be June twenty-second, we think. Can you be an angel and make arrangements for that little stone church in Rockton? . . . and do you think Reverend Allen could marry us there? Would you ask him . . . ? Oh, Mom, I'm so excited! . . . Make it about four o'clock, I guess. . . . Yes, I'm having it made at the studio, a long, white gown with a train a mile long. . . ."

As all prospective brides know, the dress is the next most important thing to the groom, so Barbara went to Renie, designer at RKO.

"I want to look young," said Barbara. "I want to look sort of white all over. And as though I were on a cloud."

Renie obliged with a wedding dress that will stand the test of time as one of the most charming ever to grace a bride.

white lace and dreams . . .

Adapted from the 1860 hoopskirt, it's made of white mousseline, and sprouts four tiers of ruffles over a moderate hoopskirt, which is shirred in back to give a slight bustle effect. The neckline is bordered by a ruffle and just the tips of the shoulders show under pouf sleeves. Appliqued in white lace at the tight waist and on the full skirt are sprays of flowers and leaves, sprinkled with tiny seed pearls. Renie dreamed up short mitts of the same white lace, tied at the wrists with white ribbons. The shoes are white faille ballet slippers, embroidered with seed pearls.

"What'll you wear?" Barbara asked Bill.

"Me? A blue suit, I guess. White shirt and a blue tie. What's a guy supposed to wear at weddings?"

Barbara slid an arm around his waist, smiled brightly up at him.

"I wonder what an all-white wedding would be like?"

"My blue suit, no matter what," he said, "and don't use any wiles. Any more of this familiarity and we won't get married."

There was the question of the wedding party. Barbara chose her sister, Juanita, to be matron of honor, and Susie Kehe, her close friend since art school, as bridesmaid.

Bill dug back into his first days of show business for his best man. Bill had been a professional swimmer when he was approached one day by an agent who asked him if he wanted to be in show business.

"Sixty dollars a week," said the man.

"Okay," said Bill, and was promptly taken to watch an adagio act, consisting of two men and a girl. One of the men was Stuart Morgan, who later not only worked with Bill, but came to regard himself as a father to the blond kid.

"Stuart's working with the act at the Empire Room," Bill told Barbara. "He can make it up to Rockton for the wedding.



Be lovely to love

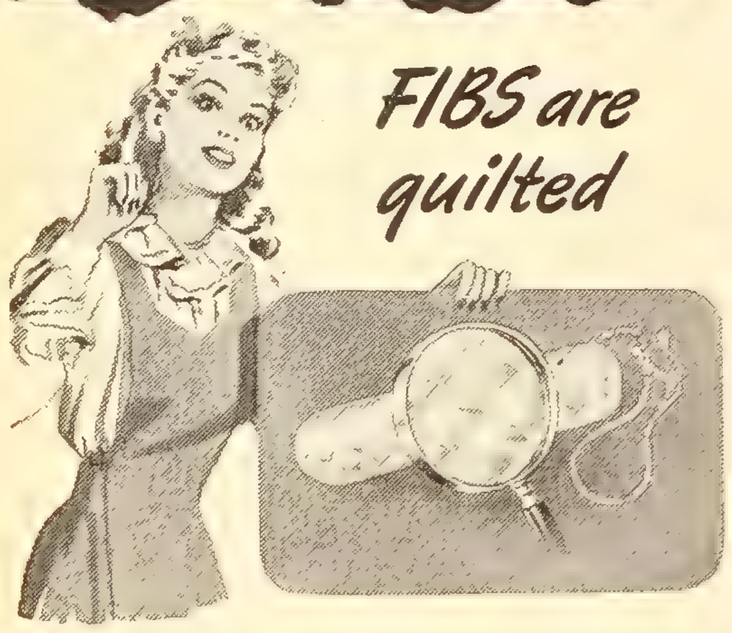
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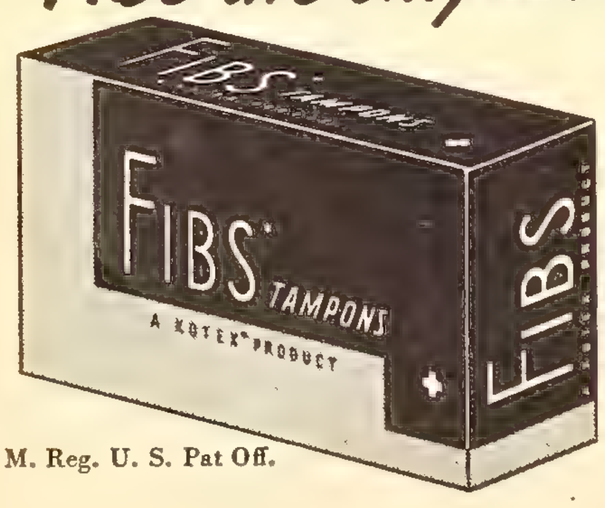
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And say," a sudden thought, "let's whip down to Chicago that night and watch Stu in the act. It's still the same, except that I'm not in it."

Meanwhile, the wedding was growing to stupendous proportions, but if Barbara wanted it that way, that was the way Bill wanted it. His part, he figured, would be only to concentrate on the wedding rings.

They planned to leave Hollywood on Friday, June 7th. Barbara was to go straight to Rockford and Bill on to Chicago to visit his old gang while Barbara got straightened around home. Both claim they weren't nervous, but the records give them away.

hysteria . . .

Barbara went shopping the last day of May, bought a batch of Father's Day cards and airmailed them to her father.

"Maybe he'll forgive me for being late because I sent him more than one," she told Bill later.

He laughed. "That's a hot one. You said you're not nervous."

"I'm not."

"Father's Day, darling, isn't until two weeks!"

Then he went to the doctor on Monday.

"Glad to see you, Bill," said the doctor, "but your appointment isn't until tomorrow."

Driving to the studio on Thursday, Barbara put a lighted cigarette in her eye, and howled with pain. Bill gripped the wheel and stepped on the accelerator.

"Hold on, honey, don't be nervous. I'll get you to the studio doctor right away."

He waited anxiously until Barbara came out with a patch over her eye.

"It's not so bad," she grinned a little sadly. "I only have to wear it for five days."

Friday, the day of departure, was the Great Trial. With reservations set for the 11:30 night plane, they decided that they would be calm, make their rounds to pick up last minute necessities and separate after dinner to pack in a casual manner. In the morning, Barbara went with Bill when he made a radio transcription for the government in the cause of recruiting. They picked up the rings from Meyer and went to the studio for Barbara's fitting.

At four o'clock, they stopped in at the tailor's to pick up Bill's two new suits which weren't ready. Bill gave instructions for them to be mailed and just then the phone rang. Harold Soldinger was on the other end of the wire.

"Bill! I've been trying to get you for an hour. Your flight's been cancelled! . . . Listen, Bill, you and Barbara had better do your packing. Just in case."

Ten minutes later, a frantic Harold was again trying to reach them. The flight had been re-scheduled at 7:15. Barbara has no phone, neither has the Soldinger home. Then the flight was changed to six o'clock. Barbara had sold her car that day, Bill had loaned his jaloppy to a friend, and they had borrowed Harold's car. Harold grabbed Fred MacDowell, a friend at the studio, and in Fred's car they careened through traffic to pick up the plane tickets at the airline office. Then they sped to Harold's home. Bill wasn't there. They turned around and fairly flew the mile to Barbara's house. Harold spied his car leaving the house in the opposite direction.

"That's Bill," he said to Fred. "Catch him!"

They pulled Bill over to the curb, explained to him that he had exactly forty-five minutes to go home, pack, and be at the airport. Before going with Bill, Harold directed Fred to give Barbara the news. Back at the Soldinger home, Bill hauled out the luggage Barbara had given him for his birthday, laid it on the floor and opened it. While he kept muttering, "We'll never make it," they pulled drawers out of the chiffonier and emptied them pell-mell into the luggage. In three minutes they were out the front door.

They rocketed back to Barbara's. Fred had barely had chance to impart the shock to Barbara, who was leisurely soaking up sun in a playsuit when he arrived.

She had got as far as the living room and was standing there, a little dazed, when Bill and Harold shot through the front door. Bill looked at her aghast.

"Barbie!" his voice was pitched two notches higher in excitement. "Hurry!"

Barbara leaned against the mantel.

"Be calm," she said. "Be calm in emergencies. Give me a cigarette, somebody." Then she came to—she thought. "Bill, go into the den and get my slacks. Fred, go clean up the kitchen. Harold, you get my brown suede purse out of the top drawer of that chest."

The three men flew in opposite directions and Barbara disappeared to dress. Thirty seconds later, the trio stood outside her door, howling frantically.

"What slacks?" said Bill. "There aren't any slacks there, and besides, what do you want slacks for?"

"The kitchen," said Fred, "is spotless. You haven't been in it all day, you know."

"What brown bag?" said Harold. "I didn't know you *had* a brown bag."

Barbara was zipping her dress. "Be calm," she said. "I've made a mistake." The dress zipped, she admitted the men. They took everything off hangers, she emptied drawers, and at 5:25 they left the house, slightly disarranged, but properly locked.

They also left, stacked neatly on a table by the front door, two small packages. One contained the earrings, Bill's gift to Barbara, and the other one was her gift to him, a gold ball and chain to be used as a key chain, and a gold key to the house. She remembered the packages the minute they had all piled into the car. Harold was sent to retrieve them. Off again, and two blocks away, Barbara groaned,

"I forgot all my coats," she said. "We'll have to go back."

to be continued . . .

The car kicked up dust as it spun in a U-turn. Harold, looking years older, tore into the house and brought out the coats.

They skidded to a stop in front of the airport, ten minutes before flight time. Bill and Barbara walked into the airport lobby, right into a barrage of flashbulbs. That was the beginning of a great, confused whirl, out of which they had to cull pieces and fit them together to make a picture. There had been Barbara's reunion with old friends in Rockford; Bill's old home week in Chicago. There had been a wedding, a beautiful event in a church filled with people. There had been the reception at the Wagon Wheel in Rockton, with Mom and Dad and Stu and Juanita and Susie and everybody crying and laughing.

Now they were in the Chicago hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Williams, and they'd both gotten through it without having a stroke.

A roll of drums announced the floor show. The spotlight threw a circle of blue light on two men and a girl, doing an adagio dance. One of the men glanced sideways, over the cigarette between his lips, and winked at Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Stuart Morgan, ex-best man, currently engaged in show business, backed nonchalantly over to their table.

"Hey, kids," he hissed, "beat it. Stop in and see me after the honeymoon."

He had to move fast to get back into position for his routine. He caught the girl lightly in his arms. Then he grinned.

"Finis," he said to himself.

MADE IN HEAVEN

(*Continued from page 39*)

her years and doubly wise to the ways of Hollywood, she resolved from the first to keep her hands strictly off Jack's career. That belonged to him. If he wanted to share it with her, fine.

The whole thing started in David O. Selznick's mind at the wedding reception, when he got his first good look at John Agar—tall, bronzed and blue-eyed—strength in the well-cut features, warmth in the sudden smile. Might be a picture bet, mused Mr. Selznick, whose musings are generally translated into swift action.

They didn't stay away for the full ten days of Jack's furlough. It was Shirley's thoughtful suggestion that they spend the last three or four days in Hollywood, because Jack's mother hadn't seen him in such a long time. Mr. Selznick gave them a party, and in the course of the evening, mentioned his idea. Shirley thought it was wonderful. Jack hardly knew what to think.

He'd probably have gone into his father's meat packing business, had his father lived. As it was, he hadn't thought much about his post-war career. Time for that when he got out. There was no economic pressure and, whatever he hit on, he knew his mother would be for him.

Henry Willson, Selznick's young assistant, had him in for a talk. Did he think he'd be interested?

"I don't know," said Jack. "I'll have to mull it over. My dad used to say, *what* you do doesn't matter, as long as you do it well. That's what I believe too. But how can I tell if I've got any flair for this?"

He returned to camp, and they sent him on option contract, which called for a test within sixty days after he left the service. By an odd coincidence, this arrived while Shirley and her parents were visiting Jack. But if the studio counted on them to talk him into signing, they counted wrong. The Temples bent over backward to keep from influencing him—

assets vs. liabilities . . .

"I'll give you all the pitfalls I know of," said Shirley, and proceeded to do so with such conscientiousness that her mother was moved to remark dryly: "In passing, let me point out a couple of advantages—"

What they did was to draw up a kind of balance sheet, assets against liabilities, and leave Jack to reach his own conclusions. Having reached them, he phoned Shirley: "Maybe I'll take a crack at it—"

They didn't, however, expect it to happen so soon. Jack had been alerted to go overseas. They'd said their goodbyes and, like the good wife she is, Shirley'd kept smiling with maybe a couple of sniffles in between—but only a couple. Then all of a sudden, points were lowered to a level that made Jack eligible for discharge. At home Shirley was going crazy, not knowing where to reach him—and at a west coast P.O.E. Jack was doing the same because he couldn't get to a phone. . . .

He was discharged on January 29th, having served just four days short of three years.

They tested him in a scene from "Katie for Congress." He wasn't terribly nervous. If he flopped, it really wouldn't matter.

Next day he went with Henry Willson to see the test run. Cliff Austin, another young contract player, went along. "No cracks, boys," said Henry, "or we won't be able to hear the dialogue—"

Jack couldn't suppress an astonished grunt, though, when his image flashed on.

"Did you like it?" asked Henry.

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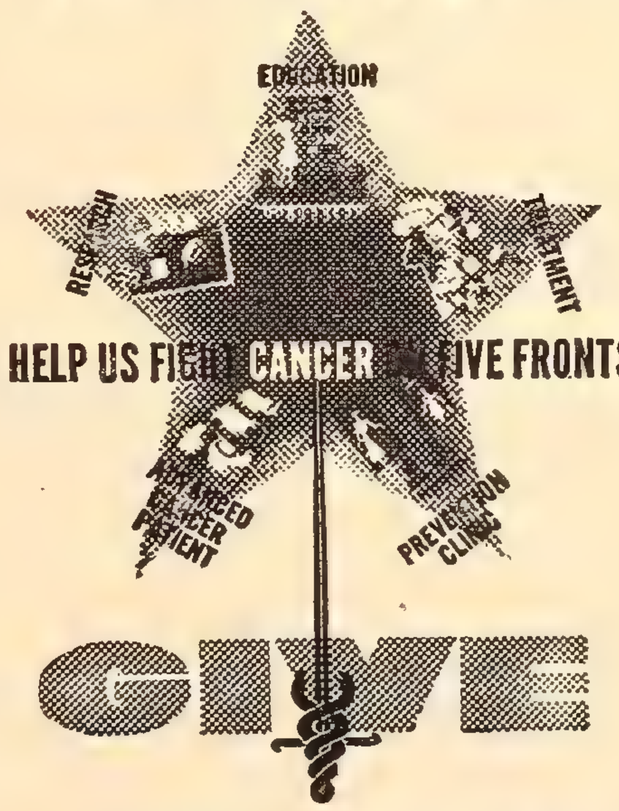
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"I wouldn't know," he replied in all candor. "Was it any good?"

Shirley saw it and liked it. Selznick saw it and said: "He's green and needs training. But he's got something that reminds me of young Joel McCrea."

Jack was pleased when they signed him, but took it quietly, as is his wont. Any tendency on the lot to regard him as Shirley Temple's husband soon died of malnutrition. Jack fought it—if at all—merely by being his pleasant young self—modest but self-possessed, reserved but friendly.

It's funny to think back to the time when Shirley was nothing to him but a kid in the movies. His folks were crazy about her, especially Dad and Grandmother. Mom too, for that matter, in her own quiet way. Mom's idea of a perfect picture was "The Littlest Rebel." They took Joyce to that one and, being just a year or so older than Shirley, she thought it was heaven. Jack, on the other hand, was seven years older. You could hardly expect him to *like* a Temple picture.

After Dad's death, there was nothing special to hold them in Lake Forest. Mom always loved California, and in '43 she moved the family out. Joyce was 16 then, Jimmy 11, Kippy 10. Jack was about to transfer from the Navy to the Army Air Corps, and that summer he came out on furlough.

Through a friend of his mother's, he met Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter, who lived next door to Shirley. "Like to go over and meet her?" Ann asked one Sunday.

"Sure. I used to see her in the movies."

no love at first sight . . .

As always on Sundays, a flock of kids cavorted in and around the Temple pool. Ann introduced Jack, the two stuck around for a couple of minutes and left. It definitely wasn't love at first sight. Shirley was interested in about three other boys at the time. Jack thought she was a lovely child but, being 22, he couldn't take a 15-year old very seriously.

A week later they met at a tea, and though she was still fifteen, Jack asked her for a date. They made it a foursome with Ann and another boy. Before Jack left for Texas, they'd gone out together a number of times—to the movies or dancing at the Grove—but it didn't mean a thing.

Meantime she'd met Jack's sister. Ann drove up to the Agar house one night when Shirley was with her, and Joyce came out to the car. She couldn't decide between Westlake and another school. Ann was a Westlake graduate and Shirley was about to start her junior year there, and the way they felt about Westlake, they wanted every girl they met to go there. Joyce would probably have gone anyway. All they did was give her the final shove.

This was sheer altruism, and had nothing to do with Jack. In fact, for a while Shirley's friendships with Jack and Joyce ran independently of each other.

Most of the time he was away at camp. If he'd been home more, Shirley thinks she'd probably have fallen in love sooner. She's not very good about letters and, though he wrote fairly often, she didn't answer more than once a month, which annoyed him a little. (After the engagement, *she* wrote more often, so it came out even.) When he did get home, they'd go out together, but it wasn't till well along in '44 that Shirley began to realize this was different. After a brief furlough, he was sent to Ephrata, Washington, and suddenly he seemed very far away, and there was an emptiness which flirting with other boys didn't do much to fill.

Jack discovered that some people at sixteen have more sense and poise and maturity than others twice that old. He discovered that the child of a year ago had become the girl he loved and wanted to marry. Toward the end of the year he was transferred to March Field, and could get home weekends.

"Mom," said Jack one day. "I don't have time to check the jewelry stores. Will you pick out a few good looking engagement rings, so next time I come up, I'll have some to choose from?"

She'd known, of course—despite the fact that he'd kept his own counsel and she'd asked no questions. When a guy takes the same girl out every night he's home on a pass, his mother has to have an idea.

Down in Palm Springs, Shirley had a hunch, too. She and Joyce were spending the Easter holidays there with her folks, and Jack was supposed to join them for a weekend. Things were pretty well settled between them—all but the official engagement, which Shirley'd sort of left hanging. That's where the ring came in. Once he got the ring on her finger, Jack figured, the rest would follow, so he planned to take it down to Palm Springs. Only fate was against him. Within two weeks he sprained two different ankles. The best he could do was phone from camp—

"Be sure you eat a lot of carrots," he said.

Shirley pricked up her ears. That sounded like a code word. He certainly didn't care how many carrots she ate. Carrots—carats—! A light broke—

He said it again just before ringing off—"Don't forget about those carrots—" which made it practically certain. So she proceeded to go out every chance she got. "On account of this hunch that I'd be tied down pretty soon—"

There's a spot on Sunset Boulevard between Engle's Drugstore and another shop that Mrs. John Agar may point out to her children some day. "That's where your dad gave me the ring—" Jack pulled up to the curb and drew the box from his pocket. A square-cut diamond, mounted with exquisite simplicity, winked up at Shirley. What happened next they've never told and never will.

The wedding was another matter. In spite of Shirley's pet joke, she had every intention of sticking to her word that she wouldn't marry before her eighteenth birthday. The pet joke was on Mom. "My mother thinks 21's a good age to get married. My mother got married at 17—"

But when it looked as if Jack would be sent overseas, Mom released her from her word.

the lovely turmoil . . .

So the date was set and all the lovely turmoil started. Joyce was to be a bridesmaid, and Jimmy, who's large for his fourteen years, one of the ushers. Mrs. Agar and Joyce went with the Temples to do a lot of shopping, and they all grew very close. That's when Jack's mother really came to know Shirley—

Mrs. Agar gave the children their flat silver. For a special reason, Shirley chose the King Richard pattern. Long ago a pair of newlyweds who, like millions of others, had fallen in love with Little Miss Marker, came out to California on their honeymoon and managed to meet her. Every year since then, they've sent her a few pieces of silver in the King Richard pattern—

"I still like it best," Shirley explained. "And besides, it'll always have more meaning, because those people were so sweet."

Jack, of course, was at camp, missing all the fun. To make up, Shirley'd write him a play-by-play account of what went on.

"Fine thing!" he wrote back. "Why can't I have a shower too?"

So she called his bluff—went down to Santa Monica with Phoebe Hearst and raided every dime store in the place for hideous ties and snakes coming out of bottles, and assorted horrors.

The night before the wedding, Mrs. Agar gave a bridal dinner. They had champagne outdoors, and all this junk was piled up on the table, beautifully wrapped. The funniest thing was the look on Jack's face, when he opened his gifts.

According to Jack, he was perfectly calm next day, only he couldn't seem to find a thing. He was perfectly calm at the wedding too, but all he remembers is Shirley coming down the aisle.

They have an income—Jack's income—and they live within it. Last Christmas—their first as Mr. and Mrs.—their gifts were the kind any boy and girl might have given each other. Jack had heard Shirley admire a certain bag, so he went out and bought it for her. She knew he needed a fountain pen, so that's what she gave him.

Despite the fact that she's been working in RKO's "Honeymoon," Shirley does her own cooking. After all that camp food, Jack's entitled to eat at home. He gets the groceries, and he won't pay fancy prices—

Shirley agrees. As a rule, she whips up something simple—like steak and baked potatoes or ham or fried chicken—and counts herself a fair cook "because Jack's never got sick on it—" He doesn't take her cooking for granted, but he doesn't keep tossing bouquets every minute either—

"He just eats it," says Shirley, "and that's praise enough for me—"

By now Jack's mother is Mom to Shirley, and the Temples are Mom and Dad to Jack. Nobody forced anything. They waited till it came naturally, and it started coming naturally soon after their marriage.

As soon as they can get a fence, they're getting a collie. Ching, Shirley's Peke, was left at her Mom's house. *Not* by request of Jack, who's a tolerant guy, and thinks Pekes have a right to live too, but the farther they live from him, the better he likes it, and Shirley can take a hint—

"That's fine," he said when she told him. "Ching's better off with Mom. At our place she'd be alone all day—"

"Poor collie," murmured Shirley. "Now *he'll* be alone all day—"

"I'll see that he isn't—"

She burst out laughing. "Don't I *know* it! But I can't say that I blame you. You'd look silly walking along with a Peke."

Regarding the collie, there's only one real point of difference between them. Shirley wants him sent to school to be trained. Jack thinks he can do as good a job himself—

"But meantime he might ruin a rug or something—"

"Honey, don't you trust me—?"

"Yes, darling, but couldn't you send him to school just the same? We could frame his diploma—"

marriage comes first . . .

You smile at their nonsense, and think how wonderful to be young and in love, with life all ahead. You feel that their problems will be those of any young couple, not the special Hollywood brand. Though Jack's in the movies now and Shirley always has been, they're both typical of wholesome young Americans everywhere. When she was 12, going to a regular school with a bunch of regular girls was more important of Shirley than being in pictures. Marriage and all it involves is far more important. Movies are a job she enjoys, not a ball and chain, as Mr. Selznick will testify—

It was no secret that he didn't light any bonfires to celebrate her engagement. But after the marriage he changed:

"Shirley," he said one day, "don't let anything interfere with your happiness. Have as many children as you want."

"Golly, thanks, Mr. Selznick." The brown eyes lit up with mirth. "You know, that's exactly what we were planning to do—"



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 71*)

attend.

The other afternoon, Ronnie came home and told his father that he had a confession to make.

"Daddy," said the little boy, "Gary Crosby asked me today who was the best male singer in the country."

"What did you say?" asked Perry, barely able to hide his smile.

"I said 'Bing Crosby'," said the junior Como, "but you and I KNOW better!"

* * *

The longest red roses in the biggest silver urns I have ever seen were the decorative motif all over the house at the farewell-to-Jeanette MacDonald party tossed by Helen Ferguson.

Helen has a small house, but with that floral background and the beautiful gals floating around through the living room and out into the moon-drenched garden, it was like a miniature setting for a Noel Coward play.

Jeanette, herself, wore a beige dinner gown just one shade lighter than her red gold hair which, incidentally, was cut very short and perky. Everybody liked it but the man in her life, Gene Raymond. How can women follow the fashion books when the boy friends insist on that long bob look of ten years ago?

Barbara Stanwyck was also in beige (must be something new in dinner gowns) and looked very smart with an overskirt of black chiffon starting at the jeweled belt.

Had a long talk with Bob Taylor who is just a little bit flabbergasted by conditions here at home now he's out of the Navy. Bob has always been a serious minded person but I think he is even more so now. It isn't easy for him to relax and enjoy himself—but that will come in time.

Another one of the Very Serious Young Men is Lew Ayres who was my escort and with whom I had another long talk. "People are happiest," he said, "when they are completely absorbed in what they are doing. It doesn't make any difference where you are—or who you are. For instance, I was completely happy in the South Pacific because I didn't have the time to discover I wasn't happy. People say, 'Oh, I could never be happy living anywhere but California, or Maine or Texas' or wherever they are located. The thing to remember is that happiness is something you take with you. You don't travel to find it."

It is certainly obvious that Lew has found some inner peace, though I do not believe that he will go into the ministry. I also noticed that he drank nothing, smoked an old pipe once or twice during the evening and had a wonderful time seeing old friends.

Of all the returned "vets," Robert Stack seemed the youngest, the gayest and the least changed. And he dances as slickly as he ever did, gals.

* * *

Lana Turner, so sunburned it makes you wince to look at her, says "Never again." Lana doesn't turn tan, she just burns and peels and peels and peels. With her white-blonde hair and that orange complexion, she's no candidate for Technicolor.

"I'm just not a summer girl," says Lana, shrugging her tender shoulders—and she isn't. The Turner is a winter girl of luxurious fur coats and soft lights over cocktail tables or the girl in the decollete dancing with the best looking man in the room.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT VAN JOHNSON

BY A FAMOUS WRITER: DON EDDY

(*Continued from page 33*)

back at work. In ten months he was being acclaimed a new screen idol. Today he is a star.

Fate? Luck? Whatever it is, it poses an intriguing question:

Why should one red-haired kid from an old fashioned street in an old fashioned New England town, a kid from a broken home with two strikes on him from the start, be led safely through heartbreak and hunger and horror to become fabulously famous and as rich as his government will permit him to be, while millions of other kids with far greater potentialities, far vaster opportunities, live out humdrum lives in workaday obscurity?

Strange, isn't it? Let's look back along Van Johnson's life and see if we can find an answer . . .

A summer squall was rattling the windows of an old three-story frame house on Ayrault Street, near Kay, in Newport, R. I., when Van Johnson was born there just before one o'clock on the morning of August 25, 1916. His mother, Loretta, a proud, handsome woman, had a difficult time. His father, tall, gaunt, red-haired, close-mouthed Charlie Johnson, the journeyman plumber, had been pacing the downstairs rainswept piazza since dark.

Charlie Johnson, who still lives in the same house, although now retired from the plumbing business, is a New England Swede, native of Apponaug, up Narragansett Bay. When they called him into the bedroom at last and he smelled the raw strong stench of the anesthetics and saw his wife there, wan and tired as she whispered, with the baby cradled on her arm "Isn't he lovely?" all Charlie Johnson could do was clear his throat and croak "I guess so." Then, because a man should not be seen in tears, he stumbled out.

The Johnsons separated three years later. Van stayed with his father. His grandmother Johnson, a tiny, shy, mousy silent, apple-cheeked old lady in embroidered peasant blouses, voluminous petticoats and sparse white hair forever covered with a prim white cap, came to keep house for them. Van called her "Moomoo" because he couldn't say Grandma, and loved her even if he never understand her.

To be truthful, he never understood any

of his family very well, though he is devoted to his father, and proud of him. He has copied his father's way unconsciously and even today, although he makes a good show of being an extrovert, it is difficult for him to be demonstrative about anything that touches him deeply.

His greatest fear, when he was a little boy, was being thought unmanly. When he was hurt and had to cry, he ran into the dark cellar and hid behind the coal bin. Nobody ever sought him out to comfort him, for the grown-ups understood him no better than he understood them. When, usually in spring, he was so full of happiness he had to let some of it out, he lay on the sweet-smelling grass beside the barn, on the far side of the lilac bush in the back yard so Moomoo couldn't see him from the rear windows, and smiled up at the sky and hummed little wordless tunes that bubbled out of him. When the black and terrible moods of the Swedes possessed him, he surged blindly near the picket fence of the back yard, kicking the boards until his feet hurt, or stood fiercely straddle-legged inside the gloomy barn and screamed horrible, meaningless things at the million and one odds and ends his father stored there. He never told anyone about these times, and people said he was a fine, manly little fellow, although curiously unemotional.

The first woman he ever loved was the landlady, Mrs. Crosby, who still lives on the upper two floors of the house. She sat at the upstairs windows a great deal. Once when Van was lying under the lilac bush she called down, "What are you doing, boy?" Van said hastily, "Nothing." She said, "Come up and see me." He went up and she gave him three sugar cookies and a glass of milk and after that he went up often and they became friends. Through Mrs. Crosby he met the woman who exerted the most influence on his life, and might, except for fate, have changed it altogether. She was a friend of Mrs. Crosby's. She was Miss Bessie Boone.

motherly comfort . . .

Miss Bessie was a spinster lady, a comfortable soul who laughed a great deal, but perhaps it was the intrinsic loneliness of her life, so much like Van's, that drew them together. At any rate, something fine and strong in her reached out and touched his boyish heart, and suddenly his reserve dropped away magically and he felt warm and tingly inside; he felt complete. He could tell Miss Bessie things he never had been able to tell anyone else.

Sundays, his father usually took Van to the beach. Now Miss Bessie began to accompany them. Proud as a peacock, eager to show off, he sometimes condescended to let little Betty Meikle, the girl across the street, go along. And when the circus was coming to Providence and his father, shining the Model T, announced they would all go—Miss Bessie, Van and Betty—he could hardly contain himself.

That, indeed, was a day to remember. He was asleep when they got home to Newport in the deep dark, but he remembers that Miss Bessie carried him into the house; he remembers especially the soft mother feel of her and the cradling gentleness of her arms.

So here you have the working of fate. If it had not been for Miss Bessie, his father probably would never have thought of the circus. If it had not been for the circus, Van might never have thought of becoming an actor, a restless ambition born in him that day which never left him thereafter. Yet if his secret half-formed romantic dreams for Miss Bessie and his father had materialized, and a complete home had been set up, he might have been entirely too contented to ever leave Newport.

Nothing came of it, as nothing so often comes of things we want so much. Van





doesn't know why. The years passed, and Van was growing up, and the relationship of his father and Miss Bessie remained good friendship, nothing more.

Lois Sanborn was a tall, red-haired, good looking Smith College girl who sort of managed The Barnacle, a fried clam joint which used to be at Two-Mile Corner, just out of Newport, where the filling station is now. Van worked there summers while attending Rogers high school in town. He got $15 a week for polishing silver, scrubbing the floor, sometimes frying clams. He liked the job and he liked Lois.

small time impresario . . .

He was at the teetering age when almost anything could have pushed him one way or another; he didn't know what he wanted to do with his life and didn't especially care, although he knew he had to do something pretty soon. It was his last school year.

The theater was the only thing he really cared about. Long ago, he and Betty Meikle had rigged up a trapeze and perfected a gymnastics routine, and when they were in Calvert grammar school they sometimes put on shows in Mrs. Clifford's garage, just up the street. They could use Mrs. Faerber's garage around the corner, but they preferred Mrs. Clifford's because she would let them take chairs out of her house for the audience. They used other kids in the shows, and charged as much as fifteen cents admission, and once they cleared $9.65. That was the time they put on a circus and used Faerber's pony, Yankee, to carry customers for a dime a ride.

He sang a lot as he worked in the clam joint, and talked a lot with Lois Sanborn. She was continually needling him about his future. She'd say: "What're you going to do, work here all your life frying clams?" So when it came down to graduation, his schooling ended, he started looking for something better than clams. One day he found it, a stenographic job with the WPA, $22.50 a week, start in ten days. He went out to tell Lois.

They had quite a scene. "You're crazy, Van!" the good looking redhead exclaimed exasperatedly. "You don't belong in a town like this, in a musty old office. Why don't you to go to New York and try to amount to something?"

"And pass up $22.50 a week?"

"Certainly, pass it up!" Lois flared. "You take that job and you'll never get away from here, never!"

Saturday night he took Christine Burbidge to the senior class dance at the Viking Hotel. His father let him have the new Model A, and he wore his brown single-breasted suit with two-tone shoes, a striped shirt with polka dot tie, a stiff straw hat. He thought he was hot stuff until he was ushered into the Burbidge's beautiful home on Bush street, and looked around at the expensive graciousness of it, the candles and silver and rich drapes, and all at once he knew he wanted something like this; he didn't want to live in an old frame house and eat his meals at the oilcloth-covered table. And he thought: I'll never get a place like this by working for the WPA.

They went to the dance. Christine was a class belle and the boys rushed her. She saved him the first and last, but in between he did a lot of thinking. He thought: Gosh, I like this fancy stuff. It's swell. But if I stay in this town I'll be a second-rate jerk in a third-rate job all my life. Good gosh! I've got to get out of here and amount to something! It was like a panic.

Sunday he and his father went to the Appelgrens'. They were homey Swedish folk, old friends, and the women—Ebba, Sigrid, Virginia, Doris—were like his own family might have been. They all went to Trinity Episcopal church in the morning and back to the Appelgrens' for dinner. They were just sitting down when the sink stopped up and Charlie Johnson went to fix it, leaving the door open. The others started eating and Ebba asked: "What are you going to do this summer, Van?"

If he had stopped to think, he might never have had the courage to say it, but fate was working and the words were blurted out too quickly. He said: "I want to go on the stage."

It was like an electric shock. As though on strings, heads came up all around the table, eyes focused on him. Nobody spoke. In the pantry, a wrench crashed to the floor and his father was standing in the doorway, half angry and half amused. He said ironically, breaking a tight silence, "The only stage you'll ever go on is a painter's stage," and laughed at his joke. He meant the catwalks painters hang outside buildings. Van didn't answer.

But the die was cast. Driving home in the early dusk, Van groped frantically for a way to revive the matter with his father. "Dad—I meant it! I want to go to New York." His father said nothing until they were swinging into the driveway. Then he said heavily: "I won't stop you." He seemed suddenly old and very tired . . .

Beth Thompson and Ann Garrett were working when they could in Broadway shows and lived at the Rehearsal Club on Fifty-third Street, New York. Van had known Beth in Newport. As soon as he reported to his mother, now living in Brooklyn, he telephoned Beth. She said gaily: "Good! You can take Ann and me to lunch. Come over to the club." Van had arrived in the city with less than $5 and was vastly relieved to find that a plate lunch at the club cost seventeen cents.

Beth and Ann showed him the ropes. Day after day, you went the rounds of certain theatrical casting agencies specializing in little people. Any agent would see you. The first question always was: "What have you done?" With his two-pants brown suit and polka dot tie broadcasting his greenness, Van lied valiantly but vainly. He got no job. His money vanished.

After dark one night he left the girls at the club and started for the Brooklyn subway. Something made him glance up and he noticed a light in the office of Murray Phillips, an agent. Impulsively, he went up, finding Phillips alone. Van said: "Anything open?" Phillips said. "What can you do?" Van said: "I can sing and I can dance." Phillips said impassively: "Can you be here at nine tomorrow morning?" Van grinned widely. "What do you think?"

at long last . . .

It was a little specialty part in a revue at the venerable Cherry Lane theater, a production called "Entre Nous." Van was supposed to get $15 a week. He got it the first week only. The show closed in three weeks. But he had broken the ice and other small jobs came along. Some paid $9 a week. Some paid $12. Van took anything, partly because he wanted experience but mostly because he wanted to eat. Sometimes he didn't eat. There was one lean stretch when he lived on a hot dog a day. After almost a week of it he wrote his father for money, a hard thing to do. It came by return mail—no letter, just a beautiful $20 bill in a post office envelope.

He thought the great day had come when Warner Brothers gave him a contract at $300 a week and a compartment to Hollywood. His hands were perspiring as the train pulled into Los Angeles. They'd have a welcoming committee, of course, and there would be a mob of screaming fans. What should he tell the reporters? Trembling with anticipation, he got off the train—and nobody was there to meet him.

For five months he wandered around town like a lost soul, waiting to be called for work. Nobody called. He went to the studio and protested, and they dyed his red hair black, covered his freckles with makeup and put him in an epic with Faye Emerson. At the end of six months they dropped his contract.

Lucille Ball was a girl he had known on Broadway when he understudied her husband, Desi Arnaz. He had met them again in Hollywood. After he packed his bags and bought his ticket to New York, he forced himself to call them to say goodbye. Lucille, a determined young lady, demanded reprovingly: "What do you mean, 'goodbye?' You're having dinner with us tonight. Chasen's, at eight."

The party was glum. Van was in black despair and couldn't pretend, but Lucille, always perky, seemed extraordinarily bubbly, as though she had a secret. Finally, she left the table and returned with a small, dapper, briskly businesslike man whom Van recognized as Billy Grady, veteran talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They had talked once in New York and Grady had thrown out a few feelers which Van ignored. Now, Grady was coldly casual.

He said: "You wouldn't listen to me before, would you?"

Van said: "I guess it's just as well."

Grady said: "Probably is. I want you in my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Think you can play an Irish soldier?"

Stunned, incredulous, Van was still fumbling for words when Grady walked away.

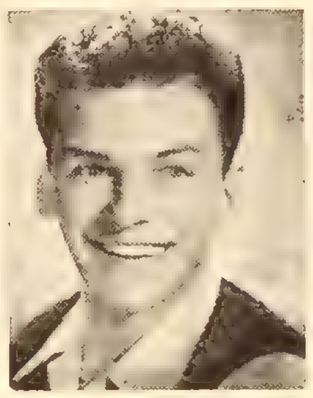
Irene Dunne is the beloved grand lady of the film colony, a woman of pronounced ideas. She didn't want Van Johnson in "A Guy Named Joe" because she felt he lacked experience. Executives overruled her and gave him the part.

Filming had barely begun on that fateful night of March 31, 1943, and it stopped on the morning of April 1. They could have found another actor for Van Johnson's part, but Miss Dunne was adamant. No one, she insisted, could do as well. When it was finally determined that Van would live, but it still was doubtful whether his fractured skull and horribly mangled face would permit him to act again, Miss Dunne called on him at the hospital. She could see only his eyes through the bandages swathing his head and she read the misery in them. She sat by the bed and took his hand.

"Van," she said softly, "I've come to tell you something. We've stopped work on the picture until you are well. We'll wait for you, no matter how long."

The doctors say that is probably why his recovery was so incredibly rapid. If you like, you may call it fate.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Frank Sinatra was appearing in Boston, I attended the first show of the week. I got a seat right in the second row of the orchestra, and tried to get a really good look at him through my opera glasses. Frank was singing "Pistol Packin' Mama." Seeing me standing there with my glasses focussed directly on him, he made a face, and without missing a beat, sang, "Lay those glasses down, babe, lay those glasses down!" Was my face red!

Lois Fae Schwartz
Revere, Massachusetts

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



A mad sendoff with JOHN LUND of "To Each His Own," who was born Feb. 6, 1913, in Rochester, N.Y. He's a six-footer with blonde hair and blue eyes and is married to Marie Charton. Write to him at Paramount, where his latest is "The Perils of Pauline." Jane Cook, 1470 Wesley Ave., Pasadena, California, has his fan club.



NANCY GUILD (who rhymes with wild) was born in Los Angeles, Oct. 11. She has brown hair and blue eyes and is 5' 7" tall. She's unmarried and "Somewhere in the Night" is her first picture. Mail reaches her at 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.



JOHNNY DESMOND'S from Detroit, born there Nov. 14, 1912. Is 5' 9" in height, and weighs 145 lbs. His eyes are brown . . . hair, black. Married to Ruth Keddington, he just became a poppa. N.B.C., New York, is his address. Fan club prexy is: Shirley Guberman, 457 Georgia Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Barry Broth, B'klyn . . . Margie Clay, 548 Danberry Dr., Toledo, Ohio, has the VAN JOHNSON Club. Gloria Montalto, 223 W. 10th St., N. Y., has CORNEL WILDE's.

R.P., Iowa . . . PAT PHALEN was the boy from China in "Miss Susie Slagle's." He was born in Long Beach, and is in his mid-twenties. His brown hair and blue eyes point up the Irish in him, and he's unmarried. Write him at Paramount. Thirty-three-year-old LLOYD BRIDGES was Silas in that pic. He's 6' 1" tall, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is married to Dorothy Simpson. He's at Universal.

S. Prestini, N. Y. . . . "There Are Two Sides to Every Girl," "Firechief's Daughter," "Down By The Ocean," "After the Show," "G'wan Home Your Mudder's Callin'," "Nellie Martin," "Valse Lent" (from "Lohengrin"), an opera sequence from Liszt melodies and opera sequences from Mendelssohn were the musical pieces played in "Two Sisters From Boston."

That does it for now. But for lots of answers to any questions, write to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

P.S.—See the fashion page for photos of Bob Turner who was featured here in July.

KID BROTHER

(*Continued from page 55*)

his place in the Walker household with a minimum of fanfare.

The three senior Walkers, Walt, aged 12, Wayne, 10, and Dick, 2, were pretty average kids. No angels, to be sure, but not too fiend-like, and for a while it seemed as if Bob were going to be a good kid, too. There were small boy scrapes, of course. The inevitable broken windows, stray dogs and cats brought home to be fed on the grounds that they were "starrrving," that sort of thing. It wasn't until he was between ten and twelve years old—around the time the family moved from Salt Lake City to Ogden—that the Walkers discovered that in son No. 4 they had a handful.

There was the time Mrs. Walker took Dick and Bob to Washington, D. C. to visit Walter, who was at George Washington University. Walter knew from his mother's letters that Bob was giving them a bit of trouble, but he hadn't bargained for anything like this. How did it start exactly? Bob wanted to go to see the Capitol early one morning. The others weren't dressed yet, so Mrs. W. said it would be better if he'd wait a little while. His hair trigger temper went into action.

temper! . . .

"I don't want to wait," he stormed. "I'm going right now."

"But you're not," his mother said firmly.

"I am," Bob asserted. His mother shook her head decidedly.

"Okay," he told her. "Then I'll jump out the window." They were on the fifth floor of the hotel, and in a split second he had vaulted over to the window and stood poised to leap. The family stood in shocked silence, until—just as suddenly as he'd hopped on the window ledge—he turned and came back into the room.

"What makes you do a thing like that?" Walter asked him when they were alone.

"I just felt like it," Bob scowled. What he felt like doing, he did. He was a holy terror.

Sitting now in their quiet apartment, the boys remembered that, and Dick said, "The landlord won't like it. Why, that kid could hire out as a professional lease-breaker."

Once, after he'd been punished for some misdemeanor, he hopped a freight for points west. His family didn't know where he had gone, and they were frantic. From Las Vegas, Nevada, he telephoned to say he was all right, and the next day he came home, bearing a couple of chocolate bars as a peace offering. That was the funny thing about Bob when he was going through this phase. The endearing thing that made his flare-ups bearable. He would follow up a tantrum or a piece of flagrant disobedience with some self-imposed penance or a small present. Once when he'd all but broken his mother's heart with a series of "I will not's," he tried to make amends by doing dinner dishes for a week.

During these trying years, Bob's mother kept in close touch with her sister, Hortense Odlum, retired head of Bonwit Teller's. Aunt Tenny, unbelievably wise, and herself the mother of two boys, never lost confidence in him. "Bob's not bad," she would write, "He is just mixed up. He hasn't found himself." His mother and dad took him to doctors and to psychiatrists to no avail. And then, like a double miracle, two things happened that changed his whole life.

Bob had had from his early years very poor vision. Each year it seemed to get a little worse, and his eye doctor finally admitted there was nothing he could do about it. He was afraid Bob would ultimately be blind. His mother couldn't and wouldn't believe it. She scouted around until she learned of a specialist in San Francisco who'd be able to help him if anybody could. They trekked west, and after a series of examinations, the doctor said he could arrest the condition, although he couldn't promise to improve it. It was like a reprieve for Bob.

Shortly thereafter, at Aunt Tenny's suggestion, Bob was sent off to the school in San Diego. Not many people went to see him off but there was, however, one friend on hand: Alice West, the drama critic on the Examiner, who had praised Bob's work in a couple of plays at Madison Grade School. She patted his thin shoulders and whispered in his ear. "You show 'em out there, mister. You've got the makings of a darn fine actor." The words warmed him all the way out there, and sustained him through the first lonely weeks. He rebelled against the regimentation, did miserably in his lessons, was even too apathetic to seek out the dramatic club. So—as you well know, if you know your Walker—the mountain came to Mohammed. Virginia Atkinson, the school's dramatic teacher, who knew youngsters' hearts so well, approached Bob and interested him in the play tryouts. You all know how brilliantly successful he was in his first play, and how—subsequently—he did well in his studies, in athletics, in his relations with other people. He wrote to Walt, 18-year-old cockiness mixed in with a bit of awe over the whole business: "I guess I'm pretty good at this stuff."

Aunt Tenny had offered to stake him to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, so he was coming East. And, considering his past, it was not too odd that Walt—now practising law in New York, and Dick—studying accounting at Columbia—should have had some misgivings.

"Who'll go meet him—you?" Dick said.

Walt grinned. "Sure," he said. And so it was Walt who was waiting at the head of the ramp when Bob's train came in. Walt's handshake that said, "Welcome," that first day in the big town. Both of them knew, smiling at each other a little shyly that first day in the big town.

the joint started jumping . . .

Oh, there were some changes made at the apartment, all right, but they were nice changes. Bob prevailed upon their maid, who never ("positively *never,* Mr. Walker") appeared before nine or ten, to come in and get them their breakfast every day. Not reluctantly, mind you. She actually suggested it herself. "Young Mr. Walker" became her pet, and choice morsels were invariably earmarked for him. Of an evening, whereas the apartment had once harbored fairly quiet groups of people, it now jumped with life.

It was one night quite a while after he came to New York that Dick and Walt first discovered he had talent. Another of their mother's sisters, Mrs. Boyd Hatch, had a dinner party, and the Walkers were invited. Afterwards, when everyone was sitting around in the living room, Aunt Tenny said, "Bob, are they teaching you anything over at that place?"

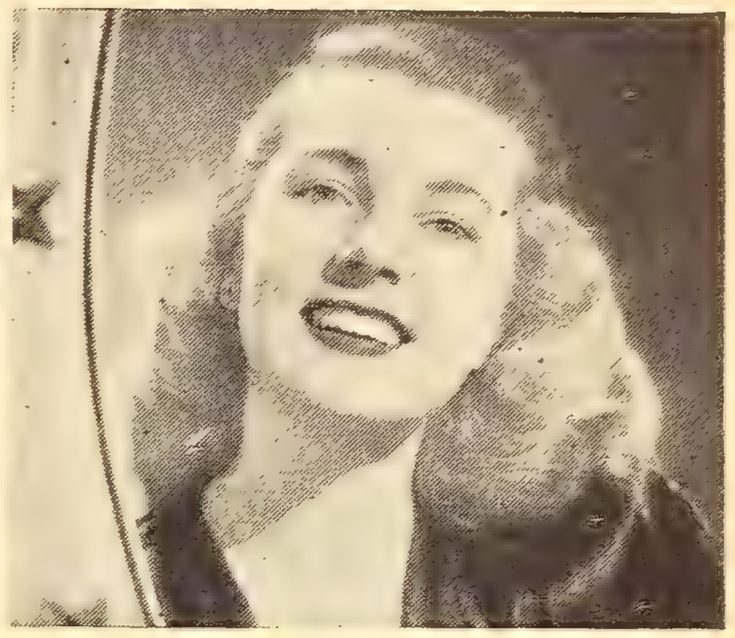
Bob said, "Heck yes. I can throw my voice and—"

"Let's hear you throw it. Do something you've learned."

"Here?" Bob screwed up his face the way he does when he's embarrassed.

(*Continued on page 114*)

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



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FREE—New illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. E-9, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania.

JANIE

COOKS DINNER

But first, today's bride has to track down the necessary ingredients!

BY NANCY WOOD

■ SINCE THE first Neanderthal bride burnt the brontosaurus chops, there have been corny jokes about brides learning to cook! We wish to rise in defense of current brides (or, for that matter, the matron heading for her 25th anniversary) because today, before she can even start to do any cooking, she has to find the groceries. This is a task requiring much patient sleuthing!

So, if you're a beginner cook or quite experienced, we think you'll find these recipes of use, because we've chosen ones using lots of available fresh fruit and vegetables and a minimum of sugar, shortening and wheat products. They're good, too!

Jewel-tone fruits in an orange-gold setting—an 18-carat dessert for a hot weather meal is this jellied fruit cup! Ever so easy to make.

Photograph courtesy Knox Gelatine





Photograph Amer. Meat Institute

When sweet corn's in season and butter is a collector's item, make Squaw Corn flavored with crisp bacon bits, onion and green pepper.

SQUAW CORN

6 strips bacon
¼ cup diced green pepper
2 tablespoons minced onion
2½ cups freshly cut kernel corn
⅔ pound liverwurst, thickly sliced*
⅔ pound bologna, thickly sliced*
3 tablespoons bacon fat
Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Cook bacon to delicate brown in heavy frying pan. Remove from fat and cut 3 strips in small pieces. Pour off half the fat; add green pepper and onion and cook over low heat until pepper and onion are tender. Add drained corn and diced bacon; reheat. Have liverwurst and bologna cut into thick slices. Heat bacon fat in frying pan, cook liverwurst and bologna until delicate



Janie cooks dinner—a very logical sequel to "Janie Gets Married!" Joan Leslie, whom you've been seeing as Janie, is a good little cook and loves to putter in the kitchen.

brown. To serve, place corn in center of platter and arrange sausage and remaining bacon strips around the corn. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

* Or, omit liverwurst and bologna and add ½ cup sliced Brazil nuts to corn.

EGG PLANT BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 medium onions, minced
1 clove garlic, minced
4 or 5 ripe, or 2 cups canned, tomatoes
½ green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon brown sugar
Few grains cayenne
1 dash allspice
½ bay leaf, crumbled
1 medium egg plant, sliced
Salt and pepper
Grated American cheese

Make a regular tomato sauce as follows: Brown onion in melted fat over low heat. Add minced garlic, tomatoes, green pepper and brown sugar. Simmer gently, covered, about 15 minutes. Remove cover and continue simmering until sauce is thick and rich. About 10 minutes before sauce is done, add salt, cayenne, allspice and crumbled bayleaf. In the meantime, slice egg plant about ½ inch thick. Either boil about 10 minutes in salted water, or sprinkle with salt and pepper and sauté slowly in fat until tender. Place layer of egg plant in greased baking dish. Spread with part of tomato sauce. Add another layer of egg plant and sauce until used. Sprinkle top with grated American cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes or until brown. Serves 4 to 6.

GOLDEN FRUIT CUP

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup orange juice
½ cup orange sections*
½ cup red grapes (halved and seeded)*
⅓ cup chopped nut meats

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add sugar and lemon juice and cool. Add orange juice, and chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in fruit and nuts. Pour into a large bowl or mold, rinsed out in cold water first, and chill until firm. When ready to serve, heap into sherbet glasses and serve either plain or with a custard sauce. Serves 6.

* Other combinations of fruit may be used.

APPELICIOUS

¼ pound oatmeal or graham crackers
3 large firm apples, peeled and sliced*
½ teaspoon cinnamon, optional
1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk
½ cup water

Butter a baking dish and line with oatmeal crackers which have been coarsely crumbled. Cover with layer of apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon, if desired. Repeat until crackers and apples are all used. Blend sweetened condensed milk and water. Pour over crackers and apples. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Uncover and bake 10 minutes longer. Serve warm with lemon sauce or thin cream. Serves 8.

* Other fresh fruit such as peaches, plums or halved seeded grapes may be used instead.



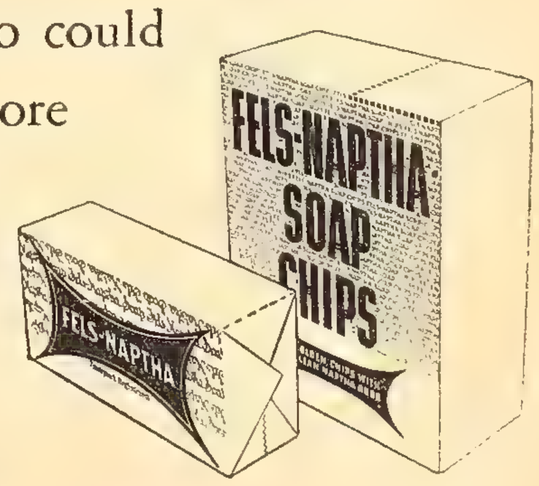
"Dear Diary"

Let's pretend that you still keep a diary—even though you *are* a 'settled', married woman. And then let's pretend today was washday

Would you write something like this . . . ?

Dear Diary: *Not too much to write this time. Did the usual huge, hot-weather wash today—it's a wonder I'm not worn to a frazzle. But between you and me, Diary, with Fels-Naptha Soap on hand to help, washday's almost a pleasure.*

We know a lot of women who could write this—and a great deal more about the satisfaction of washing with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap. And—*they wouldn't be pretending!*



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"34 Pounds Gone— I Feel Years Younger"

—says Edith McCormick

Wife and mother regains slim figure and new vitality—at home.

At 31, Mrs. Edith McCormick of Johnston City, Illinois, weighed 150, wore a size 20, was getting a "middle-aged spread." Her skin was dry, her hair hard to manage; she was tired all the time. Wisely she enrolled for the DuBarry Home Success Course. What happened seemed like magic. In 8 weeks, she lost 34 pounds. She now wears size 11. Her skin is now soft and smooth, her hair lovely. Skillful make-up gave her natural good looks a girlish glamour. "This," she says, "is my dream of life come true."



Lost: 34 pounds

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Waist 4½″ less

Abdomen 9″ less

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Before

After

"The Success Course has helped me in so many ways," says Edith McCormick. "I feel as though I had turned back the years and started life over. Now I have more vitality than 10 years ago."

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Wouldn't you like to be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, look and feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It shows you how to follow, *at home*, the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to achieve your ideal weight, remodel your figure, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—look better, feel better, be at your best.

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Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

"Why not?" asked Aunt Tenny briskly.

So he did a monologue called "The Jew," and did it so magnificently, so sensitively, that his audience scarcely breathed while he spoke. When it was over, Aunt Anne and Aunt Tenny were frankly bawling, and Dick and Walt were stunned.

Bob had been at the Academy just a short while when he met a gal. Obviously. Always a sort of casual dresser, he began to take endless pains with his tie, he started laboring over his hair.

"Who is she?" Walt asked him one morning, waiting for a turn at the mirror.

"Who? Oh, her?" Bob swivelled around, blushing. "Name's Phyllis Isely." And that was Jennifer. For weeks his brothers listened to Bob eulogize her acting.

"What does she look like?" they'd ask, envisoning something very blond and vaguely hussy-ish.

"She's beautiful," he'd say. "Eyes like—I don't know. You can't describe Phyl."

She lived in Oklahoma and during Christmas vacation she went home for a visit. Bob was lost for two weeks, feverish on the day she was due back. "Take it easy," Walt said. "She can't be that good." Accompanied by Walter and his mom—who was in town for the holidays—Bob met her train.

here's my gal . . .

"There she is," he yelled, and he ran to meet her. "Mom, this is Phyl," he said when he could get his breath, and he was so proud of her he could hardly stand it. Mrs. Walker, who had been prepared for mascara and black lace stockings, looked at the sweet heart-shaped face, the gentle brown eyes.

"Why, hello, dear," she said, and she took her arm and walked up the ramp. A pace or two behind them, Bob turned to Walt, and they exchanged a wink that was the equivalent of a long, low whistle.

"Say, she's all right," Walt whispered.

The family definitely approved, and just about a year later, when they were eighteen and nineteen respectively, Phyl and Bob were married. They were working in radio in Tulsa (Phyl's hometown) and they were married quietly at her home. When it was over, they called Walt.

"Hey, Walt," Bob shouted, rice and confetti in his voice, "someone wants to talk to you."

"Mrs. Walker. Mrs. *Bob* Walker. We just got married."

Eighteen and nineteen—a couple of infants, Walt thought. But they were really in love.

By the time they came back to New York, via an unsuccessful go at Hollywood, Dick was working in San Francisco and Wayne was still in Washington. The kids sort of clung to Walt. He was always there with the moral support, and as often as not a ten-spot to help them through their unemployment crises. "Look," Bob would say every once in a while. "Supposing I *never* get an acting job. I'm going to get a job at Macy's or some place."

"Don't be a dope," Walt would tell him. "You're not some dime-a-dozen ham. You're *good*." It was Walt who'd periodically restored their faith in themselves, who'd stake them to steak when they looked kind of lean and hungry, who thought it was swell, not grim, when they told him he was going to be a godfather. When Bob got his first real break in radio, you'd have thought it had happened to Walter, he was so happy. He couldn't listen to him on the morning soap operas, but his maid did, and she'd regale him with a blow by blow account at dinner.

"It was like this in 'John's Other Wife' today, Mr. Walker," she'd say. Or, " 'Stella Dallas' was terribly sad this afternoon. I almost hate to tell you . . ." In the evening, Walt would arrange his dates so that he could keep up with "Maudie's Diary."

Things were picking up for the young Walkers about then, and they moved from their $16-a-month flat in the Village to a place in the country.

Now and then they'd lure Walt down. Some vital course of the Sunday dinner invariably burned; he had to share the couch with Inky, the cocker. Why, he'd sometimes ask himself, would he leave his comfortable apartment for a deal like that? The answer was, of course that he was fond of the Bob Walkers, kind of nuts about their little Bobby.

As their prosperity increased, they moved first to Garden City, where Michael was born, then to Sands Point. At that juncture, Bob was doing very well, and they were able to have a nurse for the youngsters. Phyl began going into the city job-hunting and—if you'll forgive a twice-told tale—that was when one of Selznick's talent scouts saw her. She went to Hollywood to test for "Keys to the Kingdom," telephoned Bob to say she'd landed "Bernadette."

She took the children with her, and Bob, with a dozen radio commitments, stayed home. Finally, sick with loneliness, he persuaded his agent to wangle him a screen test at M-G-M, and he and Walt closed the house in Sands Point. Walter went to the train with him, and when they said goodbye that time, it was for more than three long years. Those were eventful years. For the world generally. And for the Walkers particularly. When Walt came back from the ETO this spring, they had a lot of catching up to do.

He was discharged from Camp Kilmer, and right afterwards he got a plane West to spend two weeks with his kid brother. Only he wasn't his kid brother any more.

"You look fat."

"Sure. I live right." Bob told him.

"You mean you're actually eating now?"

"Three times a day." Maybe oftener, as it turned out. Bob's a snack man now. An avacado here, a hamburger there. It was a revelation to his brother. They walked into Bob's apartment and Walt was floored.

"It's so neat . . ." Walker was never like this. There were other surprises. He saves his money now, he's developed a fabulous business head, he's crazy about music—knows something about it.

no more nerves . . .

They were a wonderful two weeks, with a lot of serious talk, but with a lot of fun too. There was the night Miss Photoflash of 1945 from Chicago appeared in Hollywood. She was to have a screen test and a date with her favorite movie star—Bob Walker. They made it a foursome (Hedda Hopper went along with Walt) and it was a gay, gay business. There were so-called quiet evenings at home when Pete Lawford would drop in and play every record Bob owned, with the volume pushed up high. There was the exciting day on the set of "Watch the Clouds Roll By" when Walt saw Bob doing Jerome Kern at seventy, complete with paunch and grey hair; saw him do a scene over five times without getting edgy or self-conscious about it.

"How come?" Walt asked him, remembering the old days. "What did you do with your nerves?"

Bob grinned, the slow one that starts in his eyes and works down. "I'm a big boy now."

The day he was leaving, Walt smacked him on the shoulders. "Hate to see you go, kid." Bob looked at him, and looking, remembered a lot of things. Sentimental, corny, heart-warming things. He stuck out his hand.

"Give the lady your ninety-nine cents," he said. "You can see me any time."

And, speaking as a Walker fan, for our dough that's the nice part of it.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT VAN JOHNSON

HIS FRIENDS

(Continued from page 31)

hell breaking loose outside. The manager slipped Van out by the freight elevator. He tried to hail a cab but the word was out. The sidewalk crowd hemmed Van like a skirt. There was an awful ruckus before he finally shook loose and roared off to the station. He was still sweating when the train, which he'd just made, pulled out. "Gosh!" heaved Van, "what a surprise!"

"Are you kidding?" panted the p.a. But the funny part is—Van wasn't—not at all.

Sometimes Van's friends are inclined to think he's not right bright. "That guy!" they explode. "Been a star for three years and he still doesn't know what bit him—the lovable, wonderful goof!" That naivete may be tough on press agents, at times, but it also adds up to the rarest charm Van Johnson as a person holds for all his friends. He may be the brightest young star in the Hollywood heavens, but Van himself hasn't changed a bit.

He's still friendly as a pup, wide-eyed with the wonder of it all, happy as a lark, eager as a beaver about everything that happens, and busting to pay back the whole world for what it's done for him.

something for the boys . . .

Van was traveling across the country once with his pal, Keenan Wynn, when the train came to a halt beside a troop train pulled up on the siding. Van has a habit of swinging off every time his train stops. This time Van roamed up and down the troop train shooting the breeze with a bunch of sailors, because it turned out to be a Navy hospital section returning Pacific veterans to their homes. To Keenan he confessed he was a little worried how these wounded vets would feel about a wartime Hollywood glamor boy. It looked like he had something there, too, when a bandaged sailor yelled,

"Van Johnson! Boy, have we been waiting to see you!"

"Nuts," beamed Van. "I'm not such a much."

"Oh, yes you *are!*" chorused a bunch of swabbies. "You're *wonderful!*" Van felt his neck turn red and his heart flopped. This was what he'd been worrying about. "Look, Van," piped up a sailor. "When we're in port we never miss one of your pictures—not one!"

"Go on, you guys," protested Van miserably, walking right into it. "You're kidding. I'm not that good an actor."

"We wouldn't know about the acting," cracked the sailor. "But when we take in one of your shows it's a cinch to pick up a dame!"

Van has cards to most of the private beach clubs around Hollywood, but he's the type who tosses his shorts into his Ford and rolls down to the public beach in Santa Monica. One day, blissfully thinking nobody knew him from Adam, Van barged into a volley ball game on the public sands. "Mind if I play?" he grinned. "Come on," said the busy ball boppers without looking twice. Then right in the middle of the fray, one of the girls suddenly froze and screamed, "Van—Van *JOHNSON!*" The game was over right then. Pete Lawford hauled the innocent ringer back to his car and roared him away, but by that time the whole beach was boiling.

The pair was rambling around town one Saturday afternoon when a gang of UCLA fraternity boys passed. They spotted

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To hide your things from view!
From wardrobes down to shoe chests
Decorate with E-Z-DO!

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AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

Pete, who used to take tickets at the Westwood Village Theater and rates as a home town boy. One enterprising promoter hailed them and asked Pete and Van to a dance the frat was tossing that night. Pete demurred. He didn't want to spend his Saturday night in a free-for-all, but Van beat him to the "No."

"I haven't got a thing to do," he blurted. "That's a swell idea." Pete was horrified as he visualized the riot—but he swallowed and said "Thanks." He thought Van was just giving the boys a nice brush-off. He found he was wrong. The big bunny was actually all steamed up about going, hustled to Pete's house, shaved and showered, and they rolled up to the collegiate clambake. It was a big success, of course.

puppy-friendly . . .

As any friend of Van's learns sooner or later, he isn't putting on an act about liking people—all people. That's because a large part of his life he's been lonesome, as a motherless boy in Newport and as a struggling nobody around New York. Hollywood is Van's first real chance to indulge the warm heartedness that's the core of his makeup and he loves it. When, on the other hand, he thinks he's not wanted, he shrivels up like a persimmon and is very, very unhappy. Esther Williams found that out when she married Ben Gage.

Esther's first job before a movie camera was a bit dancing with Van in "A Guy Named Joe." Van had a big part; the dance floor scene was all that it was for Esther, but oh, what it seemed to be. She was as nervous as a witch and practically paralyzed until Van calmed her down so she could move her feet. They made "Thrill of a Romance" after that and "Easy to Wed" and Esther got to know Van well enough to tell him off about the onion sandwiches which he adores and always manages to eat right before a love scene.

After months of movie association with Van, Esther feels like a sister to him, so when she married Ben, Van was right at the top of her invitation list.

Day before Esther's wedding, Van was playing tennis with Gene Kelly and Peter Lawford. They talked about Esther's nuptials on the next day, but Van didn't say a thing, just swatted balls solemnly. 'You're going, aren't you, Van?" they asked.

"Uh-uh," said Van slamming a forehand out of the court, "I wasn't asked."

"Don't be silly," they said. "You know Esther wants you. We'll pick you up."

"No," said Van, "I'm not invited."

It never occurred to the big dope that Esther's invitation had got buried under the stack of fan mail which swamps Van every day and has to be answered as he gets around to it. Esther's wedding came and went. Van didn't go. Esther was hurt. She called him up next day and asked why he didn't show up. She said he was one of the first friends she'd invited by mail.

"Gee," heaved Van happily. "I'm sure glad you called. I thought you didn't want me. So I stayed home all that Sunday singing the blues!"

Van has the warm faculty of making friends with everyone he ever works with. He understudied Gene Kelly back in his New York struggle days in "Pal Joey" and they've been great pals ever since. One of Van's most precious possessions is a wrist watch Gene gave him. It's the first watch Van ever owned and Van prized it above almost everything. When a crowd of fans mobbed him in Washington last winter, the watch got lost in the crush. Van was sick with disappointment, but the happy ending to the tragedy was worth the few hours of anxiety. A fan turned up at Van's hotel with the watch. "I saw on the back where Gene Kelly gave you this," he explained. "I knew you'd be worrying so I hustled over." Nobody can knock fans to Van after that. They're his favorite people.

Sometimes it's intimate experiences that weld sentimental Van to his friends for keeps, but just a mere part in a picture can make him feel almost the same way.

Phyllis Thaxter played Van's wife in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Then she married a real life husband and took a vacation from pictures to have her baby girl, Susan. Phyllis hadn't seen Van for over a year. She was lying in a hospital in Evanston, Illinois, where she'd gone to have her baby, because it was her husband's home town. One day orchids arrived, the card signed with just a big scrawly "VAN." The only "Van" Phyllis knew was Van Johnson, but she couldn't believe it was he. Van was in Hollywood, he didn't even know she was in Evanston. But it was the Van she knew, all right. He proved it a few minutes later by barging in with more flowers and a big grin and making Phyllis' hospital chart do dipsy-doos as he regaled her with all the latest news from M-G-M. He was passing through Chicago and ran out to Evanston just to see her. How he knew she was there Phyllis never found out. But that's typical Johnson; he never forgets a friend.

Van's current passion is tennis. On weekends, Van teams up at Gary Cooper's with a Hollywood tennis set who know their stuff—racquet experts like Joe Cotten, Walter Pidgeon, and Peter Lawford. Van's naturally on the awkward side physically anyway and at tennis he's just a pigeon compared to those court killers. But they like to play with him because he's got no false pride or temperament and he takes his regular lickings as happily as if he'd won, which is practically never. The other day Van felt he was pretty sharp, at last, so he challenged Pete Lawford to a match. The whole Hollywood Sunday tennis set was there with their wives and girl friends, so he had an audience. Pete turned on the heat and Van got creamed in two sets —6-0, 6-1. Instead of being crushed and embarrassed, Van beamed at the crowd.

"See me win that last game?" he crowed.

amateur's prediction . . .

His friends have discovered that the big lug can take a ribbing on anything—the screaming Argyle socks he loves and washes tenderly himself, the flaming red bathrobe he races around the M-G-M lot in, the nightclub milk binges he's subject to now and then, the telephoneitis that almost wears out M-G-M's wires between camera takes. Van can laugh off being tagged the "worst dressed star in Hollywood." He's not even sore when fans sneak by his hotel room, and catch him padding around in nothing but shorts. In short, Van owns a disposition made in Heaven, and he couldn't be jealous if he tried.

One morning, not long ago, Van was taking a hike in Bel-Air when a car pulled up beside him and an officious lady leaned out. "You're Van Johnson, aren't you?"

"Yes," admitted Van.

"Good!" nodded the lady. "Well, how would you like to come to the spring dance at the Westlake School for Girls?" She was a teacher there, she said, and she thought Van Johnson would add something to the affair.

Van asked when it was, but on that date he was busy and he said so regretfully. The excuse didn't register with the lady.

"Mister Johnson," she said severely. "Last year Peter Lawford came to our dance. Now," she lectured, "you wouldn't want Peter Lawford to get ahead of you, would you?"

Van stifled a grin and put on his most resigned, lugubrious expression.

"Let's face it," sighed Van gloomily. "That's bound to happen sooner or later!"

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT VAN JOHNSON

HIS CO-WORKERS

(*Continued from page 31*)

Conway came on the set to meet his cast and start his picture he stopped cold when he passed the camera. Pasted on the side was the Lampoon's blast at Jack's stars —whom he'd never heard about. Soon as he read it, out of their dressing rooms popped Van and June.

"Congratulations, Mr. Conway," they chorused. "Lucky you—look who *you've* got!"

No star in Hollywood has more fun kidding his fantastic fame and, at the same time, no star has more fun booting it along than Van Johnson. If they held a popularity contest at M-G-M tomorrow, Van Johnson would win it hands down.

Grips, cameramen, directors, messenger girls, producers, publicity men, stars—you can't knock Van to them. Mention his name to people like Van's favorite photographer, Milt Brown, and they'll all say: "Johnson? I've worked with them all from Garbo on up and down—and for my dough Van is absolutely tops!" You can get that answer again from all directions, wherever you ask. "Johnson? Swell guy—the best!"

easy to handle . . .

It's a maxim around any Hollywood studio that the bigger the star gets, the harder he is to handle. Not Van. The other day M-G-M's publicity gang was holding a huddle on "High Barbaree." By accident Van happened to barge in on the meeting. He found out what was going on. "Hey—" he protested in a slighted tone. "I didn't know you guys had these things. Why doesn't someone tell me what gives around here? Here're some ideas I have." From then on Van took over the meeting. Turned out he did have some ideas—and goodies, too. One, typically Johnson, was that kids from local high school and college papers who want to interview him get that chance regularly, once a week at the studio. "I'll invite 'em myself," offered Van. "Gosh—it was kids who made me!"

Most big stars duck chores like that. They duck picture sittings, too, and reasonably so, because it's work and they're camera silly after as many movies as a star like Van Johnson makes. But again—not Johnson. He even comes up with suggestions. Otto Dyar, who shoots the still pictures on "High Barbaree," doesn't have to haunt Van, chase, tackle and hog-tie him to get a shot. On the contrary, Van bombards Otto with ideas. He gave up his noon hour the other day to shoot a medical laboratory layout, a Johnson inspiration, because Van plays a Harvard medical student in the film. Once Milt Brown had a layout request from a magazine. Van had knocked off two pictures in a row and was making added scenes. The minute he finished he was set to leave for the East. He didn't have an hour to spare anytime in the day. But the layout meant a lot to Milt. He'd promoted it, worked it up and now Van didn't have time. Nuts. He mentioned it regretfully to Van.

always obliging . . .

"Can you do it tonight?" Van asked.

"Sure I can, but what about you?"

"It would be fun for me," said Van, speaking the truth. "But it's work for you." The Alphonse-Gaston routine went on until finally Milt asked, "What time?" and Van told him. They worked until midnight and then Van finally got around to having some supper. It's not that Van's a publicity hound or a lens louse. He needs pictures and publicity like he needs a hole in his



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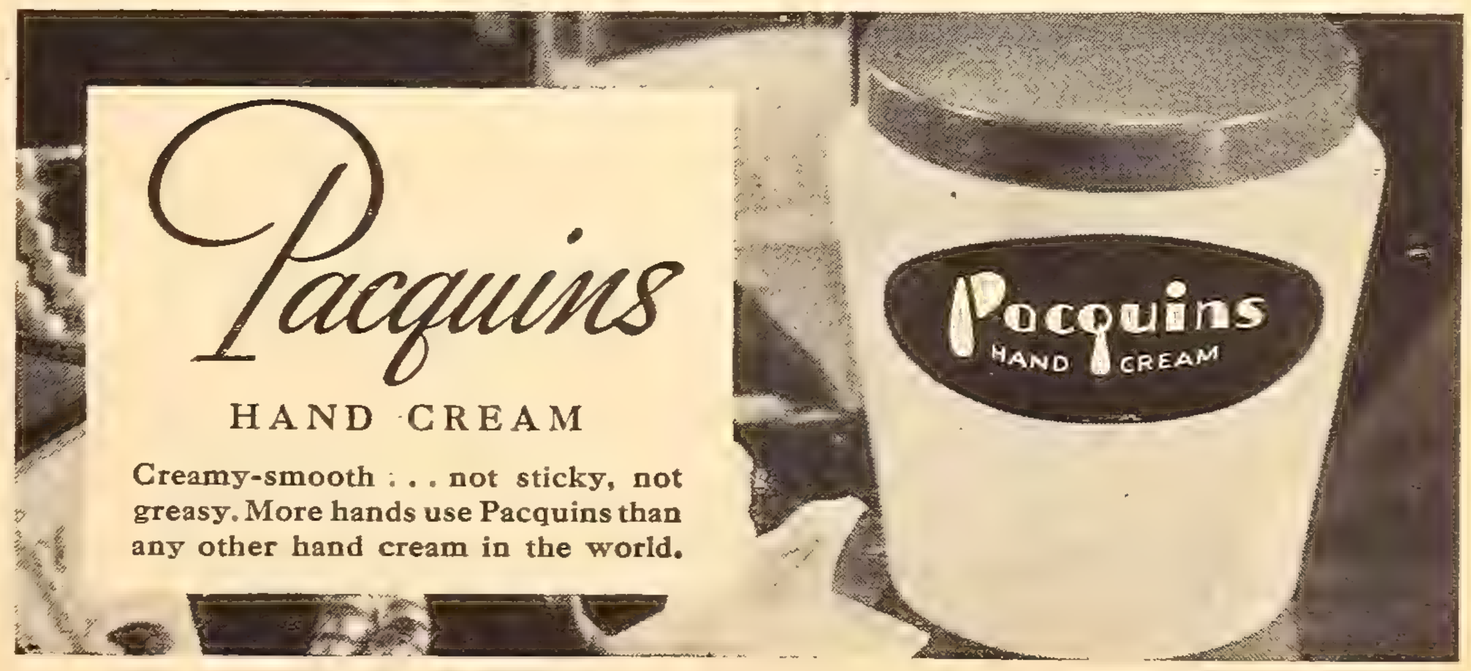
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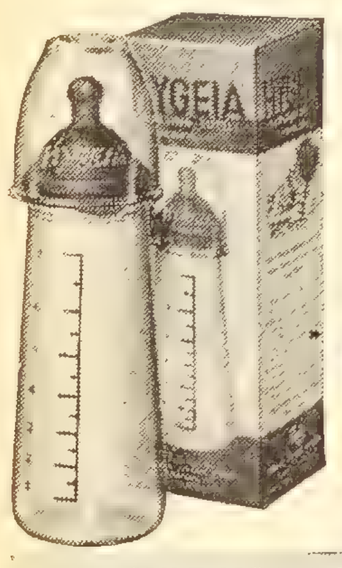
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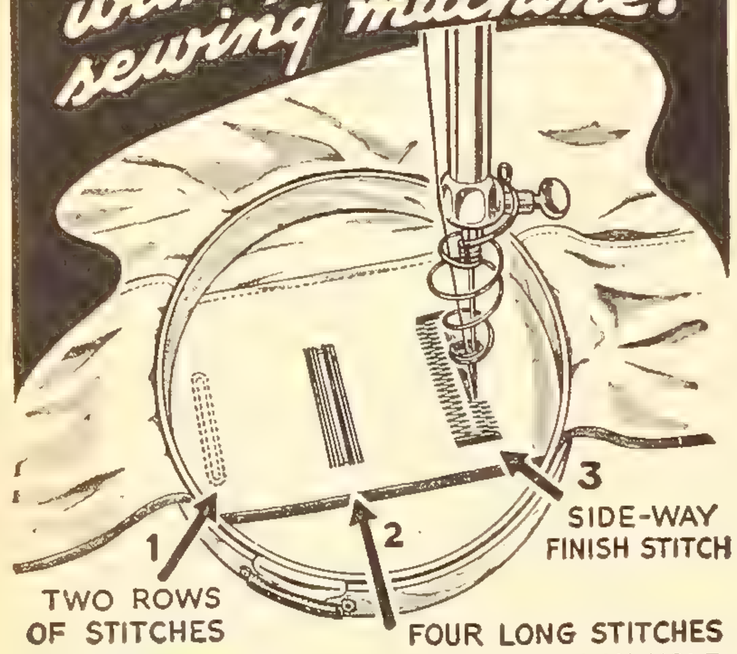
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tow head. It's just that to Van Johnson nothing connected with a studio can honestly be called work.

On his trip back home to Newport last year, Van slept in his old room in the bed he was born in. As he sank into the old familiar mattress, Van happened to let his eyes rest on the wall. Tacked there was a picture of Joan Crawford, signed with the familiar "Sincerely yours." Van's mind raced back to the days, not too far back, when he was a loyal member of the Joan Crawford Fan Club in good standing. "Gosh!" he yelped, leaping out of the hay and snatching it off the wall. "I've got to show her this." The edges were curled and yellowed, but Van packed the ancient still in his bag and the first thing he did when he got to Hollywood was take it over to Joan and show her. Joan is one of his best friends in Hollywood but at that Van couldn't help blurting, "I can't believe I really know you!"

Another idol of Van's who gets him ga-ga is Katharine Hepburn. She's making a picture at M-G-M now, "Sea of Grass," and Van gets dizzy as a bobby-soxer every time he sees her. So far Katie hasn't deigned to notice him or even nod when they pass. "If she'd only say, 'Hello there, Johnson,' or something," he sighs, "I'd be happy!"

he's sincere . . .

Any one less icy than Hepburn, however, can't help melting at Van's admiration. It's the most potent form of flattery, because unlike designing flattery, it's sincere.

Van has a way of being a fan of all the people he works with, and he has a natural talent for tagging them right on their soft spots, which doesn't exactly make them mad. In his dressing room, for instance, Van has framed a couple of pictures, both attesting to his natural instinct for unconscious flattery. One's a caricature of Van by Xavier Cugat, the other an etching by Lionel Barrymore. Cartooning is Cugat's real weakness and etching is Barrymore's hobby. They'd both rather be great at these efforts than at rhumba bands or emoting. Van's sincere admiration of their favorite talents inspired both gifts, both intimate. Cugat's Johnson cartoon burlesques Van's frank, uppish nose and the cowlick that always sticks out behind his ears and Lionel Barrymore's print is inscribed, "To Van Johnson—with affection and envy of his lousy youth. I hope he lives to be a dirty old man." They're both Johnson rooters, and no wonder. But then almost everyone is at M-G-M, and not because Johnson's necessarily bursting with blarney. He can dig a gag himself, too, and get by with it.

Jack Conway is pretty proud of being a Hollywood old timer and he never lets Van forget that he was directing pictures before Van was born. Van heard that crack for the hundredth time or so, then he acted. He went to the prop department, picked out the creakiest old rocking chair he could find, dolled it up with a red ribbon and one morning lugged it on the set and placed it before Jack. "Here, grandpop," Van offered. Then he draped a shawl around Jack's shoulders and put a cane in his hand. Jack chucked the shawl and cane but he still uses the rocker.

Van lives at the Bel-Air Hotel and his Hollywood fans soon got hep to that. They started waiting on the corners Van was bound to pass until they got to be "regulars" and by now Van wouldn't miss his morning chats for the world. The girls park themselves strategically along the route to the studio. If they just wave, Van waves, too, but if they crook their fingers he pulls in to the curb. That means they've got something to tell him. It always takes a good half hour to make the zig-zag tour before Van can break away for M-G-M, where the last stand of "regulars" always waits right near the gate. That's a "must" stop every day, because Van simply can't breeze on in with his head in the air. Memories are too fresh in that head about when he was one of those kids himself.

That may be why Van eats up another activity that's a bore to most stars. He likes to handle all his own mail personally. He's got his set dressing room chronically jammed with letters, and between camera takes he hustles over, signs his pictures, addresses the envelopes and slips them in for mailing. June Allyson noted this during "High Barbaree" and sat down and started to help Van—but just once. "Hey—*no!*" he yelped. "You might put one in the wrong envelope!"

Van also keeps a typewriter on his dressing table. It's an old portable he blew himself to when he got his first Hollywood contract at Warner Brothers, the one that didn't pan out, years ago. Owning a typewriter to Van then, symbolized affluence, and, as he is about all things, Van's still sentimental about that rickety keyboard. He pecks out personal answers to fan letters that appeal to him, full of dots and dashes and crossed out, uneven words, via the hunt and peck system. Van's a demon correspondent. When he goes on a trip everybody at the studio from the janitor to Louis B. Mayer gets "Wish you were here" postcards. Les Peterson, an M-G-M executive, who took Van back to the President's birthday ball last year, came upon him one day in the hotel room swamped with cards. He'd begged every last picture postcard the Shoreham Hotel had and they were all over the bedspread and carpet drying. Van had packed along his private address book on the trip and gone right through it, scrawling the address and a huge "V A N" on the message side. Everybody he knew in the studio got one.

Van heard about a studio secretary who had lost her job. A little messenger girl friend of his told him. She was so-and-so's —a big shot's—typist and she had liked her job. She was very, very sad. The messenger girl hinted that maybe Van could do something about it. She didn't have to hint very loud. Van rushed right over to the producer's office. He didn't know the girl, but he put in a plug just as if he knew her and the producer started grinning.

"You know why I fired her?" he asked.

"Of course not," said Van. "I can't see why in the world you did—that's the point."

"Because," chuckled the big shot. "She wasn't here half the time. You know where she was?"

a favor? . . .

"No."

"On a set," he said, "sighing over a guy named Van Johnson! Keep her off your set and she can have her job back."

Van promised and the girl got her job back, but the triumph was bitter-sweet. Van did a good deed but he lost a worshipping fan.

People who work closest to Van are always his most rabid boosters. Don Anderson has been Van's stand-in for a couple of years now. Van always promotes Don a part, too, in all his pictures. In spite of Van's dizzy rise to fame, Don's as easy and relaxed with him as he would be with a roommate. One of Van's daily chores is to pick up Don on the way to the studio. Van's always on time—Don's usually late. But instead of honking his horn impatiently, yelling or raising a fuss, Van curls up behind the wheel, unfolds his morning newspaper and catches up on Dick Tracy while Don's throwing on his clothes or slupping an extra cup of coffee. He's never seen Van sore about anything yet.

It was Don, too, who inadvertently started Johnson off on his private 'tea'

program. One afternoon at low-ebb time, Don happened to say, "Boy, a doughnut and coffee would sure taste swell."

"You like doughnuts?" asked Van. "Listen, I know where they make the best doughnuts in California. Hey, that's an idea."

Next afternoon a delivery truck rolled in the M-G-M gates loaded with crullers and big pots of coffee for Van's whole picture company. It's a custom by now. It's always Van's party and everyone's invited. He calls it "Johnson teatime." Don't ask me why, when it's coffee.

Van's coffee happy—he keeps a thermos on his dressing table and gulps it all day long—but that's not the reason for his daily treat. He just likes to do something for everyone who does anything for him; it's almost a complex and it comes from his gratitude for his luck in this world.

Van gets a terrific kick out of giving presents. For years when he was busted, he couldn't; so now he's having fun making up. He had a new car delivered to his Dad back in Newport the other day. June Allyson gets flowers for every sequence they finish in "High Barbaree." Susan Peters can't eat all the candy Van sends her regularly since she's had her spell in bed. Any of Van's friends unwise enough to mention needing anything finds it delivered pronto. Evie Wynn—Keenan's wife—casually mentioned she needed a lamp on the piano at her house. One came over from Van, bigger than the piano, practically.

he can't forget . . .

Everyone at M-G-M and around Hollywood, too, stars and nobodys, were so swell to Van during his accident that he can't forget. Today let anyone on the M-G-M lot have a bad health break and Van's the first one over with sickbed cheer. He's been a loyal caller at Susan Peters' house since her hunting accident. He stayed away from work three days to camp at Keenan Wynn's bedside when his pal lay unconscious from a motorcycle smashup. Photographer Milt Brown had a serious siege of illness recently and Van scurried daily on a twenty-mile trip, after a full day on the set, to keep him cheered up. It's got to be such a habit with Van that by now he doesn't even have to know the patient. Milt mentioned a tragic case at the Hollywood hospital, a man who'd been paralyzed for fourteen years. Van went up, introduced himself and included him in his daily rounds. Last winter in Washington, Van made an appearance at the Soldiers' Hospital while little Margaret O'Brien visited the Children's Hospital. They were both cabbing to the railroad station when Maggie mentioned a little girl who had Van's picture on the wall by her bed. "I've got to see her!" cried Van. He had the driver go the fifteen miles back to the hospital so he could shake her hand.

When he can't find someone to visit, Van walks in unannounced at the Pasadena Regional and Birmingham General, two veterans' hospitals near Hollywood. Bedridden GIs have got used to him now, so he makes it every week. He got pretty worked up recently about the sad state of veterans' benefits from these visits, so the other day Van sat down and wrote a letter to President Truman all about that.

The truth is, the bigger Van Johnson's career grows, the bigger his heart expands and the bigger his basic gratitude swells for the way the world has treated him. He never lets himself forget that. He can still remember every rung on the ladder up. If he ever goes back down again—he'll find friends all along the way.

Van and Les Peterson, the M-G-M exec who used to handle Mickey Rooney's career, were rattling on the train towards Washington one night last February. They shared a drawing room and Les, in the

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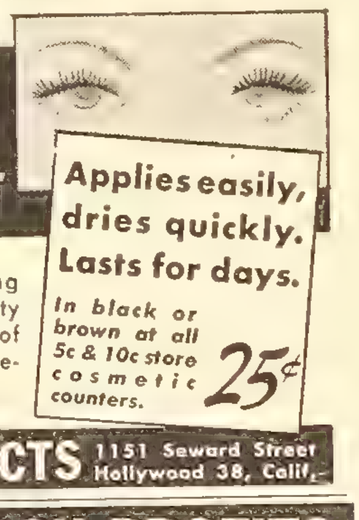
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upper, heard Van tossing and turning down below. He stood it until around three a.m. when he said, "Hey, aren't you asleep yet?"

"Nope," came back Van. "Not a wink. I've been thinking," he explained. "Four years ago you brought Mickey Rooney to the Capitol Theater in Washington during the President's Birthday Ball, didn't you?" That was right, Les said.

"I saw you and Mickey," Van went on, "I was in a vaudeville act called 'Eight Boys From Manhattan.' Song and dance. I was playing the Capitol that week. You don't remember me, do you?" Les said no.

"Then," continued Van, talking in the dark, "the next year you brought back Mickey again for the Ball. I was at the Capitol that week, too. I was Buster West's straight man. Remember the act?"

"No," admitted Les.

"I didn't think so," sighed Van. "I made seventy-five a week then and I thought I was plenty lucky." That's what had been keeping Van Johnson awake as the train highballed through the night, headed for the Birthday Ball of the President of the United States. He'd been reeling his memory backwards. He hadn't forgotten a thing.

"And now," Van was saying wonderingly, "here I am on a train headed for Washington in the same spot Mickey was—a Hollywood star invited to the White House. Golly!" Les didn't say anything. What was there to say? But Van said it.

"Now I ask you," sighed Van. "How come?"

Maybe Van Johnson will never get the answer to that. But until he does, he's not going to take himself too seriously or stop giving thanks.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

(Continued from page 57)

have been funny—when it would have taken far less indeed to make me howl with tears instead of laughter. I remember a certain necktie, for instance. Stan forgot I'd given it to him. "Here's a tie I don't like," he said, and gave it to his dad. That was the first year we were married, and I never expected to recover from the blow.

But the advantage of being married twelve years instead of one is that your perspective's improved. You've learned what matters and what doesn't. I thought back to the night before. Stan had helped me put the children to bed. We'd taken a walk through the moonlit hills after dinner, then come home to read. We'd been happy and together. I don't know a better way to celebrate your wedding anniversary.

Of course we laughed about it that night and decided that, since we'd both forgotten, neither of us could be mad at the other. Just the same, I came out winner in the end and that's another story. . . .

Last summer we moved to the La Cañada hills. Our daughter Kristin had been suffering from a sinus condition, and the doctor recommended altitude. Naturally it hadn't been easy to find a house. The one we finally found had been built by a lover of Italian architecture, and the dining room is especially vast. Our old furniture looked silly in it—

"Stan," I said, "maybe we could buy Charlie Arnt's dining room set—"

He looked up from his book, a little startled. "You mean right out from under him—?"

"I mean the one that's been in his family for years. Right now it's gathering dust in a Pasadena warehouse—"

love at first sight . . .

So Stan said why didn't I go over and take a look at it—which I promptly did, and fell in love with it at sight. Ever since, I'd been trying to get Stan to go over. He kept putting it off and, knowing how men are about such things, I'd resigned myself to a good long wait. So it was music to my ears when he said that night: "Just because we forgot our anniversary, honey, we'll go to Pasadena tomorrow and, if I like the stuff half as well as you do, we'll buy it on the spot—"

Well, it's in our dining room now and—thanks to Charlie Arnt's father—we feel it belongs to us in a rather special way. Stan and I decided we'd like to mark the occasion by giving a dinner party for the Arnts. The old gentleman's 83, but so spry and wonderful, and I think neither of us will ever forget his face when he walked in and saw the furniture that was tied up for him with the memories of fifty years. Tears came to his eyes, but next moment he was smiling at us—

"This is where it belongs," he said. "In just such a home, with just such a family—"

Stan said later: "I didn't feel it was really ours till then. Now it's almost like an heirloom—"

It's also possible that we started a family legend of our own that night. Maybe one day our children will tell their grandchildren: "I remember the night that set was first used. Our daddy had to leave the table to come up and spank us—"

morgan's gold . . .

It's a rule of the house that, when we have dinner guests, the children are not to peek over the bannisters nor make themselves in any way conspicuous. But on this particular night they were full of the dickens—overstimulated, I believe the psychologists call it. Had they stopped at peeking or giggling, Stan might have postponed action, if only to avoid a scene. But before we knew it, there they were in their nightclothes practically at the foot of the stairs. Stan pushed back his chair and asked to be excused. Out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed these two small white figures scrambling upward as fast as they could go, followed by their dignified father in his tux. A door closed on the sequel, and five minutes later Stan was back.

But when our guests had left and I went to see if the children were properly covered, he followed me in—and it didn't surprise me to hear him whisper: "Maybe I was too hard on them—" Nor did it surprise me when he came home next day with a toy telescope for Stan Jr. and a sweet little pin for Kristin's coat. And least of all did it surprise me when the children told Clare, our nursemaid: "You know, we don't really mind if Daddy punishes us, because he always brings us a present afterwards—"

In all fairness to my husband, however, I must set down that he doesn't have to bribe his way to a child's heart. They just naturally take to him, boys and girls alike. You can hear his sister Dorothy's little boy calling "Gunkle Sta-a-nley" long before he's inside the house. And at home they have to play "Gunkle Stanley's record" for him at least three times a day. Our own Jimmy calls himself "Daddy's pal." When Stan gets home early enough to play ball with our eldest, Jimmy's right in there too, chasing the ball around. Little Stan doesn't think that's such a hot idea, but it's fine with Daddy.

If any of the three has inherited his dad's singing voice, it's Jimmy. We discovered it when he was fifteen months old. Stan, who was making "Desert Song," would go round the house doing the Riff Call, and one day we heard this same unmistakable melody coming from the direction of Jimmy's playpen. It was very funny. We both happened to be in the kitchen and, as by one impulse, we lifted our heads, stood staring for a minute, then streaked outdoors. Stan got there first—

"Do it again," he said, and Jimmy did it again. Tossed it off, right on key, much as to say, think nothing of it, and went on banging two pot lids together. No parent needs to be told what a high moment that was. Right now Jimmy's going technical on us. He lies in bed mornings, and sings up and down the scales.

But little Stan's our real musician. We sometimes wish he felt a shade less intensely about it. Good music excites him so that he practically runs a temperature. After hearing "Rhapsody in Blue" just once, he sat down at the piano and played the whole first part. Kristin, who worships him anyway, thinks it's pretty white of him to be willing to play duets with her. "I know I'll never have the talent Stan does," she says. "But I try awfully hard—"

strict audience . . .

It's Little Stan who tells me when I'm off key, and it's also Little Stan who gets nervous when his father sings in church. Kris listens big eyed, but the boy sits tense and unrelaxed till the anthem's over. . . .

"Why?" Stan asked him once.

"I'm afraid you might make a mistake—"

To my husband's credit, he kept his face straight till our young music-lover was out of sight.

Sunday's a big day at our house and starts early—because we attend the 9:30 service and because our help is off. When we have help, that is. Up here in the hills, it's been something of a problem.

In any case, we're on our own Sundays. I'm up at 7, getting the breakfast started and the children out of bed. Jimmy's the least trouble, Stan the most. At 3, our Jimmy's clothes conscious and keeps wanting a wave in his hair, which is straight as a stick. Stan, on the other hand, wants to play, and whatever Stan wants, Kristin wants too. Since it takes me a good ten minutes to braid her hair, I generally have to get cross before they stop their nonsense. Meantime Big Stan's trying to sleep, though he ought to know better. Every Sunday he thinks maybe this time he can snatch that extra half hour, but I don't remember that he's ever succeeded. Out of our room his voice comes rumbling. "You kids'll never amount to anything. When I was your age—"

Neither takes that routine seriously—they're not intended to—but I'm always amused because their reactions are so different. Little Stan gets this bored look. Kristin, who's very feminine, plays right up to her daddy. And don't think she doesn't get away with it. Even when he scolds her, Stan's tone isn't quite so cross as when he scolds her brothers. He knows it, too. . . .

"Maybe I *am* softer with her," he says. "But they're boys, and I guess I expect more of them—"

I guess he does, but that's not the whole of it. Most men keep a special feeling for their daughters, especially when she's an only daughter. And no girl's too young to try her wiles on a man. I love to hear Kris on the phone with her father. She has a sweet speaking voice anyway, but with him there's this special melting quality —"Oh, *daddy!*" She's jealous, too. Since she watched Stan do a love scene with Alexis Smith, we can hardly get her to be civil to Alexis. . . .

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ABSORBINE Jr.



"You've seen movies," we tell her. "You know it's make-believe—"

"I know," says Kris, "but it still doesn't seem right—"

Those are the times when I think it might be nice to have sixteen children.

After breakfast, they get their Bibles and collection money together, and we're off. What they give to the collection is up to them. Kristin's very generous, Stan's more economical. Not long ago the church took up a special collection for the famine areas abroad, and Kris said she wanted to give two dollars—a fair percentage of her income.

"You're sure you realize how much that is?" I asked her.

"Yes, but I want to give it—"

"And you, Stan?"

"Twenty-five cents—"

So that's what each gave. Later, we talked it over, big Stan and I. "The whole point of an allowance," he said, "is to let them handle it their own way. If the kid has a saving streak, that's nothing to make him feel ashamed of. But maybe when the chance comes, we could show him how good it feels to give—"

The chance came sooner than we'd expected. One day my mother and I drove into town to pick up our laundress, and little Stan came along. "Let's get a cold drink," he said. I happened not to have any money with me, and I know he always has some—

"That's a good idea, honey. You can treat Grandma and Helen and me—"

who, me? . . .

For a moment it threw him. "Do you mean I have to pay?"

"Well, of course you don't *have* to, but I think it would be awfully nice—"

I don't mind saying that I felt like a gold-digger. But we all made a fuss about how much we'd enjoyed the drink and how fortunate we'd been to have him along—and the next time I went out with my son, he treated me of his own accord.

Of course they don't get their $1.25 allowance for free, as they frequently point out. In return for it, there are certain duties to perform. Both make their own beds—I might add that, though she's three years younger, Kristin's bed is by far the neater of the two. Now and then they help me with the dishes. When the nursemaid is busy, it's their job to watch Jimmy, who can fall into three fishponds in as many minutes and will start for the hills to hunt coyotes the minute your back is turned. Little Stan's supposed to take complete responsibility for feeding Bruce, our big Labrador retriever. He does too, only if he can delay the process till bedtime, that gives him another good five minutes to stay up. So we get this comedy—

"Bedtime, children—"

They say their goodnights and head dutifully for the stairs. Midway, little Stan snaps his fingers. "Golly, I forgot to feed Bruce. Poor Bruce—"

His daddy bends one of those glances at him. "Poor Bruce this time. Next time it just *might* be poor Stan—"

Sunday follows a kind of pattern at our house. Home for lunch after church, and the older children watch Jimmy, while I make sandwiches and Stan fixes the salad. Then the boys play catch—or football, if it's the season, with Kris chasing the ball for them. Or Stan goes over to the court for a couple of games of tennis with Don Philip, who went to college with us and used to be champ.

After a while people start dropping in. Everybody sort of entertains himself, and if they stay for supper, they help with the dishes. I usually have a ham baked up—when I can get a ham—and serve it with one hot vegetable and potato chips, and a cake for dessert. We help ourselves at the breakfast nook table and, if the weather's nice, eat out on the porch.

Then it's bedtime for the older children—Jimmy's been fed and put to bed before we have our supper. Stan and Kris are supposed to get themselves all ready, and call down to us after they've brushed their teeth—but theory and practice sometimes vary. When I hear a commotion, it's a hundred to one they're not tending to business, so I go up and do my own supervising.

Meantime Bruce stands waiting patiently for *his* pat on the head, after which he trots out to the sleeping porch and takes up his watch outside the children's door. It was Stan who trained him. "Now, Bruce," he'd say, putting him out on the porch, "your job is to watch the children—" In no time at all Bruce got the idea. Any noise sets him barking in his deep Chaliapin bass. He can nose the door open to go in or out, and sometimes at night we'll hear him lumbering down to investigate a strange sound. Once I let the children stay overnight with my mother, who lives in our guesthouse, and next morning I missed Bruce. "Didn't you know?" asked Mother. "He slept right outside the children's door all night—"

Our parties are scarcely different from what they'd have been in Michigan. Informal get-togethers like these Sunday nights. Or we'll ask another couple over for dinner and bridge. Stan and I both like the game, and have an infallible rule for avoiding post-mortems. We're never partners. The boys play opposite the girls—and usually win. Not that they're better players, if they'll excuse my saying so. Just better bluffers. . . .

I was asked to write a family story, and I have. But like any well-balanced adults—which I like to think we are—Stan and I *do* have a life apart from the children. What I most look forward to is our hunting trip each fall. Bonnie and Frank come over to look after the children, and off we go in the station wagon to Oregon or Nevada. I don't hunt myself, don't even carry a gun. Not that I have any feeling against it, but Stan's a crack marksman, and I'm afraid I might spoil some good shots for him. I love the outdoors, and the sight and smell of the woods, but the best part is being off by ourselves together. So I'm satisfied just to walk along beside Stan.

just for nuthin' . . .

Stan remembers occasions better than I do—yes, in spite of that forgotten anniversary. So I like to make up by bringing home little surprises for no occasion—pajamas or a couple of handkerchiefs or a necktie (times have changed—he likes my taste in neckties now). Another reason I do it is, he makes such a beautiful fuss. Once I was lucky enough to find four shirts in his size, and no four crown jewels could have made a greater sensation. But I think what gave me most satisfaction was his den. I had it fixed up last summer while Stan was on tour, entertaining soldiers in hospitals. Green and red are his favorite colors (except on me—he likes to see me in blue)—so there's a green couch and a red chair and another chair covered in a hunting print that matches the drapes. I was in something of a stew, because the furniture didn't arrive till the very day before he got home. But one of my pleasantest memories will always be the way my husband looked as he stood in the doorway of that room and took it in. . . .

He looked the way I felt when I got my mink coat. To understand how I felt, you've got to be told that I'm the girl who didn't want a mink coat, who told myself it was foolish to own a mink coat and really thought I meant it.

Well, last Christmas I was in bed with the flu. Just around suppertime, in walked Stan, lugging this huge box, and the children tagging behind him. Something about the size and shape of the box, something about their excited faces, made me think right away "fur coat." But the thought of mink truly never entered my head—

Of what happened next, all I remember is getting the box open somehow, and holding that wonderful softness to my cheek, and hugging Stan (I was past the infectious stage) and feeling kind of lightheaded. Especially when he said: "Look, you can do just anything with it. Drop it on the floor and step on it even—"

"Stan, don't do it—" I shrieked.

"I'm just showing you you can't hurt it, honey—don't have to save it or keep it hanging in the closet—that's what the man said—"

Till I was better, I slept with my mink coat on the foot of my bed.

As I write this, Stan's away, making "Cheyenne." I'm waiting for him to call, and my mind goes back to those first calls of our highschool days. We were so very young when we started going together, and my folks were strict, and we weren't allowed to have dates except on weekends. So after Stan got through rehearsing at church, he'd call. I'd pick up the phone and, instead of hello, I'd hear his voice singing "Always" to me. What a thrill that was I'll leave you to imagine. But my father was a doctor, and it was rather essential that his line be kept open. When people began complaining that they couldn't reach the house for forty-five minutes at a time, he put a stop to the serenades.

Later, though, they became part of our courtship and marriage. When the occasion arose and there was enough privacy, Stan would sing to me over the phone. I was ill and in the hospital for four and a half months before Jimmy was born. Stan was making "Desert Song" then. He had a piano in his dressing room, and Mario Silva would come in and play for him. At the hospital my phone would ring. I'd pick it up and, instead of hello, I'd hear Stan's voice singing "Long Live the Night." It was even sweeter than in our kid days. . . .

I doubt whether Stan will sing when he calls tonight. Arizona's a long way off, and there'll probably be plenty of people around. To tell you the truth, it doesn't matter at all. Just hello from Stan sounds to me like a serenade.

WHERE THE HEART IS . . .

(*Continued from page 47*)

because there was so much to say and no way of saying it, they looked away again and began to talk quickly, lightly, of anything that came into their heads.

Presently, Ernst told Helmut that the wire he had sent his parents from Paris had been delayed. They had received it only a short while before, had quickly gotten in touch with Ernst, who was stationed near the airport, and begged him to go to meet him.

They walked out to the street and got into Ernst's jeep, and rode along the broad avenue that took them into Vienna. It was so completely changed. It put a lump in your throat as big as blockbuster. Churches, the opera house, beloved streets —all gone. Bombed out of existence. They came to a familiar corner, and Helmut's heart was hammering. "Here," he said. "Here." But Ernst didn't turn.

"Not any more," he said. "You live down here." And then they were in front of a row of flats, and there was a little woman flying down the steps.







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"Helmut," she said. "Little one." He got out and took her in his arms.

"Mutti," he said. "Dearest Mutti." He turned then to say a word to Ernst, but he—remembering his own homecoming not so long ago—had driven away. Helmut took his mother's arm, and they went up the steps to the apartment. It was a very simple place with not much furniture, without rugs or pictures or luxuries of any kind.

"Forgive us," his mother said in her soft, dignified way. "It is quite plain." Helmut looked at her in the faded blue dress he remembered eight years ago, her sweet face so thin and her eyes streaming, and he hugged her again.

"It is good to be here," he said.

"I am so happy," his mother said. "So very, very happy." It was four o'clock then, and they had a little visit to themselves before Helmut's brother Walter (aged 25) and Mr. Dantine, who is Director of Austrian Railways, came home.

"Tell me from the beginning," his mother said, and Helmut told her the story of the seven fabulous years. Of the escape from prison and the four-week journey to America in 1938 with $2.10 in his pocket, all the way to that marvelous day in the summer of 1945, shortly after V-E Day, when he found out that he'd be going back to Vienna again.

wrapped in red tape . . .

It was sort of a miracle, this homecoming. Everyone in America with loved ones overseas wanted to go to Europe after V-E Day, but there was so much red tape to it—priorities, interviews with the War Department and all that—that Helmut had small hope of getting over for many, many months. Then, when he was appearing at the Strand Theater in New York, a wonderful thing happened. One of the editors of a national magazine who knew Dantine's background, knew that he had studied for a diplomatic career in Vienna, that he spoke many languages, and was keenly interested and well versed in European politics, offered him a job as a foreign correspondent. He'd have to remain overseas about ten weeks. Where? Mostly around Vienna. Could he arrange his plans? Oh, boy, could he!

He obtained his release from Warners' and set the wheels in motion, but it was agonizingly slow going. There were trips to Washington, then trips back to the Coast; East again, then West again. At length, in the early spring of 1946, he was ready to go. He was actually aboard the Constellation and 28 hours later he was in Vienna.

"You are home," his mother said. "This is the most wonderful thing in the world." Around six, Helmut's father and brother —Walter came in. There was some wine that Helmut had brought, and tears, and more laughter than the little flat had ever known.

Helmut dug into his bag. "I almost forgot," he said. "I brought you some little things. . . ." He took out some movie magazines, nylons and dresses for his mother, shirts, chocolate, cigarettes, a fountain pen for his dad, a watch, a dozen five-and-ten lipsticks to help Walter charm the gals. They thanked him over and over. They couldn't stop thanking him, and he wanted to weep, they were so humbly grateful and still so—so proud, if that was the right word. The cigarettes were the most wonderful gift of all. It seems that in Europe they are practically legal tender. For half a package of cigarettes you can get someone to work an eight hour day for you.

"I will take two of these packages and a piece of leather I have saved down to the shoemaker," Helmut's father said in a dreaming voice, "and I will get a new pair of shoes." It was a wonderful thing.

Later on there was supper. Not very much, of course, but the family had saved their coupons so it would be at least a small celebration. There was soup, fish, beans and some of Helmut's chocolate for dessert.

"Has it been very bad?" Helmut asked them, quietly, when they had all eaten and the dishes were done.

His mother's hands were busy with some sewing. His brother went on luxuriously lighting a cigarette. It was as if he hadn't spoken, and that is how he learned how really bad it was. It was something one didn't talk about.

No ten weeks ever flew the way those did. Helmut obtained permission to sleep at his home, but most of his days were spent traveling through Austria, witnessing historic events like the Nuremberg trials, meeting Russian General Lebedenko, Austrian President Renner, American General Mark Clark, taking a memorable ride in what they called "the chap's car"—Hitler's super-fortified limousine. When he had a free day he would visit some of his old buddies or the families of old friends who'd been lost in the war.

Everywhere he went, his old friends fell on his neck. They would all make pathetic attempts at hospitality, no matter how little they had, and listen enthralled while Helmut spoke of America.

"You mean there are many newspapers all contradicting one another?" they would gasp. And Helmut would patiently tell them about PM and the New York Herald Tribune, the Journal American and the Post, the Brooklyn Tablet and the Daily Worker. He told them about soapbox orators and the various rallies in Madison Square Garden and the variety of views we hear broadcast over our networks.

"This is unbelievable," they would say. "This is good," and they could hardly bear to let him go, so starved were they for this sort of news.

pilgrimage . . .

One nice spring Saturday, Mrs. Dantine said, "Today let us make a little pilgrimage." It was something Helmut had longed for ever since the first day, something he had not dared suggest. They went back to the lovely wide street where the trees were old and beautiful, and they stood before the ruins of a fine old house. "We were sitting in the living room," his father said matter-of-factly, "And the bomb tore through the other side of the house."

"It is a good thing we were not eating dinner," Walter said. "We would all be hamburger."

"What about furniture? Where did you get it?" Helmut asked.

"It is funny," his mother said slowly, "When people have very little, they are very generous. Everyone we know gave us something. That is why our place looks perhaps a little strange. A green lamp, a red chair. . . ."

They meandered along the familiar streets, and now and then a ragged child would approach Helmut.

"Please, mister, cigarette?" He would pronounce his three English words carefully and hold out his hand. Helmut would bewilder him by answering in German and hand him four cigarettes and a chocolate bar. After a while they came to the Hotel Kranz. It had been one of the best of all Viennese restaurants, and it had been the Dantines' favorite. They stopped and looked in. All the old atmosphere was there; the gilt-framed paintings, the brilliant chandeliers, the well-dressed waiters —some of them the same ones Helmut remembered—the fine linen and silver.

"This hasn't changed," Helmut said incredulously, and it was like finding something solid and indestructible at last. "Let's go in." The waiter gave them an excellent

table, helped Mrs. Dantine into her chair, and it was like old times. Except that there was no elegant menu. One simply ate what there was, and it was so little.

It was a very moving day, and when it was over Helmut felt like an old man. Fortunately, it was followed by a festive party at the Mark Clarks', and there is a little story behind that.

On one of Helmut's trips to Washington, he met Ann Clark, the general's cute young daughter, and she asked Helmut to do her a favor. Seems when her father had last seen her she'd had long, long hair, and now she was very sophisticated with it "upped." "When you get to Vienna," she asked him, "will you give daddy this snapshot of me with my new hair-do?" He said of course he would. "And when *I* get to Vienna," she went on, "will you waltz with me to 'Tales From the Vienna Woods?'" Helmut said of course, again, and they both laughed, never dreaming that they'd be there at the same time. Helmut had even forgotten the incident when he walked into the Clark's that evening. Then the orchestra played "Tales From the Vienna Woods," and he remembered. Ann was dancing with a young lieutenant when he cut in.

"Remember?" he grinned. "We made a date for this waltz 3,000 miles away and at least six months ago." And it was a very light-hearted waltz and Helmut went home feeling young again.

come to california . . .

The days went faster, and now it was May. People were busy in their gardens, the first gardens in so long. There were concerts in the park and operas every night.

"Vienna is a beautiful city," Mrs. Dantine said.

"Yes," Helmut answered. He put an arm around her thin shoulders. "Could I ever lure you away from it for a little while? Will you come and visit me in California?" Helmut would like them to make their home in this country, but he understands that when you grow older you are not so easily transplanted. He is very tactful.

"Visit," Mutti said cautiously, "Well, I *might* visit."

The day Helmut left Austria, he took his mother and father to the Hotel Bristol (where the correspondents stayed and had their meals). Once a week during his stay he had been allowed two guests, and he had always taken his mother and dad.

"Take care of yourself, now, darling. Are you warm enough so high in that Constellation?"

"Warm enough, Mutti."

"Take care just the same."

"Yes."

They picked up Walter and went by military bus to the airport. Helmut showed them inside the huge DC-3 that would take him to Paris.

"And the Constellation is even bigger?" Mrs. Dantine's eyes were wide.

"Much bigger."

"Be very careful," she said again, and he grinned at her. Then his family had to get off, and the parting was hurried.

"See you in California."

"Good trip, dear—"

"Thank you, Mutti."

"Goodbye. Goodbye."

The plane taxi-ed down the runway, and Helmut waved from the window and then he couldn't see them any more.

"Lousy saying goodbye," the man in the next seat said. Helmut considered that. He thought of the other goodbyes, terror-ridden and hideous, he thought of the fact that now only twenty-eight air hours separated him from his family, of their next reunion in his beloved California. At last he turned to the man.

"Not always, sir," he said. And he picked up a two-month old copy of The New Yorker and settled back in his seat.



"A Growing Gap Between Us . . ."

How terribly heartsick I was—reaching out in vain toward my husband across an ever widening distance! Puzzled, too, at its cause. But I should have realized that *I* had spoiled our happiness . . . knowing about feminine hygiene but risking *haphazard* care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is *important* to a happy marriage . . . recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



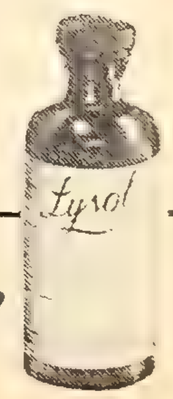
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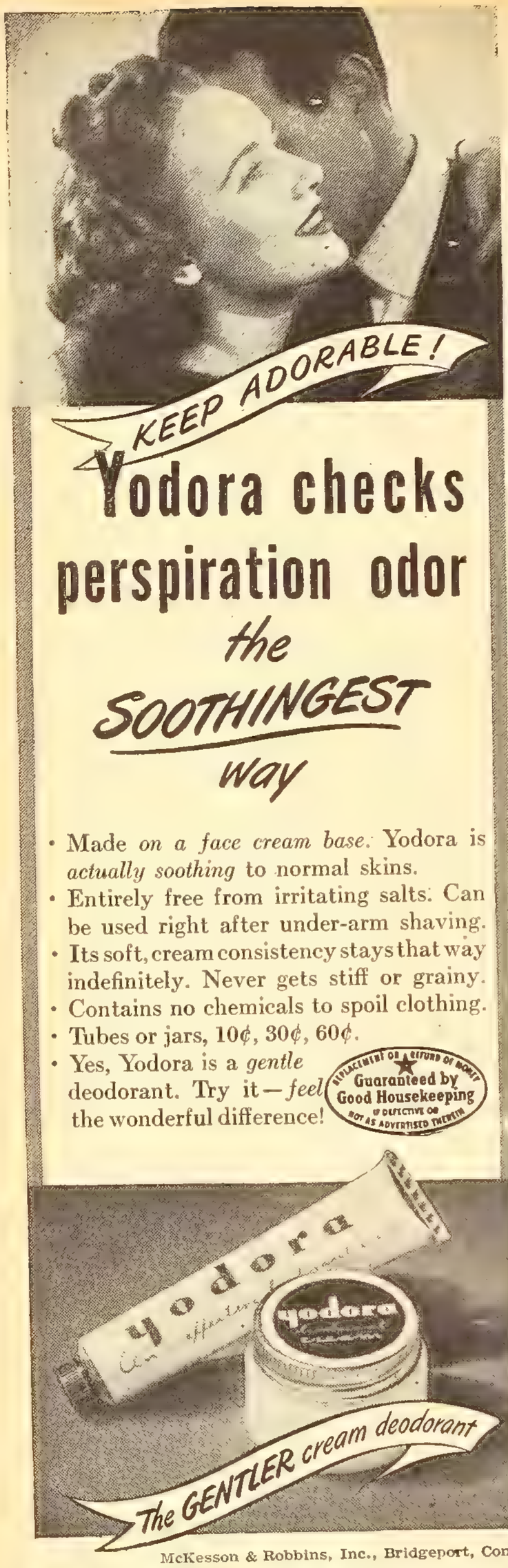
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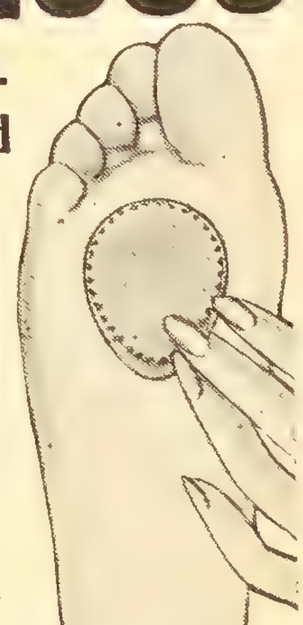
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For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

business as rapidly as they came in.

BEST POPULAR

BABY, BABY ALL THE TIME—Buddy Rich (Mercury)—You'd think a guy who could drum like Buddy Rich and went around with girls like Lana Turner and were dark and handsome would let it go at that. But here he is singing a very pretty tune, and it's his first serious attempt at singing, and what's more, he's done a very nice job.

ON THE ALAMO—Benny Goodman (Columbia)—This number is sung by Art Lund, the popular Goodman vocalist, now out of the Navy and back with Benny. He's six feet three inches tall, and he weighs 220 pounds, has green eyes and reddish hair, and a two-and-a-half year old daughter. What else?

STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET—Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Jordan (Decca)—This is a delightful thing, all done in authentic Calypso style, complete with Trinidad accents, telling how Ella's "hahsbahn" (Louis Jordan, on the record) came home wan night from dreenking and beat her. So she keeled heem, de creemeenal, and he's stone dead in de market. I heard Ella sing it up at the Apollo, and she took both her own and Louis' part, and was sensational. So's the record.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BACK O' TOWN BLUES—Louis Armstrong (Victor)—Here's the number for which Louis became famous when he sang it at the All-American jazz concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is his first important record with his own band on his new recording contract. Louis is celebrating his 30th anniversary in the music business this month, and there's some talk of a concert tour to commemorate it.

SANDSTORM—Ray McKinley (Majestic)—This is the band Benny Goodman picked as "most promising" recently, when I had a talk with him at the 400 Club. Benny was disagreeing with me violently because I liked modern, progressive outfits like Boyd Raeburn's and Woody Herman's, but he was very much in favor of the McKinley orchestra. "Sandstorm" is an example of what's best about this band.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Piano Solo Album (Disc)—This album includes a piano solo of "How High The Moon." (The new Hazel Scott album on Signature *also* includes a record of "How High The Moon.") All I have to say is, if radar becomes really successful and they ever find out how high the darn moon is, what then? But we digress. Mary Lou's album is her fourth in two years, which is some kind of a record, and what's more, all her work is good. The new album includes "Blue Skies," "Foolish Things," "The Man I Love." All fine.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BOB HOPE ALBUM—I Never Left Home—(Capitol)—Here's a unique album of considerable historical value. It's transcriptions of actual broadcasts Bob Hope made at service camps—Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Marine—and includes speeches, funny material, just about everything.

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Strange Love—Elliott Lawrence (Columbia)—Every issue, we seem to have a boy wonder to talk about, and this month is no exception. So listen. His name is Elliot Lawrence, and he's barely twenty-two years old. He had a radio house band in Philadelphia, and a lot of his broadcasts went out on the network, and Columbia signed him and gave him a terrific build-up. He's just opened at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, which is very unusual for an unknown. He plays piano himself, uses French horn and oboe in the band. The band's style is very similar to that of Claude Thornhill. This is Lawrence's first record, so you've got a chance to latch on to a probable collector's item.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected
(from the month's 1,487,586 records)
by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

BABY, BABY ALL THE TIME—Buddy Rich (Mercury)
CYNTHIA'S IN LOVE—Frankie Carle (Columbia), Bob Eberly (Decca), Eddy Howard (Majestic)
I GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING—Artie Shaw (Musicraft), Buddy Morrow (Mercury), Leo Reisman (Decca)
JUST THE OTHER DAY—Kitty Kallen (Musicraft)
LINGER IN MY ARMS A LITTLE LONGER—Louis Armstrong (Victor), Peggy Lee (Capitol), Woody Herman (Columbia)
ON THE ALAMO—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
ROUTE 66—King Cole Trio (Capitol), Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters (Decca)
STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET—Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Jordan (Decca)
SALUTE TO GLENN MILLER—Modernaires with Paula Kelly (Columbia)
WHATTA YA GONNA DO?—Louis Armstrong (Victor), Billy Butterfield (Capitol), Bobby Byrne (Cosmo), Louis Prima (Majestic)

BEST HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—Back O' Town Blues (Victor)
HARRY CARNEY—Jamaica Rumble (H.R.S.)
J. C. HEARD—The Walk (Continental)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—Carry Me Back To Old Virginny (Commodore)
RAY McKINLEY—Sandstorm (Majestic)
CHARLIE PARKER—Ornithology (Dial)
FLIP PHILLIPS—Sweet and Lovely (Signature)
RAYMOND SCOTT—Magic Garden (Sonora)
COOTIE WILLIAMS—Echoes of Harlem (Capitol)
MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Piano Solo Album (Disc)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—I Don't Know Why—Tony Martin (Decca), Andrews Sisters (Decca), Skinnay Ennis (Signature), Eddie Heywood (Decca)
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—Title Song—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
BOB HOPE ALBUM—I Never Left Home—(Capitol)
MAKE MINE MUSIC—Without You, Two Silhouettes—ChuChu Martinez (ARA)
NEVER SAY GOODBYE—Remember Me—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Pied Pipers (Capitol)
NIGHT AND DAY—Title Song—Bing Crosby (Decca)
POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—She's Funny That Way—Billie Holiday-Eddie Heywood (Commodore)
SPELLBOUND—Miklos Rozsa Album (ARA)
STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Strange Love—Elliot Lawrence (Columbia)
TO EACH HIS OWN—Title Song—Tony Martin (Mercury), Eddie Howard (Majestic)
TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—Lauritz Melchior Album (Victor)

HIGH ON A WINDY HILL

(*Continued from page 41*)

polish. Her roles have always been such that bright lacquer would have been all wrong. Immediately after she had finished work in "Margie," she bought a bottle of vivid American Beauty polish and painstakingly applied it. For hours she flitted around the house feeling like a Balinese dancer whose every gesture was dramatic. Then Paul came home. "What have you done to your pretty hands!" he demanded. "Take it off. I don't like it. A girl with nails as lovely as yours shouldn't hide them."

Paul had one other suggestion to make: He wanted Jeanne to add some tailored suits to her wardrobe.

Jeanne has always liked peasant clothes. She owns dozens of blouse and skirt combinations, one of her favorites being a navy blue cotton blouse made with an off-shoulder neckline, beneath which are four rows of ruffles edged with white rickrack, combined with a navy blue cotton skirt, very full, and finished with matching ruffles around the hem.

One afternoon Paul said mysteriously, "Come with me. I have an idea," and whisked her down to his tailor. Before they left, Paul had ordered four suits for Jeanne: One beige, one pale blue, one avocado green, and one navy.

In other ways, too, Paul is a devoted husband. He is still remembering each monthly anniversary of his marriage—or as nearly as the calendar will permit. On January 31, Jeanne came flying in from the kitchen with a casserole, set it down beside her plate preparatory to serving, and found a neat, tissue-wrapped parcel at her place. It was a miniature photograph album for her wedding pictures.

love tokens . . .

On March 1, Jeanne found an album of Leonardo da Vinci reproductions propped against her pillow.

On March 31, Paul came in—the epitome of nonchalance—and said, "I found a new album of recordings that I thought you'd like. Listen."

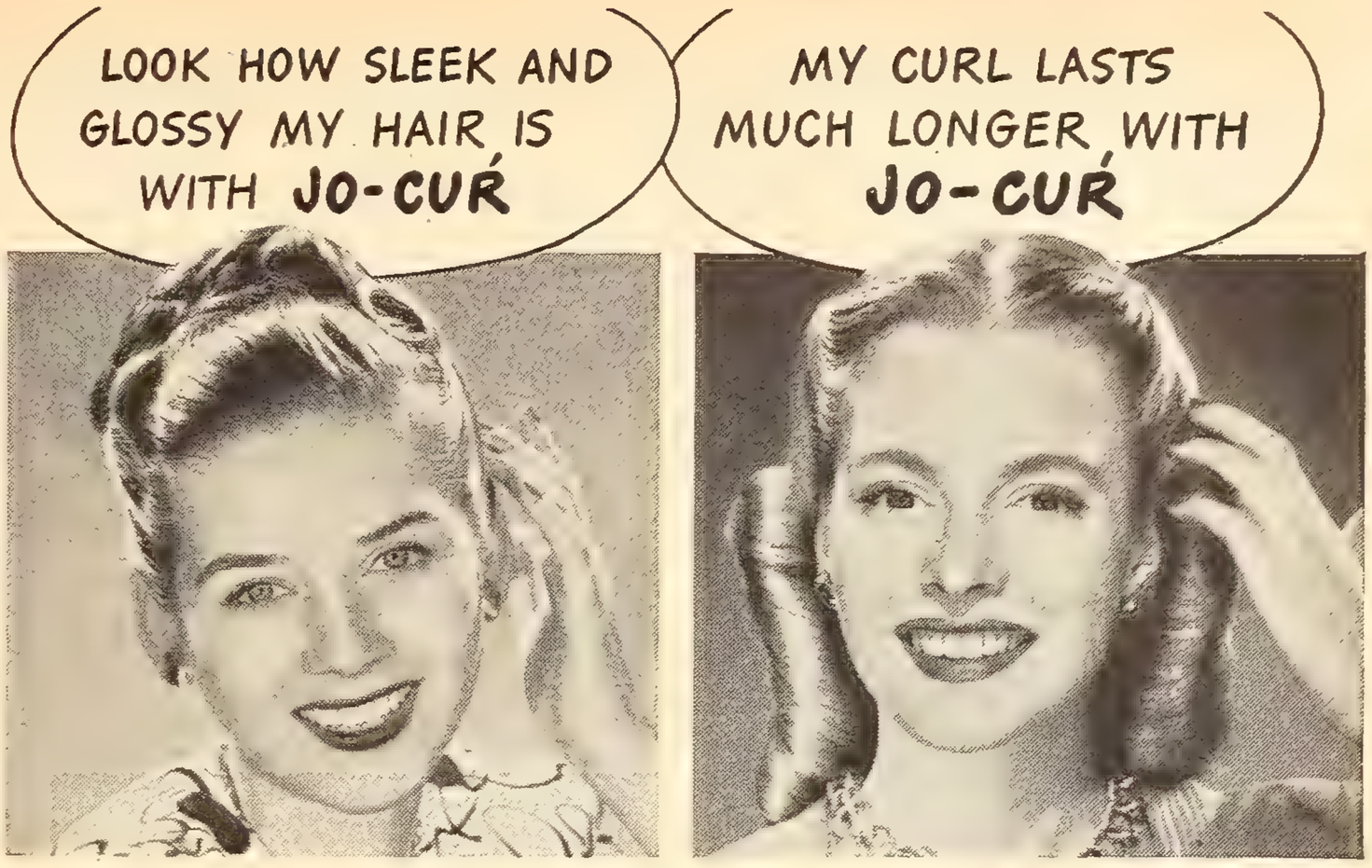
As the record revolved and the introductory music swirled into the room, the melody seemed vaguely familiar to Jeanne, but she didn't realize what Paul had done until she heard her own voice, delivering the opening lines of the script for "Seventh Heaven," the radio show she had done with Tyrone Power.

Through his radio connections, Paul had secured complete transcriptions of the show Jeanne had returned from her honeymoon to do ("Seventh Heaven") and also of "Home In Indiana" which she did with Lon McCallister.

Said Paul, "You were so good over the air that I wanted a permanent record of your performance."

On May 1, Jeanne received a white plastic purse, and on May 31, she received a combination five-month anniversary present and birthday gift (Jeanne was twenty-one on May 25). Paul had been very mysterious about his plans for Jeanne's birthday and, on the twenty-fifth, he gave her a note saying, "I am having your present made to order."

Several nights later, Jeanne returned from the studio to find Paul waiting for her outside the apartment. She was ushered upstairs, told to close her eyes, then propelled into the room where she would have sworn—had she not known the dimensions of the house—that a full symphony orchestra was playing. Paul's gift was a 1946 radio-phonograph with FM



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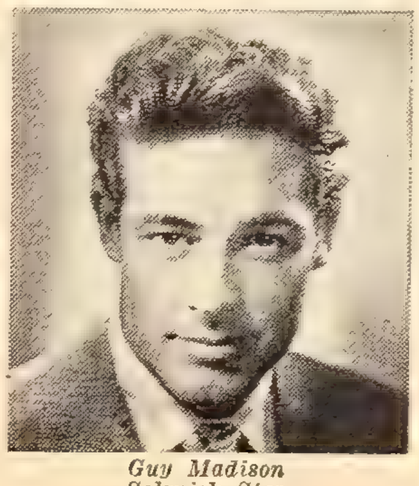
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and all other modern conveniences.

Another recent gift to Jeanne from Paul was a bound volume containing all her still pictures from "Margie." "Margie" is an important picture to Jeanne, because it is the first film that she has appeared in as the top star. Always before, she has been surrounded by stars much more experienced than herself.

Indications are, however, that "Margie" will be a milestone in Jeanne's steady progress. Mr. Spyros Skouras, 20th Century-Fox executive, was shown a rough cut of the picture on one of his trips to Hollywood and was so enthusiastic about it that he carried this working negative to New York to show other executives. That meant that no work could be done on the film until Mr. Skouras returned it, an event that proved to be a boon to Jeanne because it gave her an extra week's vacation in Chicago.

It all came about in this way: Paul had to attend a radio manufacturer's convention, and since Jeanne had finished "Margie" and couldn't do the additional dubbing until the rough cut of the picture was returned, she knew that she could accompany her husband.

"i belong to you . . ."

She had never flown, so, when she boarded the plane, she said to Paul, "You're so much more experienced at traveling by air than I am that I hope you won't be annoyed if I'm airsick."

"You won't be," said Paul. "Just don't look down. Look out at the horizon."

Excellent advice, and very difficult to take. Jeanne looked out at the horizon with determination, but repeatedly she couldn't resist the temptation to watch the slow unfolding of the landscape beneath the plane's great wing. Meadows of velvet divided by the neat pencil lines of roads along which scampered the infant black ants that are cars seen from ten thousand feet, were so fascinating that Jeanne could not lift her eyes from the panorama.

When the stewardess brought Jeanne's dinner tray, Mrs. Brinkman eyed the luscious morsels, then shook her head. "I really feel fine," she assured Paul. "It's just that . . . well, I suppose I'm too excited . . . or something. Anyway, I'm not hungry." Afterward, she turned a determined attention on the horizon so that nothing should spoil Paul's dinner. He hurried through the food and returned the tray so that Jeanne's problem could be made as simple as possible.

The first thing that happened at the Convention was the pinning of a badge on Jeanne. "Mrs. Paul Brinkman" it said. Jeanne looked at her beaming husband. "It's the first time I've been labeled; it's the first time I've had anything tangible—except our marriage certificate—that said I belong to you," she admitted softly. "I'll save this forever."

Paul spent most of the first two days in meetings, so Jeanne took wifely advantage of these business conferences to go shopping. The first day she dressed just as she would in Hollywood and entered one of the world's largest department stores. Seventeen seconds later she was surrounded by people who recognized her and wanted her autograph.

The next time she was more resourceful. She donned a black blouse, black suit, coal scuttle hat that hid her face, and a pair of flat heeled walking shoes. Studying her reflection in the mirror, Jeanne decided that she was as inconspicuous as it was possible to be. She slipped into the store and went to the second floor where she selected seven outfits and had them set aside for Paul's final decision.

Then she bought two hand painted blouses for her sister, Rita, and a dozen

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Irish linen, hand embroidered and hand hemstitched handkerchiefs for her mother. Next, she proceeded to the glove department where she bought two pairs of hand crocheted gloves.

She was glancing happily around in search of new departments to investigate when she saw a charming little man, clad in striped trousers and morning coat, approaching in great strides. He was supporting a guest register, and he made a little speech. He said that the store had been honored in the past by visits of the famed, the beautiful, the royal, and the socially elect. All had signed the store's roster. It would be incomplete, he said, without the signature of Miss Jeanne Crain.

Naturally, this little speech attracted the attention of every store patron for fifty aisles. Jeanne, blushing a sunset magenta, signed the store register, then was beset by autograph seekers. She signed and she signed and she signed. The cluster grew to a gang, and the gang to a mob. Finally two store detectives had to extricate Jeanne.

That ended the day's shopping expedition, sadly enough. The next day Paul returned with Jeanne (getting to the second floor via the freight elevator) and reviewed her tentative purchases of the previous day.

sweet reprieve . . .

Huntington Hartford (in whose Hollywood house Paul and Jeanne spent their honeymoon) telephoned from New York to invite the Brinkmans to Gotham for as much time as they could spend. He knew that Jeanne had never seen New York, so he suggested that she and Paul take over the Hartford penthouse—since hotel reservations were so scarce—and explore the town. Jeanne, her eyes like blue saucers, breathed, "Wouldn't it be wonderful, Paul? I'd love to do it."

"The day the convention is over, we'll fly to New York," said Mr. Brinkman, not knowing that in twenty minutes a telegram from Hollywood was to be delivered asking Jeanne to return to the studio at once so that the rest of the dubbing for "Margie" could be done. So the New York junket will have to wait.

The following morning, the Brinkmans took delivery on a new 1946 sedan, and started out along the curving highway leading to California.

The first night they stayed in a motel in Des Moines. The second night they took lodgings in a hotel in Sinclair, Wyoming. The next morning, Paul couldn't start the car. He checked the gas, oil, distributor points, battery, and half a dozen other possible causes of the trouble and decided that he had a vapor lock.

While Jeanne was standing in the filling station in this small town on the vast Wyoming prairie, she noticed a school child eyeing her. Jeanne smiled, thought nothing of it. Ten minutes later, from every direction, the youngsters began to congregate like ants at a picnic. The scout had recognized Jeanne, and had called the clan. Whereas signing autographs when it interfered with her shopping rather discomfited Jeanne, signing autographs in a filling station in Wyoming was fun and a big thrill. Finally the school bus came along and collected the kids, each of whom had an autograph by that time. As they drove down the road, they leaned out of the windows and called, "Goodbye, Jeanne, have a nice trip. Thanks, Jeanne. You're wonderful, Jeanne."

And Miss Crain, her smile a little shaky, stood at the side of the road and waved until the bus was swallowed up in a billowing cloud of dust.

Fame was sweet, Jeanne decided. Almost as sweet as being Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

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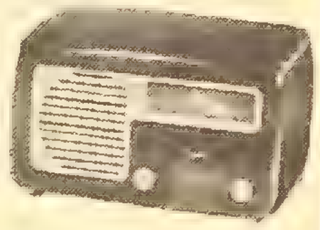
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SATURDAY OFF

(*Continued from page 59*)

arm outstretched, the other clutching a pillow over her head. He put the tray on the bedside table, and then went softly over to the windows, which were open at the top but locked at the bottom—Standard Operating Procedure wherever Betty sleeps, although she hasn't walked in her sleep nor been found straddling a window sill for five years now. He raised the windows. He came to the bed and touched his wife lightly on the shoulder.

He ducked. The pillow sailed past where his head had been, described a small arc, and fell on the chaise longue; but by the time it landed, Harry was already streaking through the door to safety.

Grinning, he stood for a moment listening to the mutter and clatter Betty was making, and feeling as always a pang of gratitude to her mother who, as soon as she could after the wedding, had instructed him in the only method of Getting Betty Up without bloodshed. The worst was over, he felt. Their first Saturday off together in two months was on its way with a good start. . . .

By the time, ten minutes later, Betty showed her face at the window, Harry and little Vicki, who is two-and-a-half now, were already splashing in the pool in the garden below.

a new grable fan . . .

When she came down, she found Harry churning the pool from one end to the other, and Vicki puttering docilely around in a play pen.

"What are your plans for the day, Mrs. James?" Harry asked.

"Well, there's breakfast at mama's—"

"Good lord, her birthday! The party at the Beverly Club's tonight, then."

"I'll have to wear a hat. That means shopping this afternoon."

"You've got at least forty hats, and you never wear any of them," he reminded her, as men exasperatingly will on such occasions.

"They're all hideous."

"We'll have to go to the ranch. The new mare came in last night and I want to see her."

"I thought you wanted to claim back a horse at Hollywood Park this afternoon, if he wins or places."

"You don't think we'd miss the *races?*"

"But my shopping!"

"If you'd ever get ready," Harry said kindly, "we could manage everything."

For a moment she spluttered helplessly. Then she put one slim booted foot on his head and shoved it far under water. He caught her just inside the house, and paid her off with a dripping hug and a kiss.

Lillian Grable's Filipino boy served them breakfast on the terrace of Lillian's house, which is smaller than Betty's and about a mile farther up the Canyon. "You will never guess," said Lillian, "what your daughter and I did yesterday afternoon."

"We'll buy it," Harry said.

"She saw her first movie, sitting on my lap. 'The Dolly Sisters,' naturally."

"What was her considered judgment of her ma's professional abilities?" Betty asked.

"Well, when you first came on she said, in a voice that must have been clearly audible in Santa Barbara, 'Mommy!' A little later she said, 'Mommy sings and dances!' and that was no whisper, either. Half the house turned around and shushed us. Finally, when you have the accident, and there was that deep sympathetic silence that goes with the hospital scene,

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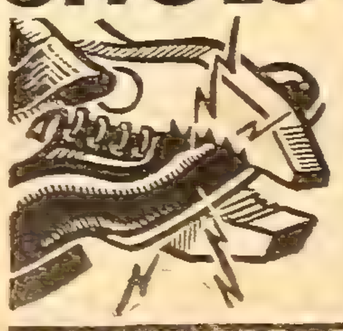
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she announced, 'Poor Mommy, have to go to bed and cry—' And when the thing ended she called simply, 'More Mommy!' "

"She's learning fast," Harry said. "A few more years and she can lead a claque at my shows."

Lillian stuck a cigarette in a holder and held it for Harry to light. "The ranch now, is that it?"

"Yes, that new horse just flew in—"

"Pegasus, I presume?"

"In a plane, darling. From San Diego."

"Oh really," Lillian said, "he could have *walked* down from there. Such coddling."

"*She,* Mama. And in her condition . . ."

The sun was high and very hot over the Valley by the time their fire-engine red convertible turned at the Calabasas store into the winding dirt road that led to The Baby J. They had driven the thirty miles in one of those companionable silences that only people very intimately in love can achieve.

Now Betty said, "You were very sweet about this morning—the orange juice and all."

"I figured you might be a little touchy because you threw your bedside lamp at the wall again last night. About three a.m., I think it was. Those animals still chasing you?"

"I guess they are. I don't remember last night. But do you know a funny thing?" She looked up sheepishly at him, from the corner of her eye. "Remember you asked me why I'd had my nails shortened after I'd cultivated long ones so carefully all spring?"

"I like 'em short."

"That's not the point. I just woke up the other morning and there on the bed table were a pair of manicure scissors and all ten nails, neatly arranged in a pattern around the ash-tray."

alone together . . .

They had braked in front of the farmhouse by then, anyhow, in a little cloud of dust. Mr. Grable came out onto the veranda, looking more than ever like a jolly King Cole in levis and Western boots. "That mare's had her colt," he briskly told them.

"*Already?*"

"A fine little stallion—born early this morning."

Betty and Harry had already piled out of the car and were trotting toward the stables, with Mr. Grable close on their heels. A moment later they stood looking over the side of a capacious stall at the two newest residents of The Baby J. As they stood there, the little fellow seemed to unfold, and with jerky, uncertain movements stood suddenly erect on knobby stilts, like a Disney drawing.

The several superbly fenced and graded exercise rings each contained a pony, now: Billy Thunder, Baby Vicki, Peanuts and the two Paints. A number of bantam cocks strutted about among their prize flocks. A calf grazed in the meadow. The gently rounded knoll on which one day soon the James' new house would rise waited, green and tranquil in the sun.

"Let's walk up there and just sit for awhile," Betty said. "We can pretend the house is there and the whole ranch is finished." If there was such a thing as the Hollywood motion picture industry, at that moment, she had forgotten it.

"Harry?" she murmured.

"Um?"

"D'you realize this is the first Saturday—a whole Saturday—we've had together in *weeks?*"

"Enjoying it, baby?"

"You know I am. But the point is—" She paused. Then: "You don't mind talking shop for just a moment or two?"

"Shop, it is."

"Someone mentioned over the phone

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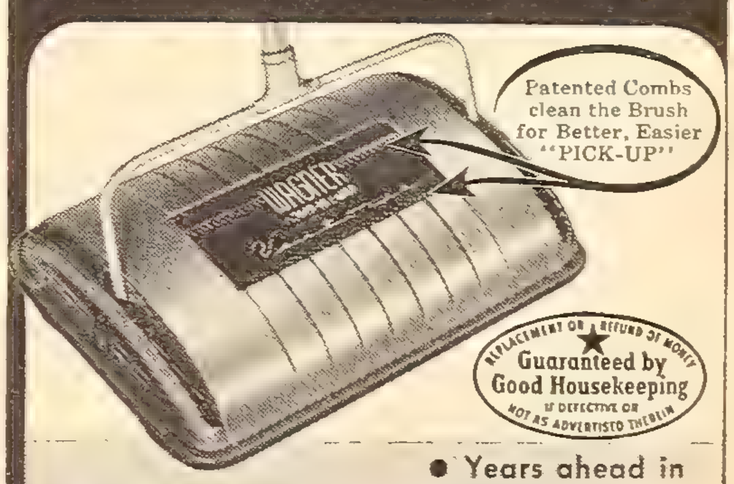


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yesterday that he'd heard you had a super-colossal record deal coming up for next year."

"Yeah."

"You know how wonderful I think that is."

He touched her hand lightly, where it rested on his knee. "Me, too."

She took a last drag from her cigarette. "I was five months on 'The Shocking Miss Pilgrim.' Then you made 'If I'm Lucky.' Now you've got five weeks coming up on tour this summer. After last year in New York, I don't know about taking Vicki along—"

"I've been thinking about that," he said. "It's out of the question, your coming this time. Vicki could probably take the heat, but why do that to a defenseless youngster? Anyway, this time it's a matter of week-long engagements in different cities, and then a week of one-night stands. It's out of the question," he repeated. "I'll just have to go alone."

four-week paradise . . .

They considered that, for a long moment. Betty's eyes were suddenly very noncommital, and her voice, when she spoke, was entirely without emotion. "We seem to be doing a lot of things alone, these days."

Harry gave her a quick, startled glance, and then the corners of his mouth quirked into the beginning of a grin. "So the vegetable peddler said to the producer, 'You slave all day over a hot movie, and what do you get for it?' And the producer said, 'An awful lot of lettuce.'"

She hooted with laughter. "Okay. That does it. Now where were we?"

"We were doing a lot of things alone, these days."

"Yes. Well, so I stay home with Vicki. But that's almost two months off. Meanwhile, I don't have a picture, and you're free for a while. Any brilliant ideas?"

He groaned. "You can't keep any kind of a secret from a woman. Always wanting to know about things. Very well, Grable. Do you know where Del Mar is?"

"There's a race track there."

"Yes."

"And I hear tell they've got a terrific great wonderful new hotel just opening for the season there."

"Yes."

"And—"

"You have now guessed it."

"Harry, *no!*" Her voice held disbelief. "You mean we could really—"

"For a whole month," he said happily. "The first vacation we've ever had together in our lives." He was chattering eagerly now, like a school boy planning a weekend with the boy scouts. "The suite's already reserved, and nobody'll know we're there, so no phones ringing, and we can have Vicki when we want, and the races every day, and we'll run our own horses, and we'll take a record changer and a million records, and you can buy a lot of new clothes, or just stay in slacks, whichever you want, and we'll sleep till noon every day. And," he concluded, "the first person who mentions the word Hollywood I will personally murder."

"With your little ball bat," said Betty. She was smack in the middle of the seat by this time, with her head on his shoulder, so that to the two hoboes hoofing it along Ventura Boulevard it probably looked as if the screaming red convertible were being driven by a somewhat bulky, two-headed figure.

John Frederics has a tiny shop on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills with hats that transform women into something men stare at and other women studiously ignore.

Here, on this sultry Saturday afternoon, quite late, Betty James and her patient husband sat, their faces dry and red from

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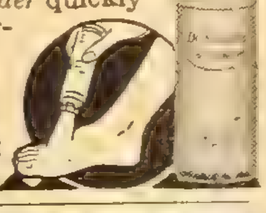
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the sun, their eyes radiant with the perfect afternoon just spent at the track. Still dressed in the superbly tailored Western outfit she had worn to the ranch—they had skipped changing, after all—Betty perched a pom-pom in swooning pink, cluttered by starched black lace, on her platinum curls.

"What d'ya think?" she asked, twisting around on the stool to face Harry.

He put one hand to his brow, and cast aggrieved eyes floorward.

"But try to picture the thing with me all dressed up," she said.

From the depths, Harry said, "Even so." Betty tried on another hat, a little twist of black and white froth that wrought magic when she put it on. "Mmm," said Harry, judiciously. And that was it.

"Time?" asked Betty, as they left the shop.

"Late."

They were very business-like, then, until, at precisely eight o'clock, dressed to the ears and with Lillian between them, they drove up to the entrance of the Beverly Hills Club. Across Lillian's gaily coiffed head their eyes met, sharing a small triumph. They had missed nothing, that day, and they had made it after all, though without a minute to spare.

The full moon had just moved smoothly into the sky above the hills, which attested the lateness of the hour, and Betty and Harry had locked the garage behind them and were headed for their front door. The grounds were etched sharply in the multiple flood lights which were always kept on from dusk to dawn because of Vicki. From the large shadow of a tree a smaller shadow detached itself and came up to them: The night watchman.

"Everything okay, Mr. James?" he asked.

Betty and Harry answered him simultaneously, in one breath. "Everything's *fine*," they said.

And they appeared to speak from the heart.

HE NEVER LEFT HOME . . .

(*Continued from page 35*)

dig up parts for him just because he'd been in the Army and they thought they ought to. He didn't, in fact, want any favors from anybody.

He had called Ray Sperry, his particular pal, from the airport. When the bus stopped at Sunset and Cahuenga, Lon swung off and found Ray waiting for him in front of their favorite drive-in.

For a crazy moment, Lon was afraid the lump in his throat wouldn't let his voice get past. It was so damned good to be with Ray again and know that here was someone who would always be his friend.

"Swell to be back, Ray," he said quietly. "How about some breakfast?"

They walked to the counter of the drive-in and ordered quantities of scrambled eggs and bacon, enormous piles of toast, and two cups of coffee apiece. Then they began to talk.

Lon told Ray his plans for the future. "I'm going to forget about pictures," he said definitely, "because I'm sure they will have forgotten about me. Ever since I've been in Hollywood, I've heard how fickle the public is."

"You can't believe everything you hear," Ray said, laughing, "particularly in Hollywood."

"I know. And if I was a really great actor, it would be different. But let's face it, Ray, I've never done any real acting. I've just played Lon McCallister."

"Is that bad? Gary Cooper has done pretty well playing Gary Cooper over and over. Besides, I think you *can* act, Lon,

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and I believe the studio thinks so too."

But Lon's mood of depression went too deep. "I'll go back to school instead," he said doggedly.

"Okay, fella, have it your way. Meanwhile, here you just got to town and haven't seen your family yet. Won't they be wondering where you are?"

"I didn't tell them just when I'd be in. I wanted to talk things over with you first and get sort of settled in my mind. Besides, you know I like to surprise people. I'll call 'em up now, though, and tell 'em I'll be over in five minutes." He grinned impishly. "I don't want them to be *too* surprised."

bud's home . . .

On the way, Lon said seriously, "I've got the most wonderful family. I'm a lucky guy that way—we all have so much fun together. Watch this now. When I ring the bell, Granny will answer. She'll throw up her hands all surprised when she sees me, in spite of my having just called up. She'll act like she was expecting the Fuller Brush man or somebody. And then she'll say, 'Why, it's Bud!' "

Ray let Lon out at the door, and watched with a sympathetic smile while the kid took the steps two at a time. Granny opened the door, as prophesied, gave a laugh of astonishment, and said over her shoulder, "Why, it's Bud!"

Lon grinned and hugged her. Until Mac came out to see what gave. Mac, you remember, is Lon's Great Dane. Mac put his head on one side incredulously, and studied the newcomer. Then he yelped delighted recognition, and leaped on all four legs straight into the air. He charged at Lon, who fortunately had his back to the wall. There was a wild melee of reunion for a moment, from which Mac emerged to race into the living-room and bark in the clearest possible Great Danish, "Why, it's Bud!"

No, things hadn't changed in the McCallister household. But what about Hollywood Boulevard? Lon took himself a sentimental journey down the main stem.

Later that evening, Lon realized what it was that had been nagging at the edges of his subconscious mind ever since that long afternoon walk. The length of Hollywood Boulevard and back, and not one soul had recognized him. Of course he'd had on dark glasses, but gee, everyone in Hollywood wore dark glasses and that never kept them from being recognized.

"Movie star, huh?" Lon said scornfully to himself. "You're through with that, bud, because it's through with you. Forget it once and for all, and go back to school and get an education."

So he went over to Chapman and talked with the dean and his ex-professors. Everyone was very kind and very cooperative. But cooperative or not, it just wasn't possible to line up the course of study Lon wanted. He went home and called Ray and told him.

"Tough going," Ray said. "Well, kid, what now?"

Lon took a deep breath. Up until that moment he hadn't known what now. All of a sudden he did. "Now I'm going to relax and stop worrying and do over the beach house," he said. "This is the chance I've been looking for ever since I bought the place. Time on my hands, and plenty of ideas. You're going to help me, and we'll really do a job on it. Meet me tomorrow, chum, and bring a stepladder!"

They went to work with a revolutionary passion. When they finished, that beach house would have been a credit to the fanciest decorator in town, and it had cost Lon practically nothing. It was wonderful to have his very own place, where he could have guests or be alone, just as he pleased. Being alone has become very important to Lon since he came back. Oh, he loves people, and wants them around a lot of the time, but it is vital to him now to have hours by himself each day.

Lon hasn't done very much dating since he got home. But he met Ann Blyth at a picnic and found out he had fun talking to her.

"I remember you from 1940," he told her, grinning.

"1940! But I wasn't even in California then!"

"I know. You were a kid with long curls down your back, and you were playing in 'Watch on the Rhine.' I saw it in New York."

That gave them a good start, and Lon asked her to go out with him and Ray the next night. He soon discovered they had something else in common—a mad passion for food. Not fancy stuff, you understand. Just the plain, hamburger school of thought for them, but the quantity's the thing. That first evening, all three of them ate a six course dinner, with strawberry shortcake for the sixth course. As the last bite of shortcake disappeared, they stared at each other hungrily.

"Waiter," said Lon, "three more shortcakes, please." He smiled at Ann. "You're quite a good eater—for a girl," he said approvingly.

The picture they went to see was a revival of "Wuthering Heights." Lon has gone all out for revivals lately. He lures his friends into driving around to some very weird spots to catch them. Speaking of driving, his grandmother used his old car while he was away. Lon pointed out a few new dents in the fenders to her when he got back.

teacher talks back . . .

"Listen, young man," she said, "I taught *you* to drive, remember? Let's not have any silly talk about fenders." Just the same, the dents are there!

One of the girls he occasionally takes driving in the old, beat-up car is Peggy Ann Garner. She's a cute kid, and Lon gets annoyed with people who giggle at his taking out such a *very* Junior Miss.

"Listen, Peggy Ann has more brains than plenty of gals in their twenties," he says. "We go to all the sneak previews together—Peggy Ann digs around till she finds out when there's going to be one and calls me, and we're off."

Lon is intensely loyal to all his friends. Take Henry, for instance. Henry is a Negro, which doesn't seem to Lon to have anything to do with anything. Henry's helping him clean the beach house, and occasionally goes to pictures with Lon, and they're good friends. Henry is a cosmopolite, and I'm not kidding. He was born on a ship halfway between here and Africa, where his parents had gone on a trip. They were *always* going on trips, with the result that Henry has lived all over the world.

Lon, who would rather travel than anything, envies Henry's background. "It would be marvelous to land in a strange city, live there long enough so you'd get to know it and love it, then move on somewhere else and do the same thing."

One day he was saying something like this to Ray, and added, "Gee, wouldn't it be fun to make a picture in every country in Europe!" As he said it, he knew a sudden homesick longing that he thought he had buried deep within him. A longing to *act*, to get back on a set again. It was, he told himself firmly, ridiculous to feel that way. But even as he was telling himself he was walking across the room to the telephone. He dialed the number of Twentieth Century-Fox and asked for an executive he used to know pretty well. In the moment before the man answered, Lon almost hung up. The whole thing was just an impulse and maybe a bad one. He started to replace the receiver, but then there was a familiar voice in his ear.

"Lon McCallister!" it said. "When did you get out of the Army?"

"Oh, I got out quite a while ago," Lon said diffidently. "I just thought I'd give you a ring, and see what was new."

"Do you mean you've been right here in Hollywood and never let us know?" The voice at the other end was incredulous. Actors didn't *do* those things.

"I've been busy," Lon said. "Fixing up the beach house, and stuff."

"You're fixing up houses while we need you like crazy in pictures!" the voice howled.

"You—need me?" Lon swallowed hard.

"Sure, we need you. Listen, you got more fan mail while you were away than half our stars do who are right here. You're still number nine on the MODERN SCREEN poll, and—well, don't waste time talking. Get right over here!"

Lon got! He found that the studio had three pictures lined up for him. Three pictures, and he had thought they wouldn't have any parts at all for him!

"You'll do 'No Trespassing' for Sol Lesser first," they told him. "Then 'Bob, Son of Battle' for us, and back to Lesser for 'Scudahee, Scudahaye.' "

"For *what?*"

" 'Scudahee, Scudahaye.' It's about mule skinning."

Lon wouldn't have cared if it had been about saber-toothed tigers at that point. It would be so swell to be working again. He could hardly wait to tell his family the news.

"Aren't you surprised?" he demanded, when they didn't seem excited enough.

"Surprised? Of course not," his mother said serenely. "We haven't mentioned pictures to you because we didn't know what you wanted to do, and we didn't want to try and influence you. But we knew they'd be awfully glad to have you back if you decided to go."

"Maybe you're a little prejudiced," Lon told her with an affectionate grin. But he felt good about it all the same.

Soon it was time to go to Sonora, California, on location for "No Trespassing." It's a funny thing about Lon's pictures. Every one of them has been made on location. "Stage Door Canteen" in New York, "Home in Indiana" in Ohio and Kentucky, "Winged Victory" in various AAF camps, and ahead of him are "No Trespassing" in Sonora, "Bob, Son of Battle" in Utah, and "Scudahee" at some indeterminate point where there are plenty of mules!

One day at Sonora, a police car rolled up and a fat officer got out, puffing. He tapped Lon, who was nearest, on the shoulder. "Hey, is there a guy named McCallister working here?"

Lon did a quick mental review of his past, which hadn't, to the best of his recollection, included murder, arson or theft. "I'm Lon McCallister," he admitted.

"You are huh? Well, there's about twenty High School girls making for this joint. They claim they won't go back to school till they get your autograph. Give 'em a little lecture on the value of education when they show up, will you, son?"

"Sure will."

new world a-comin' . . .

He did, too, and was very sincere about it because he believes in it so firmly. "I'm going to take some extension courses myself," he told them. "I don't want to be gypped out of a complete education."

"Not even to be a movie star?" one girl asked incredulously.

Lon smiled at her. "That won't last forever. And I want to be prepared for whatever happens next. This is a new world. Let's make the most of it!"


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